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Rm. 27.

HYMN-BOOK

OF THE

HOLINESS MOVEMENT CHURCH

Published by the Authority of the General Conference of the Holiness Movement Church.

"Speaking to yourselves in Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord."

—EPH. 5: 19.

480 Bank Street,

BREVIER OTTAWA, CANADA

BV459
H65
A1
1902

[Entered according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand nine hundred and two, by the Rev. Ralph C. Horner, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture, at Ottawa.] 1902

THE BELLA L. GRAIN CO., LIMITED, OTTAWA,
PRINTERS

Preface.

THE first General Conference of the Holiness Movement Church convened November the 25th, 1900. It was considered and resolved that a Church Hymn-book should be compiled and published. A Committee was appointed to select hymns, secure permission from copyright owners, and publish a Hymn-book that would be adapted for our use in worship, in our congregations and the families of our Church.

The Committee omitted many familiar, serviceable hymns, because they had a sufficient number that were superior. Special attention and much hard work has been given to the manuscript to make a perfect Hymn-book.

Permission has been received from the following authors and publishers to use hymns :—

Messrs. Burns & Oates, Limited, Nos. 9, 143.

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CONTENTS.

Section.	Hymns.
I. Adoration	1
II. The Lord Jesus Christ	
1. His Birth	14
2. His Crucifixion	45
3. His Death	50
4. His Resurrection	55
5. His Intercession	60
6. The Saviour	67
III. Warning	92
IV. The Judgment Day	108
V. Invitation to Sinners	128
VI. Salvation	
1. Conviction	149
2. Repentance	154
3. Faith	192
4. Regeneration	207
5. Adoption	212
VII. Backsliding Lamented	219
VIII. Holiness	
1. Conviction of Inbred Sin	234
2. Repentance of Inbred Sin	250
3. Consecration	273
4. Faith for Full Salvation	282
5. Entire Sanctification	297
IX. Anointed	
1. The Spirit	316
2. Waiting of One Accord	329
3. Baptized with Fire	334

Section.	Hymns.
X. The Christian Life	
1. Christians Watching	343
2. Christians Praying	352
3. Christian Warfare	379
4. Christians Rejoicing	408
5. Christians Working	431
XI. Christian Fellowship	442
XII. The Providences of God	454
XIII. Death	465
XIV. Heaven	486
XV. Divine Institutions	
1. The Holy Scriptures	508
2. The Sabbath	514
3. Place of Worship	522
4. The Ministry	528
XVI. Divine Ordinances	
1. Christian Baptism	537
2. The Lord's Supper	543
XVII. The Kingdom of Christ	
1. Missionary	550
XVIII. The Family Circle	563
XIX. Children and Youth	569
XX. Special Occasions	
1. Watchnight	580
2. Covenant Service	584
3. Reception of Members	587
4. Temperance	589
5. On the Ocean	592
6. Miscellaneous	595

HYMN-BOOK

OF THE

HOLINESS MOVEMENT CHURCH.

SECTION I.

PRAISE AND ADORATION.

1 C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free.
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for *me*.

5 He speaks; and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

2 C. M.

Adoration of the Trinity.

HAIL! holy, holy, holy Lord!
Whom One in Three we know;
By all Thy heavenly host adored,
By all Thy church below.

2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim;
Thy universe is full of Thee,
And speaks Thy glorious name.

3 Thee, Holy Father, we confess;
Thee, Holy Son, adore;
Thee, Spirit of Truth and Holiness,
We worship evermore.

4 Three Persons equally divine
We magnify and love;
And both the choirs ere long shall join,
To sing Thy praise above.

5 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
(Our heavenly song shall be,)
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three!

3 C. M.

Worshipping the Lamb.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!" [reply;
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts
"For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

4 C. M.

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel
And all Thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and Thy truth to me
To every soul abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move!
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
The goodness must endure.

5 C. M.

The fulness of God.

BEING of beings, God of Love!
To Thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing Thy praise.

2 Thine, only Thine, we pant to be;
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by Thee,
To Thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our every wish aspires;
For all Thy mercies' store,
The sole return Thy love requires
Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask; we open then
Our hearts to embrace Thy will;
Turn, and revive us, Lord, again,
With all Thy fulness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad!
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be, with Christ in God.

6 C. M.

"Righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

FATHER of me, and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise Thy love:

2 To know Thy nature, and Thy name,
One God in Persons Three;
And glorify the great I AM,
Through all eternity.

3 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace
To every heart of man;
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign.

4 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin,
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in:

5 The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect power of godliness,
The omnipotence of love.

7 C. M.

The faithfulness of God.

BEGIN, my soul, some heavenly theme;
Awake, my voice, and sing
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad,
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord
For wretched, dying men;
His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.

5 His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

8 C. M.

God the source of power and blessing.

BLEST be our everlasting Lord,
Our Father, God, and King!
Thy sovereign goodness we record,
Thy glorious power we sing.

2 The kingdom, Lord, is Thine alone,
Who dost Thy right maintain,
And, high on Thine eternal throne,
O'er men and angels reign.

3 Riches, as seemeth good to Thee,
Thou dost, and honor give;
And kings their power and dignity
Out of Thy hand receive.

4 Thou hast on us the grace bestowed
Thy greatness to proclaim;
And therefore now we thank our God
And praise Thy glorious name.

5 Thy glorious name and nature's powers
Thou dost to us make known;
And all the Deity is ours,
Through Thy incarnate Son.

9 C. M.

Majesty and love and God.

MY GOD, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How glorious Thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
With me, Thy wayward child.

4 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!

5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

10 L. M.

Psalm c.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

11 L. M.

Psalm cxvii.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

12 L. M.

God's love in the gift of His Son.

FATHER, whose everlasting Love
Thy only Son for sinners gave;
Whose grace to all did freely move,
And sent Him down the world to save:

2 Help us Thy mercy to extol,
Immense, unfathomed, unconfined:
To praise the Lamb who died for all
The general Saviour of mankind.

3 Thy undistinguishing regard
Was cast on Adam's fallen race;
For all Thou hast in Christ prepared
Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.

4 The world He suffered to redeem;
For all He hath atonement made;
For those that will not come to Him,
The ransom of His life was paid.

5 Arise, O God! maintain Thy cause;
The fulness of the Gentiles call:
Lift up the standard of Thy cross,
And all shall own, Thou diedst for all.

13 Psalm lxiii. L. M.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Be Thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose Thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, Thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am Thine, by sacred ties,
Thy son, Thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With fainting heart, and lifted hands,
For Thee I long, to Thee I look;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 Should I from Thee, my God, remove,
Life could no lasting bliss afford:
My joy, the sense of pardoning love;
My guard, the presence of my Lord.

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the circle of my days.

14 L. M.

Invitation to Worship.—Psalm c.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why, the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

15 L. M.

The glory of God.

GOD is a name my soul adores,
The Almighty Three, the eternal One; [powers,
Nature and grace, with all their
Confess the Infinite Unknown.

2 Thy voice produced the sea and spheres, [shine;
Bade the waves roar, the planets
But nothing like Thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of Thine.

3 Still restless nature dies and grows,
From change to change the creatures run;
Thy being no succession knows,
And all Thy vast designs are one.

4 A glance of Thine runs through the globe,
Rules the bright world, and moves their frame; [robe,
Of light Thou form'st Thy dazzling
Thy ministers are living flame.

16 L. M.

Witnessing grace and success implored.

WHAT shall we offer our good Lord, [grace?
Poor nothings! for His boundless
Fain would we His great name record,
And worthily set forth His praise.

2 Great object of our growing love,
To whom our more than all we owe,
Open the fountain from above,
And let it our full souls o'erflow.

3 So shall our lives Thy power proclaim,
Thy grace for every sinner free;
Till all mankind shall learn Thy name, [to Thee.
Shall all stretch out their hands

4 O multiply the sower's seed!
And fruit we every hour shall bear; [spread,
Throughout the world Thy gospel
Thy everlasting truth declare.

5 We all, in perfect love renewed,
Shall know the greatness of Thy power;
Stand in the temple of our God.
As pillars, and go out no more.

17 L. M.

Christ glorified.

WHAT equal honors shall we bring [Lamb?
To Thee, O Lord, our God, the
Since all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy name.

2 Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace, that groaned and died;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At His Almighty Father's side.

3 Power and dominion are His due
Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Though He was charged with madness here.

4 Immortal praises must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around His head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

5 Honor for ever to the Lamb, [pain;
Who bore our sin, and curse, and
Let angels bless His sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen!

18 L. M.

The Attributes of God infinite.

O GOD, Thou bottomless abyss!
Thee to perfection who can know? [suffice,
O height immense! What words
Thy countless attributes to show?

2 Unfathomable depth Thou art;
O plunge me in Thy mercy's sea!
Void of true wisdom is my heart:
With love embrace and cover me.

3 Eternity Thy fountain was, [knew;
Which, like Thee, no beginning
Thou wast ere time began his race,
Ere glowed with stars the ethereal blue.

4 Greatness unspeakable is Thine,
Greatness, whose undiminished ray, [shall shine,
When short-lived worlds are lost,
When earth and heaven are fled away.

19 L. M.

The joy of God's service.

GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings,
The joy that from Thy presence springs;
To spend one day with Thee on [earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within Thine house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of [power,
Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.

3 God is our sun, He makes our day;
God is our shield, He guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and with- [holds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at Thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in Thee.

20 L. M.

Psalm lxxxiv.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, Thy dwellings are!
With strong desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Around Thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace;
Here they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are
To find the way to Zion's gate; [set
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.

21 L. M.

The realising light of faith.

AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame;
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday, the same:

2 To Thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable;
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil.

3 By faith we know Thee strong to save:
Save us, a present Saviour Thou!
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have,
Future and past subsisting now.

4 To him that in Thy name believes
Eternal life with Thee is given:
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong, commanding evidence
Their heavenly origin display.

6 Faith lends its realizing light, [fly;
The clouds disperse, the shadows
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

22 L. M.

Praise to Christ our King.

JESUS, Thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept Thy well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as Thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee;
Like the glad hour when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever with us stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Our hope decline, our love grow cold.

4 Let every moment as it flies, [joys,
Increase Thy praise, improve our
Till we are raised to sing Thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

23 S. M.

A Call to worship.

COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own;
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are His works, and not our own,
He formed us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, as the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

24 S. M.

Creating love and redeeming grace.

FATHER in whom we live,
In whom we are, and move,
The glory power and praise receive
Of Thy creating love.

2 Let all the angel throng
Give thanks to God on high;
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes through the sky.

3 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to Thee,
For Thy redeeming grace.

4 The grace to sinners showed,
Ye heavenly choirs, proclaim,
And cry, "Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb!"

5 Spirit of Holiness,
Let all Thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power.

6 Eternal, Triune Lord!
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men record,
And dwell upon Thy love.

7 When heaven and earth are fled
Before Thy glorious face,
Sing, all the saints Thy love hath made,
Thine everlasting praise!

25 6-8s.

Genesis xxviii, 16-17.

LO! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face;
Who know His power, His grace who prove,
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

2 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will:
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

3 As flowers their opening leaves display,
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch Thy every ray,
So may Thy influence us inspire;
Thou Beam of the eternal Beam,
Thou purging Fire, Thou quickening Flame.

26 6-8s.

Psalm xlv.

MY heart is full of Christ, and longs
Its glorious matter to declare;
Of Him I make my loftier songs,
I cannot from His praise forbear;
My ready tongue makes haste to sing
The glories of my heavenly King.

2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,
Perfect in comeliness Thou art:
Replenished are Thy lips with grace,
And full of love Thy tender heart;
God ever blest! we bow the knee,
And own all fulness dwells in Thee.

3 Come, and maintain Thy righteous [illegible],
And let Thy glorious toil succeed;
Dispread the victory of Thy cross,
Ride on, and prosper in Thy deed;
Through earth triumphantly ride on,
And reign in every heart alone.

27 6-8s.

Prayer to Jehovah in Three Persons.

COME Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Whom one all-perfect God we own,
Restorer of Thine image lost,
Thy various offices make known;
Display, our fallen souls to raise,
Thy whole economy of grace.

2 Jehovah in Three Persons, come,
And draw, and sprinkle us, and seal,
Poor, guilty, dying worms, in whom
Thou dost eternal life reveal;
The knowledge of Thyself bestow,
And all Thy glorious goodness show.

3 Soon as our pardoned hearts believe
That Thou art pure, essential love,
The proof we in ourselves receive
Of the Three Witnesses above;
Sure, as the saints around Thy Throne,
That Father, Word, and Spirit are [One.

28 Psalm cxlvi. 6-8s.

MY soul, inspired with sacred love,
The Lord Thy God delight to praise;
His gifts I will for Him improve,
To Him devote my happy days;
To Him my thanks and praises give,
And only for His glory live.

2 Long as my God shall lend me breath,
My every pulse shall beat for Him;
And when my voice is lost in death,
My spirit shall resume the theme;
The gracious theme, for ever new,
Through all eternity pursue.

3 He then, is blest, and only he,
Whose hope is in the Lord his God;
Who can to Him for succor flee,
That spread the earth and heaven abroad;
That still the universe sustains,
And Lord of His creation reigns.

4 The Lord thy God, O Sion, reigns
Supreme in mercy as in power,
The endless theme of heavenly strains
When time and death shall be no more:
And all eternity shall prove
Too short to utter all His love.

29 6-8s.

Perpetual praise to the Creator.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler [illegible];
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being, last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure,
He saves the oppress, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind,
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

30 6-8s.

Prayer for convincing and converting [illegible].

FATHER of omnipresent grace,
We seem agreed to seek Thy face;
But every soul assembled here
Doth naked in Thy sight appear;
Thou know'st who only bows the knee,
And who in heart approaches Thee.

2 Thy Spirit hath the difference made
Betwixt the living and the dead;
Thou now dost into some inspire
The pure, benevolent desire:
O that even now Thy powerful call
May quicken and convert us all!

3 The sinners suddenly convince,
O'erwhelmed beneath their load of sins;
To-day, while it is called to-day,
Awake, and stir them up to pray,
Their dire captivity to own,
And from the iron furnace groan.

31 4-6s & 2-8s.

Song of Praise to the Trinity.

WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He sent His own eternal Son,
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe:
And now He lives and now He [reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honors done;
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One;
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

32 8s & 7s.

Psalm cxlviii.

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light;
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws that never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

2 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious,
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail,
Praise the God of our salvation!
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name.

33 7s.

Praise and prayer to the Trinity.

GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man the well-beloved of heaven.

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad, Thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

3 Hail, by all Thy works adored!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove
God of power, and God of love.

4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son,
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

5 Bend Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement, Thou!
Jesus, in Thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away.

34 6,6,8,4,6,6,8,4

"I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward."

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Love:
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confest;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand;
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways.
He calls a worm His friend,
He calls Himself my God,
And He shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

35 6,6,8,4,6,6,8,4

THOUGH nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At His command;
The waters deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

2 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest.
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.

3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains;
And glorious with His saints in [light
For ever reigns.

36 4-6s & 2-8s.

The Greatness and Condescension of God.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments He assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of His hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard His holy law;
And where His love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the [grace.

3 And will this sovereign King
Of glory condescend,
And will He write His name
My Father and my Friend?
I love His name, I love His word;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

SECTION II.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: 1. HIS BIRTH.

37 L. M.

The Incarnation.

SING, all in heaven, at Jesus' birth,
Glory to God, and peace on earth;
Incarnate love in Christ is seen,
Pure mercy and good-will to men.

2 Praise Him, extolled above all height,
Who doth in worthless worms delight,
God reconciled in Christ confess,
Your present and eternal peace.

3 From Jesus, manifest below,
Rivers of pure salvation flow,
And pour, on man's distinguished race,
Their everlasting streams of grace.

4 Sing, every soul of Adam's line,
The favorite attribute divine;
Ascribing with the hosts above,
All glory to the God of Love.

38 L. M.

"Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given."

TO us a Child of royal birth,
Heir of the promises, is given;
The Invisible appears on earth,
The Son of man, the God of heaven.

2 A Saviour born, in love supreme
He comes our fallen souls to raise;
He comes His people to redeem
With all His plenitude of grace.

3 The Christ, by raptured seers foretold,
Filled with the eternal Spirit's power,
Prophet, and Priest, and King behold,
And Lord of all the worlds adore.

4 The Lord of hosts, the God most high,
Who quits His throne on earth to live,
With joy we welcome from the sky,
With faith into our hearts receive.

39 C. M.

Joy at the Redeemer's birth.

MORTALS, awake! with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new;
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
The vast celestial throng.

40 C. M.

"There was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God."

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

41 8,7,8,7,4,7

The Adoration of Christ.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

42 8s & 7s.

"The desire of all nations shall come."

COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free,
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a Child and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

43 8s & 7s.

"On earth peace, good-will toward men."

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
"Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!"

3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name, and taste His joy:
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
"Glory be to God most high!"

44 7s.

Glory to God in the highest.

HARK! the herald-angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity!

4 Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

2. HIS CRUCIFIXION.

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45 7,6,7,6,7,6,

Christ crowned with thorns.

O LAMB of God, once wounded,
With grief and pain weighed down,
Thy sacred head surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown.
O Lamb of God, what glory,
What bliss, till now was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow
To praise Thee, dearest friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

4 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show Thyself to me;
And for my succour flying,
Come, Lord and set me free:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through Thy love.

46 8s & 7s.

Glorying in the Cross.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Still it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that evermore abide.

47 5-6s.

"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

WOULD Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs He then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
Sinners, He prays for you and me:
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive!
They know not that by Me they live!"

2 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee—by Thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all, my sins away!

3 O let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears;
The story of Thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears;
That all may hear the quickening sound,
Since I, even I, have mercy found.

48 5-6s.

"Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

O LOVE Divine! what hast thou done!
The incarnate God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree;
The incarnate God for me hath died;
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

2 Behold Him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace!
Come sinners, see your Saviour die,
And say, was ever grief like His!
Come, feel with me His blood applied;
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God;
Believe, believe the record true;
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood;
Pardon for all flows from His side;
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

49 C. M.

Looking at the Cross.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd His languid eyes on me
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail Him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord have slain.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:

3. HIS DEATH.

50 C. M.

"There they crucified Him."

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how He groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid.
"Receive my soul," He cries!
See where He bows His sacred head;
He bows His head, and dies!

4 But soon He'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love, like Thine?

51 C. M.

Godly sorrow at the Cross.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in, [died
When Christ, the mighty Maker,
For man, the creature's sin,

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

52 8s & 7

The cross of Christ.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming from His gracious eye.

3 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

5 Here in tender, grateful sorrow
With my Saviour will I stay;
Here new hope and strength will borrow;
Here will love my fears away.

53 L. M.

"He said, It is finished."

'TIS finished! the Messiah dies,
Cut off for sins, but not His own;
Accomplished is the sacrifice,
The great redeeming work is done.

2 The veil is rent; in Christ alone
The living way to heaven is seen;
The middle wall is broken down,
And all mankind may enter in.

3 The types and figures are fulfilled;
Exacted is the legal pain;
The precious promises are sealed;
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.

4 The reign of sin and death is o'er,
And all may live from sin set free;
Satan hath lost his mortal power;
'Tis swallowed up in victory.

5 Death, hell, and sin are now subdued;
All grace is now to sinners given;
And, lo, we plead the atoning blood,
And in Thy right we claim Thy heaven.

54 L. M.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown!

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:
4. HIS RESURRECTION.

55 C. M.

"He is not here, but is risen."

YE humble souls, that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with rapture down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of Life was brought,
Such wonders love can do;
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbbed and bled for you.

3 But raise your eyes, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again!
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.

4 High o'er the angelic bands He rears
His once dishonored head:
And through unnumbered years He reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With joy like His shall every saint
His vacant tomb survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord
To realms of endless day.

56 L. M.

The Resurrection of Christ.

HE dies, the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For Him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But, lo! what sudden joys I see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
The tomb in vain forbids His rise;
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and fall
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.

6 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
And, "Where thy victory, boasting grave?"

57 *Life in Christ.* L. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!

2 He lives, to bless me with His love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to His name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

58 7s.

"Because I live, ye shall live also."

"CHRIST the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 King of glory! Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this,—
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

59 8,7,8,7,4,7

Jesus, victor over death.

COME, ye saints, look here and wonder,
See the place where Jesus lay;
He has burst His bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord has risen to-day.

2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
By His death He overcame:
Thus the Lord His glory raises,
Thus He fills His foes with shame;
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon, in yonder blessed regions,
They shall join His praise to sing;
Songs eternal [ring.
Shall through heaven's high arches

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:

5. HIS INTERCESSION.

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60 4-6s & 2-8s.

"He ever liveth to make intercession for them."

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on *Calvary*;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
"Forgive him, O forgive!" they cry,
"Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!"

4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, Father, Abba, Father, cry!

61 4-6s & 2-8s.

GREAT Prophet of my God,
My lips shall bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

2 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside;
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

3 O Thou almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King!
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reign of grace, I sing;
Thine is the power; behold, I sit
In willing bonds before Thy feet.

4 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown;
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

62 6-8s.

The Priesthood of Christ.

ENTER'D the holy place above,
Cover'd with meritorious scars,
The tokens of His dying love [bears;
Our great High Priest in glory
He pleads His passion on the tree,
He shows Himself to God for me.

2 Before the throne my Saviour stands,
My Friend and Advocate appears;
My name is graven on His hands,
And Him the Father always hears;
While low at Jesus' cross I bow,
He hears the blood of sprinkling now!

3 This instant now I may receive
The answer of His powerful prayer;
This instant now by Him I live,
His prevalence with God declare;
And soon my spirit in His hands,
Shall stand where my Forerunner stands.

63 L. M.

The Ascension of Christ.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of glory in.

4 Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord that all our foes o'er-came; [threw;
The world, sin, death and hell o'er-
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

64 L. M.

Christ a sympathising High Priest.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands, [hands,
The house of God not made with
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 He who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies, His cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
Touched with the feeling of our grief,
He to the sufferer sends relief.

65 C. M.

"King of kings, and Lord of lords."

THE head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is to our Jesus given;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns o'er earth and heaven.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their everlasting joy to know
The mystery of His love.

66 6,6,7,7,7,7.

Christ our Prophet, Priest and King.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Thy Saviour's sacrifice!
All the names that love could find,
All the forms that love could take,
Jesus in Himself hath joined,
Thee, my soul, His own to make.

2 Prophet, to me reveal
Thy Father's perfect will;
Never mortal spake like Thee,
Human Prophet, like divine;
Loud and strong their voices be,
Small, and still, and inward Thine!

3 On Thee, my Priest, I call;
Thy blood atoned for all;
Still the Lamb as slain appears,
Still Thou stand'st before the throne,
Ever offering up my prayers,
These presenting with Thine own.

4 Jesus, Thou art my King,
From Thee my strength I bring;
Shadowed by Thy mighty hand,
Saviour, who shall pluck me thence?
Faith supports; by faith I stand,
Strong in Thy omnipotence.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:

6.—THE SAVIOUR.

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67 8s & 7s.

Praise to the risen Saviour.

HAIL! Thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through Thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

68 C. M.

"A Name that is above every name."

JESUS! the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus! the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

69 C. M.

The Coronation of Christ.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

70 C. M.

The name of Jesus.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield, and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

71 C. M.

"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."

JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find a sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But those who find Thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

72 C. M.

"The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice."

JOY to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

73 C. M.

Power of a crucified Saviour.

JESUS, Thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore;
Open the door to preach Thy word,
The great effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power:
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls, Thou know'st to prize
What Thou hast bought so dear;
Come then, and in Thy people's eyes
With all Thy wounds appear.

4 Appear, as when of old confest
The suffering Son of God;
And let them see Thee in Thy vest
But newly dipt in blood.

5 The hardness from their hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died;
Show them the tokens of Thy love,
Thy feet, Thy hands, Thy side.

6 Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.

74 C. M.

Praise for redeeming love.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He sped;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold!
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

75 C. M.

Luke iv, 18.

HARK! the glad sound, the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart exult with joy,
And every voice be song!

2 On Him the Spirit largely shed,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes! the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes! from darkening scales of vice
To clear the inward sight;
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial light.

5 He comes! the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding souls to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

76 C. M.

Confidence in Christ.

WHOM Jesus' blood doth sanctify,
Need neither sin nor fear;
Hid in our Saviour's hand we lie,
And laugh at danger near. [tect,
His guardian hand doth hold, pro-
And save, by ways unknown,
The little flock, the saints elect,
Who trust in Him alone.

2 Our Prophet, Priest, and King, to [Thee
We joyfully submit;
And learn in meek humility,
Our lesson at Thy feet.
Spirit and life Thy words impart,
And blessings from above;
And drop, in every listening heart
The manna of Thy love.

77 7s.

Christ the soul's only refuge.

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

78 C. M.

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

THOU art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the truth: Thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

79 4-8s & 2-6s.

Grateful praise to the Saviour.

O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
And magnify the wondrous grace
Which made salvation mine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Soon the delightful day will come
When my blest Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

80 7s.

Lessons of the Cross.

NEVER further than Thy cross,
Never higher than Thy feet;
Here earth's precious things seem dross;
Here earth's bitter things grow [sweet.

2 Gazing thus our sin we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing thus;
Sin, which laid the cross on Thee,
Love, which bore the cross for us.

3 Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

4 Pressing onward as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend;
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end;

5 Till amid the hosts of light,
We in Thee redeemed, complete,
Through Thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

81 8,7,8,7,4,7.

"Whom having not seen ye love."

O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin,
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee;
Where shall I Thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall His glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! Glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hovering round us
Unperceived among the throng;
Wondering at the love that crown-
Glad to join the holy song: [ed us,
Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong!

82 L. M.

Consecration to Christ.

I COME, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood;
To rest beneath Thy cross, than pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee!
Seal Thou my breast and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered at Thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from Thee derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit [breathe?
Thou giv'st the power Thy grace to move:
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou should'st us to glory bring;
Make slaves the partners of Thy [throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

83 L. M.

"Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died."

JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, even me, to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

3 Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, even for my soul, was shed.

4 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

5 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then, this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died, for me.

84 L. M.

Jesus, the joy of loving hearts.

JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men! [imparts,
From the best bliss that earth
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good;
To them that find Thee, all in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread!
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see; [fast.
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee

85 6-8s.

Christ is all, and in all.

THOU hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if Thou art mine;
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love;
To me, with Thy dear name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all Thou art;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
The medicine of my broken heart;
In war my peace, in loss my gain,
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my glory and my crown:

4 In want my plentiful supply,
In weakness my almighty power;
In bonds my perfect liberty,
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
My joy in grief, my shield in strife,
In death my everlasting life.

86 4-6s & 2-3s.

Jesus, the joy of earth and heaven.

LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus, transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

4 Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor, expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole;
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel, He died for me.

5 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call!
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all;
For all my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all my Saviour died!

87 S. M.

"Behold, I send an Angel before thee."

THOU very Paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of bondage came,
Thy ransomed people led.

2 Angel of gospel grace,
Fulfil Thy character;
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.

3 Throughout the desert way,
Conduct us by Thy light;
Be Thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

88 S. M.

Christ, our only sacrifice.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away our stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

3 Believing, we rejoice
To feel the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
And trust His bleeding love.

89 6-7s.

Christ, the Rock of ages.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee,
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

90 L. M.

"Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

MY Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless to all Thy glory show.

2 Too much to Thee I cannot give;
Too much I cannot do for Thee;
Let all Thy love, and all Thy grief,
Graven on my heart for ever be!

3 The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
O may I learn from Thee, my God!
And love, with softest pity joined,
For those that trample on Thy blood.

91 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6

Preserving grace.

O LAMB of God! still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me!
What lusts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I know my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure;
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hurtful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its cares and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

SECTION III.

WARNING.

92 C. M.

A voice from the tombs.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound;
My ears, attend the cry; [ground
"Ye living men, come view the
Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your
In spite of all your towers; [bed,
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain
And are we still secure? [doom?
Still walking downward to the tomb
And yet prepared no more?

4 Grant us the power of quickening
To fit our souls to fly; [grace
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

93 C. M.

"The wrath to come."

WOE to the men on earth who dwell,
Nor dread the Almighty's frown,
When God doth all His wrath reveal,
And shower His judgments down!

2 Sinners, expect those heaviest showers;
To meet your God prepare!
For, lo! the seventh angel pours
His vial in the air.

3 Who then shall live, and face the throne,
And face the Judge severe?
When heaven and earth are fled and [gone,
O where shall I appear?

4 Now, only now, against that hour
We may a place provide;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell, our spirits hide:

5 Firm in the all-destroying shock,
May view the final scene;
For, lo! the everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in.

94 C. M.

The last judgment anticipated.

TERRIBLE thought! shall I alone—
Who may be saved—shall I,
Of all, alas! whom I have known,
Through sin for ever die?

2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right hand appear,
A blessing to receive:

3 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,
Dragged to the judgment-seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet?

4 Ah, no! I still may turn and live,
For still His wrath delays;
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me His grace.

5 I will accept His offers now,
From every sin depart;
Perform my oft-repeated vow,
And render Him my heart.

6 I will improve what I receive,
The grace through Jesus given;
Sure, if with God on earth I live,
To live with Him in heaven.

95 C. M.

Christ waiting to be gracious.

JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
Display Thy saving power;
Thy mercy let the sinner find,
And know his gracious hour.

2 Who Thee beneath their feet have [trod,
And crucified afresh,
Touch with Thine all-victorious blood,
And turn the stone to flesh.

3 Open their eyes Thy cross to see,
Their ears, to hear Thy cries:
Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee,
For thee He weeps and dies.

4 All the day long He waiting stands,
His rebels to receive;
And shows His wounds, and spreads His hands,
And bids you turn and live.

5 Turn, and your sins of deepest dye
He will with blood efface; [apply;
Even now He waits the blood to
Be saved, be saved by grace.

96 C. M.

Repentance and forgiveness implored.

COME, O Thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of Thy word,
And break these hearts of stone!

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn!

3 Give us ourselves and Thee to [know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.

6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, and wash the troubled [heart
In the atoning blood.

97 C. M.

"Let him return unto the Lord."

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;
O now for refuge flee.

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb
And brief is mercy's day.

98 C. M.

Prayer for the impenitent.

THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the evening sacrifice
Which now to Thee we give.

2 We bow before Thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere;
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper?

3 Is here a soul that knows Thee not,
Nor feels his want of Thee,
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief,
His desperate state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise!
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

6 Extort the cry, "What must be done
To save a wretch like me?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery?

7 "I must this instant now begin
Out of my sleep to wake,
And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake:

8 "I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with Thee;
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity."

99 C. M.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

IN life's gay morn, when sprightly youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
Which beauty can disclose;

2 Deep on thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
The thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved.

3 For soon the shades of grief shall
The sunshine of thy days, [cloud
And cares and toils, in endless
Encompass all thy ways. [round,

4 Soon shall thy heart the woes of age
In mournful sighs deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

100 L. M.

Isaiah lxi. 1, 2, 3.

THE Spirit of the Lord our God,
Spirit of power, and health, and love,
The Father hath on Christ bestowed,
And sent Him from His throne above.

2 Prophet, and Priest, and King of
Anointed to declare His will, [Peace,
To minister His pardoning grace,
And every sin-sick soul to heal.

3 Sinners, obey the heavenly call,
Your prison-doors stand open wide;
Go forth, for He hath ransomed all,
For every soul of man hath died.

4 'Tis His the drooping soul to raise,
To rescue all by sin oppreat,
To clothe them with the robes of
praise,
And give their weary spirits rest:

5 To help their grovelling unbelief,
Beauty for ashes to confer,
The oil of joy for abject grief,
Triumphant joy for sad despair:

6 To make them trees of righteousness,
The planting of the Lord below,
To spread the honor of His grace,
And on to full perfection grow.

101 L. M.

"We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

GOD, the offended God most high,
Ambassadors to rebels sends,
His messengers His place supply,
And Jesus begs us to be friends.

2 Us, in the stead of Christ, they pray
Us, in the stead of God, entreat,
To cast our arms, our sins away,
And find forgiveness at His feet.

3 Our God in Christ! Thine embassy
And proffered mercy we embrace;
And gladly reconciled to Thee,
Thy condescending goodness praise.

4 Poor debtors, by our Lord's request,
A full acquittance we receive;
And criminals, with pardon blest,
We, at our Judge's instance, live.

102 S. M.

Rest found only in God.

O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to
sound,
Or seek from pole to pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Thou God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
For evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest;
We find alone in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

103

8. M.

Repent, believe, obey!

RETURN, and come to God,
Cast all your sins away;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing
Repent, believe, obey! [blood;

2 Say not ye cannot come,
For Jesus bled and died
That none who ask in humble faith
Should ever be denied.

3 Say not ye will not come;
'Tis God vouchsafes to call:
And fearful will their end be found,
On whom His wrath shall fall.

4 Come, then, whoever will;
Come, while 'tis called to-day;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing
Repent, believe, obey! [blood;

104

8-6s.

'TIS the last call of mercy,
That lingers for thee,
Oh! sinner receive it;
To Jesus now flee!
He often has called thee,
But thou hast refused
His offered salvation,
And love is abused.

2 If thou slightest this warning,
Now offered at last,
Thine will be the sad mourning,
"The harvest is past,
Salvation I've slighted,
The summer is o'er,
And now there is pardon,
Sweet pardon no more."

3 'Tis the last call of mercy,
Oh, turn not away,
For now swiftly hasteth
The dread vengeance day!
The Spirit invites you,
And pleads with you, come!
Oh, come to life's waters,
Nor thirstingly roam!

4 'Tis the last call of mercy,
Oh, steel not thy heart,
For now she is rising,
From earth to depart!
The last note is sounding,
The judgment is nigh!
The Bridegroom is coming,
Obey lest ye die!

105

C. M.

THERE is a time, we know not when:
A point, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of man
To glory or despair.

2 To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Nor fade the glow of health.

3 But on that forehead God has set,
Indelibly, a mark
Unseen by man, for man, as yet,
Is blind and in the dark;

4 He thinks or feels that all is well,
And every fear is calmed;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
Not only doomed but damned!

5 How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where
The confines of despair? [begin,

106

C. M.

THERE is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path:
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath.

2 The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirit light and gay,
That which is pleasing, still may
And care be thrust away. [please,

3 And yet the doomed man's path below
Like Eden may have bloomed,
He did not, does not, will not know
Or feel that he is doomed.

4 Oh, where is this mysterious bourn
By which our path is crossed,
Beyond which God Himself hath
That he who goes is lost? [sworn

5 An answer from the skies is sent,
Ye that from God depart
While it is called "to-day," repent,
And harden not your heart.

107 7s & 6s.

STOP, poor sinner! stop and think.
Before you farther go!
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?
Once again, I charge you, stop!
For, unless you warning take,
'Ere you are aware, you drop
Into the burning lake!

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you His will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which He breaks His foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
When He, judgment shall proclaim,
And the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?

3 Pale-fac'd death will quickly come,
To drag you to his bar;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair:
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood-crimson dye;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply?

4 Though your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God, at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass:
Sinners then in vain will call, (grace)
(Though they now despise His
"Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from His face."

5 But, as yet, there is a hope,
You may His mercy know,
Though His arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow:
'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners He invites to come;
None who come shall be denied,
He says, "There still is room."

SECTION IV.

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

108 L. M.

Christ, the Judge of all.

HE comes! He comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks Him near; [roll;
His lightnings flash, His thunders
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven, angelic voices sound:
See the Almighty Jesus crowned!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on His azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for His own;
The kingdoms all obey His word,
And hail Him their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout, all the people of the sky!
And all the saints of the Most High; [obtains,
Our Lord, who now His right
For ever and for ever reigns.

109 L. M.

The Day of Judgment.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day, [away!
When heaven and earth shall pass
What power shall be the sinner's stay? [day?
How shall he meet that dreadful

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay, [stay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

110 L. M.

The Trumpet shall Sound.

THE great archangel's trump shall sound,
While twice ten thousand thunders roar,
Tear up the graves, and cleave the [ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.

2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain conceal;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

3 But we, who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness,
Stand, as the Rock of ages, sure.

4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurled,
Shall stand unmoved amidst them [all,
And smile to see a burning world.

5 The earth, and all the works therein,
Dissolve, by raging flames destroy-
While we survey the awful scene, [ed,
And mount above the fiery void.

111 L. M.

"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

TREMENDOUS God, with humble fear,
Prostrate before Thy awful throne,
The irrevocable word we hear,
The sovereign righteousness we own.

2 'Tis fit we should to dust return,
Since such the will of the Most High;
In sin conceived, to trouble born,
Born only to lament and die.

3 Submissive to Thy just decree,
We all shall soon from earth remove;
But when Thou sendest, Lord, for [me,
O let the messenger be love!

4 Whisper Thy love into my heart,
Warn me of my approaching end;
And then I joyfully depart,
And then I to Thy arms ascend.

112 S. M.

"We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ."

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear:
Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray:

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come [down,
The immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all Thy Father's dazzling [train,
With all Thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
To increase our gracious fears,
For ever let the archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;
The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come,
Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"

113 S. M.

"Redeeming the time."

MAKE haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee, like the [breeze;
How swift its moments fly!

2 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.

3 Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away;
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

4 Make haste, O man, to live,
Thy time is almost o'er;
O sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door.

114 S. M.

"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment."

AND am I born to die,
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown—
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought,
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot?

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be;
Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crown-
And see the flaming skies. [ed,

3 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?
I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at His command to hea-
Or else—depart to hell. [ven,

115 7s.

The Day of Wrath.

DAY of wrath, O dreadful day!
When this world shall pass away,
And the heavens together roll,
Shrivelling like a parched scroll,
Long foretold by saint and sage,
Psalmist's harp, and prophet's page.

2 Day of terror, day of doom,
When the Judge, at last shall come!
Through the deep and silent gloom,
Shrouding every human tomb,
Shall the archangel's trumpet tone
Summon all before the throne.

3 O just Judge, to whom belongs
Vengeance for all earthly wrongs,
Grant forgiveness, Lord, at last,
Ere the dread account be past!
Lo, my sighs, my guilt, my shame!
Spare me, for Thine own great name.

116 8,7,8,7,4,7.

"Then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud, with power and great glory."

LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train;
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty; [Him,
Those who set at nought and sold
Pierced and nailed Him to the
Deeply wailing, [tree,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 The dear tokens of His passion
Still His dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

117 *The last judgment.* 8,7,8,7,4,7

LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in His sufferings here;
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear;
Mark the tokens
Of His heavenly kingdom near!

2 Close behind the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming revelation,
See the universal blaze!
Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's face!

3 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into endless night,
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,
In His Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting Light.

4 See the stars from heaven falling,
Hark on earth the doleful cry,
Men on rocks and mountains
calling, [nigh,
While the frowning Judge draws
"Hide us, hide us, [eye!"
Rocks and mountains, from His

118 8,7,8,7,8,8,7.

The end of all created things.

GREAT God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated;
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is past and gone,
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

119 7,6,7,6,7,7,7,6.

"Behold the Bridegroom cometh."

HEARKEN to the solemn voice,
The awful midnight cry!
Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
And see the Bridegroom nigh;
Lo! He comes to keep His word,
Light and joy His looks impart;
Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
And meet Him in your heart.

2 Ye whose loins are girt, stand forth!
Whose lamps are burning bright,
Worthy, in your Saviour's worth,
To walk with Him in white;
Jesus bids your hearts be clean,
Bids you all His promise prove;
Jesus comes to cast out sin,
And perfect you in love.

3 Wait we all in patient hope,
Till Christ, the Judge, shall come;
We shall soon be all caught up
To meet the general doom;
In an hour to us unknown,
As a thief in deepest night,
Christ shall suddenly come down,
With all His saints in light.

120 4-6s & 2-8s.

Watching for the Bridegroom's coming.

YE virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake!
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take;
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
"Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!"

2 He comes, He comes, to call
The nations to His bar,
And raise to glory all
Who fit for glory are;
Made ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet Him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend;
Your Head to glorify,
With all His saints ascend;
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, His face!

4 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound;
To see our Lord appear,
Watching let us be found;
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,
Be found—as, Lord, Thou find'st us now!

121 C. M.

Death Vanquished.

WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake;
When opening graves shall yield their charge,
And dust, to life awake;

2 Those bodies that corrupted fell
Shall incorrupt arise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.

3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung
Is now, at last, fulfilled;
And Death yields up his ancient reign,
And, vanquished, quits the field.

4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
And now in triumph sing:
"O Grave, where is thy victory?
"And where, O Death, thy sting."

122 C. M.

The awful sentence.

THAT awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge
And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, Thou source of all my joys,
Thou Ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear Thy voice
Pronounce the word, "Depart!"

3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 What! to be banished from my Lord
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly!

5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste His love!

123 C. M.

AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day,
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful then ought I to live;
With what religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behaviour here.

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5 If now Thou standest at the door,
O let me feel Thee near,
And make my peace with God, before
I at Thy bar appear.

124 4-8s & 2-6s.

Death and Judgment.

AND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
To all eternity!

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay!
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against the fatal day!

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or wordly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery, or joy;
But, Oh! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days spend?
With fiends or angels spend?

125 10s.

Too late!

LATE, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill!
Late, late, so late! But we can enter still.
"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."

2 No light had we; for that we do repent,
And learning this, the Bridegroom will relent.
"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."

3 No light! so late! and dark and chill the night—
O let us in, that we may find the light,
"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now!"

4 Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet!
O let us in, though late, to kiss His feet,
"No! no! too late! ye cannot enter now!"

126 8,7,8,7,4,7.

The judgment day.

DAY of Judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine;"
Glorious Saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine!

3 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His voice, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed;
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

127 8,7,8,7,4,7.

Christ is coming.

CHRIST is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase;
Christ is coming!
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace!

2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter cross and pain,
She shall yet behold Thy glory
When Thou comest back to reign;
Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Long Thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
But, in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall Thy glory see;
Christ is coming!
Haste the joyous jubilee.

SECTION V.

INVITATION TO SINNERS.

128 L. M.

Sinners invited to the gospel feast.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to *all*:
Come, all the world; come, sinner, thou;
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppresst,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ, and live;
O let His love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain!

5 His love is mighty to compel;
His conquering love consent to feel;
Yield to His love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

6 See Him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding Sacrifice!
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

7 This is the time, no more delay;
This is the acceptable day;
Come in this moment, at His call,
And live for Him who died for all.

129 L. M.

Isaiah lv, 1, 2, 3.

HO! everyone that thirsts, draw nigh;
'Tis God invites the fallen race;
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find my grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise!
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have and are behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

5 "I bid you all my goodness prove;
My promises for all are free;
Come, taste the manna of my love,
And let your souls delight in ME."

130 L. M.

"Come, for all things are now ready."

SINNERS, obey the gospel-word,
Haste to the supper of your Lord!
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away!

2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss His late-returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you His bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of His love
Just now the hardness to remove,
To apply, and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Are ready, with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,
'The dead's alive! the lost is found!'

131 L. M.

"Godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation."

COME, O ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to Paradise restored;
His proffered benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace:

2 A pardon written with His blood,
The favor, and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence:

3 The godly grief, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven,
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven:

4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The unutterable tenderness;
The genuine, meek humility;
The wonder, "Why such love to me?"

5 The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

132 C. M.

The gospel feast.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;

3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

133

8,7,8,7,4,7.

Invitation to sinners.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Come, ye needy come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood:
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

134

L. M.

Joy in heaven over a sinner repenting.

WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of His eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of His agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The contrite soul He forms anew;
And saints and angels join to sing,
The growing empire of their King.

135

4-6s & 3-6s.

The Year of Jubilee.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption through His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

136

8s & 7s.

The vastness of God's mercy.

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the favor of our Lord.

137 8,7,8,7,8.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

HARK! the Saviour's voice from heaven
Speaks a pardon full and free;
Come, and thou shalt be forgiven;
Boundless mercy flows for thee—
Even thee!

2 See the healing fountain springing
From the Saviour on the tree;
Pardon, peace, and cleansing bringing,
Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee—
Even thee!

3 Hear His love and mercy speaking,
"Come, and lay thy soul on Me;
Though thy heart for sin be breaking,
I have rest and peace for thee—
Even thee!"

4 Sinner, come, to Jesus flying,
From thy sin and woe be free;
Burdened, guilty, wounded, dying,
Gladly will He welcome thee—
Even thee!

5 Every sin shall be forgiven, [be;
Thou, through grace, a child shalt
Child of God, and heir of heaven,
Yes, a mansion waits for thee—
Even thee!

138 8,8,8,6.

The sinner invited to the Saviour.

JUST as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O, guilty sinner, come!

2 Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest? [rest;
Trust not the world: it gives no
Christ gives relief to hearts op-
O weary sinner, come! [prest—

3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
His grace repays all earthly loss—
O needy sinner, come!

4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy mournful tears; [ears,—
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine
O trembling sinner, come!

139 7s.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden."

COME, ye weary sinners, come,
All who groan beneath your load,
Jesus calls His wanderers home;
Hasten to your pardoning God!
Come, ye guilty spirits, oppressed,
Answer to the Saviour's call:
"Come, and I will give you rest;
Come, and I will save you all."

2 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We Thy kindest word obey;
Faithful let Thy mercies prove;
Take our load of guilt away.
Fain we would on Thee rely,
Cast on Thee our every care;
To Thine arms of mercy fly,
Find our lasting quiet there.

3 Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of God:
Lo! we come to Thee for ease,
True and gracious as Thou art;
Now our groaning souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

140 7s.

"Why will ye die, O house of Israel!"

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself, that ye might live;
Will you let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace His love;
Will you not His grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

141

7s.

WHAT could your Redeemer do,
More than He hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could He more than shed His blood?
After all His waste of love,
All His drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny?
Why will you resolve to die?

2 Turn, He cries, ye sinners, turn;
By His life your God hath sworn,
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive.
If your death were His delight,
Would He you to life invite?
Would He ask, entreat, and cry,
"Why will you resolve to die?"

3 Sinners, turn while God is near;
Dare not think Him insincere;
Now, even now, your Saviour stands;
All day long He spreads His hands;
Cries, "Ye will not happy be!
No, ye will not come to Me!
Me, who life to none deny,
Why will you resolve to die?"

142

7s.

The wanderer exhorted to return.

BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother; homeward come.

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother; God can save!

3 Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee; God will make thee whole.

4 He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
Seek Him, for He may be found;
Call upon Him; He is near.

143

6-7s.

Redemption through His blood.

WEARY souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of His:
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By His pain He gives you ease,
Life by His expiring groan:
Rise, exalted by His fall;
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you His Son hath given!
Ye may now be happy too,
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul designed;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be!
Blest to all eternity!

144

6-8s.

Praise for redeeming love.

WHERE shall my wondering soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeemed from death and sin,
A brand plucked from eternal fire,
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
Or sing my great Deliverer's praise?

2 O how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which Thou to me hast showed,—
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be called a child of God,
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blest with this antepast of heaven?

3 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin;
His bleeding heart shall make you room,
His open side shall take you in;
He calls you now, invites you home;
Come, O my guilty brethren, come!

145 6-8s.

"God is love."

SEE, sinners, in the gospel glass,
The Friend and Saviour of mankind!
Not one of all the apostate race
But may in Him salvation find.
His thoughts and words and actions prove—
His life and death—that God is love!

2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of all the world away!
A servant's form He meekly wears,
He sojourns in a house of clay;
His glory is no longer seen,
But God with God is man with men.

3 See where the God incarnate stands,
And calls His wandering creatures home;
He all day long spreads out His hands:
"Come, weary souls, to Jesus come!
Ye all may hide you in my breast;
Believe, and I will give you rest.

4 "Ah! do not of my goodness doubt;
My saving grace for all is free;
I will in nowise cast him out
That comes a sinner unto me:
I can to none myself deny;
Why, sinners, will ye perish, why?"

146 10,10,11,11.

Miracles of healing.

YE neighbors and friends, to Jesus draw near;
His love condescends, by titles so dear,
To call and invite you His triumph to prove,
And freely delight you in Jesus's love.

2 The Shepherd who died His sheep to redeem,
On every side are gathered to Him,
The weary and burdened, the reprobate race;
And wait to be pardoned through Jesus's grace.

3 The blind are restored through Jesus's name;
They see their dear Lord, and follow the Lamb;
The halt, they are walking, and running their race;
The dumb, they are talking of Jesus's grace.

147 10,10,11,11.

"This Man receiveth sinners."

THY faithfulness, Lord, each moment we find,
So true to Thy word, so loving and kind;
Thy mercy so tender to all the lost race,
The vilest offender may turn and find grace.

2 The mercy I feel, to others I show,
I set to my seal that Jesus is true;
Ye all may find favor, who come at His call;
O come to my Saviour, His grace is for *all*.

3 To save what was lost, from heaven He came;
Come ,sinners, and trust in Jesus's name!
He offers you pardon; He bids you be free:
"If sin be your burden, O come unto Me!"

4 O let me commend my Saviour to you,
The publican's Friend and Advocate too:
For you He is pleading His merits and death,
With God interceding for sinners beneath.

148 10,10,11,11.

Salvation by grace.

YE thirsty for God, to Jesus give ear,
And take, through His blood, a power to draw near;
His kind invitation, ye sinners, embrace,
Accepting salvation, salvation by grace.

2 Sent down from above, who governs the skies,
In vehement love to sinners He cries,
"Drink into my Spirit, who would be, happy Me."
And all things inherit, by coming to Me.

3 O Saviour of all, Thy word we believe,
And come at Thy call, Thy grace to receive:
The blessing is given, wherever Thou art;
The earnest of heaven is love in the heart.

4 To us at Thy feet the Comforter give,
Who gasp to admit Thy Spirit, and live:
The weakest believers acknowledge for Thine,
And fill us with rivers of water divine.

SECTION VI.

SALVATION.

1. CONVICTION.

149 S. M.

Guilty delay in coming to Christ.

AH! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from Him I stay!

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part;
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol, which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

5 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have feared to see;
Yet let me now consent to know
What keeps me out of Thee.

6 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

7 I now believe in Thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!

8 In me is all the bar,
Which Thou wouldst fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only Love.

150 S. M.

"The love of Christ constraineth us."

WHEN shall Thy love constrain,
And force me to Thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life;
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Lord, at Thy feet I fall;
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for Thee.

4 My sinful heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.

5 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

6 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror.

7 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign,
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever Thine!

151 S. M.

Prayer for a contrite heart.

O THAT I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to Thy gracious eyes present
A humble, contrite heart!

2 A heart with grief oppreat,
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart that cannot rest,
Till sprinkled with Thy blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire;

4 With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with Thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!

152 S. M.

Prayer for a deeper sense of sin.

O THAT I could revere
My most-offended God!
O that I could but stand in fear
Of Thy afflicting rod!
If mercy cannot draw,
Thou by Thy threatenings move,
And keep an abject soul in awe,
That will not yield to love.

2 Show me the naked sword
Impend[illegible]'er my head;
O let me tremble at Thy word,
And to my ways take heed!
With sacred horror fly
From every sinful snare;
Nor ever, in my Judge's eye,
My Judge's anger dare.

3 Thou great tremendous God,
The conscious awe impart;
The grace be now on me bestowed,
The tender, fleshly heart.
For Jesus' sake alone,
The stony heart remove,
And melt at last, O melt me down
Into the mould of love!

153 L. M.

"And hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace."

STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done Thee such despite,
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears,
And vexed, and urged Thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er Thy grace received,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved;

4 Yet, O the chief of sinners spare!
In honor of my great High Priest,
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from Thy people's rest.

SALVATION.

2. REPENTANCE.

154 6-7s.

True contrition implored.

SAVIOUR, Prince of Israel's race,
See me from Thy lofty throne;
Give the sweet relenting grace,
Soften this obdurate stone;
Stone to flesh, O God, convert!
Cast a look, and break my heart.

2 By Thy Spirit, Lord, reprove,
All my inmost sins reveal;
Sins against Thy light and love
Let me see, and let me feel;
Sins that crucified my God,
Spilt again Thy precious blood.

3 Jesus, seek Thy wandering sheep,
Make me restless to return;
Bid me look on Thee, and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn,
Till I say, by grace restored,
"Now Thou know'st I love Thee, Lord!"

4 Might I in Thy sight appear,
As the publican distrest;
Stand, not daring to draw near,
Smite on my unworthy breast;
Groan the sinner's only plea,
"God be merciful to me!"

5 O remember me for good,
Passing through the mortal vale;
Show me the atoning blood,
When my strength and spirit fail;
Give my fainting soul to see
Jesus crucified for me.

155 L. M.

Micah vi. 6, 7, 8.

WHEREWITH, O God, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before Thy face?
How in Thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain Thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams His favor buy,
Or slaughtered hecatombs appease?

3 Can these avert the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas! they all must flow in vain.

4 Guilty I stand before Thy face;
On me I feel Thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place
'Tis just—but O Thy Son hath died.

5 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled;
He bore our sins upon the tree;
Beneath our curse He bowed His head;
'Tis finished! He hath died for me!

6 See where before the throne He stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer!
Points to His side, and lifts His hands,
And shows that I am graven there.

156 L. M.

"Salvation is of the Lord."

LORD, I despair myself to heal;
I see my sin, but cannot feel;
I cannot, till Thy Spirit blow,
And bid the obedient waters flow.

2 'Tis Thine a heart of flesh to give;
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here, then, to Thee I all resign:
To draw, redeem, and seal, is Thine.

3 With simple faith on Thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All;
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour Thyself into my heart.

157 L. M.

Psalm li.

SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord, should Thy judgment be severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

3 Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean,
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race and taints us all.

4 Behold I fall before Thy face,
My only refuge is Thy grace;
No outward form can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

6 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

158 L. M.

Jesus the sinner's Friend.

JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to Thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open Thine arms, and take me in!

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole;
Fallen, till in me Thine image shine,
And lost I am, till Thou art mine.

3 The mansion for Thyself prepare;
Dispose my heart by entering there;
'Tis this alone can make me clean;
'Tis this alone can cast out sin.

4 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for Thee;
Here, then, to Thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only Thine.

5 What shall I say Thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, but Thou art love;
I give up every plea beside,—
"Lord, I am lost, but Thou hast died."

159 L. M.

Confession of sin.

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their memory from Thy book!

2 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight;
Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

3 Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near Thy throne,
To plead the merits of Thy Son.

4 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

160 L. M.

"God be merciful to me a sinner."

WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies:
But Thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me!

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My rapture song shall ever be,
That God was merciful to me!

161 L. M.

Christ, the soul's Physician.

O THOU, whom once they flocked to hear,
Thy words to hear, Thy power to feel;
Suffer the sinners to draw near,
And graciously receive us still.

2 They that be whole, Thyself hast said
No need of a physician have;
But I am sick, and want Thine aid,
And want Thine utmost power to save.

3 Thy power, and truth, and love divine,
The same from age to age endure;
A word, a gracious word of Thine,
The most inveterate plague can cure.

4 Helpless howe'er my spirit lies,
And long hath languished at the pool,
A word of Thine shall make me rise,
And speak me in a moment whole.

162 L. M.

Light and healing implored.

WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in Thee?
The fulness of Thy promise prove,
The seal of Thine eternal love?

2 Thee, only Thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only Thou, to me be given,
Of all Thou hast in earth or heaven.

3 Whom man forsakes, Thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcasts to receive;
Though all my sinfulness I own,
And all my faults to Thee are known.

4 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt!
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
A helpless soul that comes to Thee,
With only sin and misery.

5 Lord, I am sick,—my sickness cure;
I want,—do Thou enrich the poor;
Under Thy mighty hand I stoop,—
O lift the abject sinner up!

6 Lord, I am blind,—be Thou my sight;
Lord, I am weak,—be Thou my might;
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in Thee.

163 L. M.

MY God, if I may call Thee mine,
From heaven and Thee removed so far,
Draw nigh, Thy pitying ear incline,
And cast not out my languid prayer.

2 Gently the weak Thou lov'st to lead,
Thou lov'st to prop the feeble knee:
O break not then a bruised reed,
Nor quench the smoking flax in me!

3 Buried in sin, Thy voice I hear,
And burst the barriers of my tomb;
In all the marks of death appear,—
Forth at Thy call, though bound, I come.

4 Give me, O give me, fully, Lord,
Thy resurrection's power to know;
Free me indeed, repeat the word,
And loose my bands, and let me go.

5 Fain would I go to Thee, my God,
Thy mercies and my wants to tell;
To feel my pardon sealed in blood,
Saviour, Thy love I wait to feel.

164 L. M.

Light, love, and life in Christ.

JESUS, my Advocate above,
My Friend before the throne of love,
If now for me prevails Thy prayer,
If now I find Thee pleading there,
If Thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray;
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to Thine.

2 Fain would I know my utmost ill,
And groan my nature's weight to feel,
To feel the clouds that round me roll,
The night that hangs upon my soul,
The darkness of my carnal mind,
My will perverse, my passions blind,
Scattered o'er all the earth abroad,
Immeasurably far from God.

3 O Sovereign Love, to Thee I cry,
Give me Thyself, or else I die!
Save me from death, from hell set free;
Death, hell, are but the want of Thee,
Quickened by Thy imparted flame,
Saved, when possessed of Thee, I am;
My life, my only heaven Thou art,
O might I feel Thee in my heart.

165 L. M.

The fear of Divine wrath.

THOU Man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst Thyself forget,—
Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs, and bloody sweat!

2 Father, if I may call Thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire;
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire.

3 I tremble lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my sinful soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.

4 To Thee my last distress I bring,
The heightened fear of death I find;
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind.

5 I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from Thee;
O save, and give me to Thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me!

166 L. M.

"The eyes of your understanding being enlightened."

JESUS, whose glory's streaming rays,
Though duteous to Thy high command,
Not seraphs view with open face,
But veiled before Thy presence stand!

2 How shall weak eyes of flesh, weighed down,
With sin, and dim with error's night,
Dare to behold Thy awful throne,
Or view Thy unapproached light?

3 Restore my sight; let Thy free grace
An entrance to the holiest give:
Open mine eyes of faith; Thy face
So shall I see, yet seeing live.

4 Thy golden sceptre from above
Reach forth; lo! my whole heart I bow;
Say to my soul, "Thou art my love;
My chosen 'midst ten thousand, thou."

5 O Jesus, full of grace, the sighs
Of a sick heart with pity view!
Hark! how my silence speaks, and cries,
"Mercy, Thou God of mercy, show!"

167 C. M.

"Jesus Christ maketh thee whole."

WHILE dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quickening Spirit give;
Call me, Thou Son of God, that I
May hear Thy voice, and live.

2 While, full of anguish and disease,
My weak distempered soul
Thy love compassionately sees,
O let it make me whole!

3 To Jesus' name if all things now
A trembling homage pay,
O let my stubborn spirit bow,
My stiff-necked will obey!

4 Impotent, deaf, and dumb, and blind,
And sick, and poor I am;
But sure a remedy to find
For all in Jesus' name.

168 C. M.

"Who went about doing good."

JESUS, if still Thou art to-day
As yesterday the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of Thy name.

2 If still Thou goest about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I Thy praise may show,
Be all Thy wonders showed.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at Thy feet.

4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorred,
I sink beneath my sin;
But, if Thou wilt, a gracious word
Of Thine can make me clean.

5 Thou seest me deaf to Thy command;
Open, O Lord, my ear;
Bid me stretch out my withered hand,
And lift it up in prayer.

6 Blind from my birth to guilt and Thee,
And dark I am within;
The love of God I cannot see,
The sinfulness of sin.

7 But Thou, they say, art passing by;
O let me find Thee near!
Jesus, in mercy, hear my cry;
Thou Son of David, hear!

169 C. M.

Mercy and forgiveness implored.

O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave His life that I might live
A life concealed in Him!

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire,
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in His arms expire.

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve Thee more!

4 Now, if Thy gracious will it be,
Even now, my sins remove,
And set my soul at liberty
By Thy victorious love.

5 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pardoning God, descend;
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.

6 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven,
But let me feel Thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

170 C. M.

The form of godliness without the power.

LONG have I seemed to serve Thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain;
Fasted, and prayed, and read Thy word,
And heard it preached in vain.

2 Oft did I with the assembly join,
And near Thine altar drew;
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.

3 I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design;
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height, or love divine.

4 To please Thee thus, at length I see,
Vainly I hoped and strove;
For what are outward things to Thee,
Unless they spring from love?

5 I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts,
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.

171 C. M.

Salvation not by works.

STILL for Thy loving-kindness,
I in Thy temple wait; [Lord,
I look to find Thee in Thy word,
Or at Thy table meet.

2 Here, in Thine own appointed ways,
I wait to learn Thy will;
Silent I stand before Thy face,
And hear Thee say, "Be still!"

3 "Be still, and know that I am God!"
'Tis all I live to know;
To feel the virtue of Thy blood,
And spread its praise below.

4 I work, and own the labor vain,
And thus from works I cease;
I strive, and see my fruitless pain,
Till God create my peace.

5 Fruitless, till Thou Thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove;
They cannot change a sinful heart;
They cannot purchase love.

6 I do the thing Thy laws enjoin,
And then the strife give o'er;
To Thee I then the whole resign;
I trust in means no more.

172 C. M.

God's presence our light.

GOD is in this and every place;
But O how dark and void
To me! 'tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God.

2 Empty of Him who all things fills,
Till He His light impart,
Till He His glorious self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.

3 O Thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And break my heart of stone!

4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold Thy face and live.

5 Now, Jesus, now, the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad;
The middle wall of sin remove,
And let me into God.

173 C. M.

Prayer for true penitence.

O FOR that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledging how just Thou art,
And trembles at Thy word!

2 O for those humble, contrite tears
Which from repentance flow,
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long-suspended blow!

3 Saviour, to me in pity give
The sensible distress,
The pledge Thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace;

4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

174 C. M.

All things are possible to God.

O THAT Thou wouldst the heavens rend,
In majesty come down;
Stretch out Thine arm omnipotent,
And seize me for Thine own!

2 Descend, and let Thy lightning burn
The stubble of Thy foe;
Thine arm reveal, my sins o'erturn,
And make the mountains flow.

3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
And curb my headstrong will;
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
And bid the sun stand still.

4 What though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load,
The things impossible to men
Are possible to God.

5 Is there a thing too hard for Thee,
Almighty Lord of all,
Whose threatening looks dry up the sea,
And make the mountains fall?

6 Who, who shall in Thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence?
Ungrasp the hold of Thy right hand,
Or pluck the sinner thence?

7 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail;
Nearer to save Thou art;
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.

175 8. M.

Repentance and faith implored.

O THAT I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou by Thy voice the marble rent,
The rock in sunder cleave!
Thou, by Thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part; [word,
Strike with the hammer of Thy
And break my stubborn heart!

2 Saviour, and Prince of Peace,
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go;
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to
The balm of pardoning love. [heal,

3 For Thy own mercy's sake,
The cursed thing remove;
And into Thy protection take
The prisoner of Thy love.
In every trying hour,
Stand by my feeble sou
And screen me from my [illegible]re's
power,
Till Thou hast made me whole.

176 7s.

"Go in peace and sin no more."

AFTER all that I have done,
Saviour, art Thou pacified?
Whither shall my vileness run?
Hide me, earth, the sinner hide!

2 Let me sink into the dust,
Full of holy shame adore;
Jesus Christ, the Good, the Just,
Bids me go and sin no more.

3 O confirm the gracious word,
Jesus, Son of God and man!
Let me never grieve Thee, Lord,
Never turn to sin again.

4 Till my all in all Thou art,
Till Thou bring Thy nature in,
Keep this feeble, trembling heart;
Save me, save me, Lord, from sin.

177 7s.

"The Lord is long-suffering and of great mercy."

DEPTH of mercy, can there be,
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 I have spilt His precious blood,
Trampled on the Son of God,
Filled with pangs unspeakable,
I, who yet am not in hell!

4 Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above;
See the cause in Jesus' face,
Now before the throne of grace.

5 Lo! I cumber still the ground;
Lo! an Advocate is found;
"Hasten not to cut him down;
Let this barren soul alone."

6 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His [hands,
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still!

7 Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all Thy nature love?
Wilt Thou not the wrong forget,
Suffer me to kiss Thy feet?

8 If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now.

9 Pity from Thine eye let fall,
By a look my soul recall;
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.

10 Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my fall lament,
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

178

7s.

"Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned."

HOLY Spirit, pity me, [Thee;
Pierced with grief for grieving
Present, though I mourn apart,
Listen to a wailing heart.

2 Sins unnumbered I confess,
Of exceeding sinfulness,
Sins against Thyself alone,
Only to Omniscience known:

3 Deafness to Thy whispered calls,
Rashness midst remembered falls,
Transient fears beneath the rod,
Treacherous trifling with my God;

4 Tasting that the Lord is good,
Pining then for poisoned food;
At the fountains of the skies
Craving creaturely supplies.

5 Worldly cares at worship-time,
Grovelling aims in works sublime;
Pride, when God is passing by,
Sloth, when souls in darkness die.

6 O be merciful to me,
Now in bitterness for Thee!
Father, pardon through Thy Son
Sins against Thy Spirit done!

179

8, 7.

His speaking blood.

FATHER, hear the blood of Jesus,
Speaking in Thine ears above;
From impending wrath release us;
Manifest Thy pardoning love.

2 O receive us to Thy favor,—
For His only sake receive;
Give us to the bleeding Saviour,
Let us by His dying live.

3 "To Thy pardoning grace receive them,"
Once He prayed upon the tree;
Still His blood cries out, "Forgive them;
All their sins were laid on me."

4 Still our Advocate in heaven,
Prays the prayer on earth begun,
"Father, show their sins forgiven;
Father, glorify Thy Son!"

180

Jacob wrestling with the Angel.

COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on Thy hands, and read it there;
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain Thou struggleest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold!
Art Thou the man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

4 Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain,
When I am weak, then I am strong;
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

181

C. M.

Omniscience.

LORD, all I am is known to Thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, or to flee
The notice of Thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to Thee, Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

182 6-8s.

Matthew ix. 20-22.

UNCLEAN, of life and heart unclean,
How shall I in His sight appear?
Conscious of my inveterate sin
I blush and tremble to draw near;
Yet through the garment of His word,
I humbly seek to touch my Lord.

2 Turn then, Thou good Physician, turn,
Thou source of unexhausted love;
Sole Comforter of souls forlorn,
Who only canst my plague remove,
O, cast a pitying look on me,
Who dare not lift mine eyes to Thee!

3 Yet will I in my God confide, [soul;
Who comes to meet my seeking
I wait to feel Thy blood applied,
Thy blood applied shall make me whole;
And lo! I trust Thy gracious power
To touch, to heal me in this hour.

183 6-8s.

Hungering and thirsting for God.

JESUS, if still the same Thou art,
If all Thy promises are sure,
Set up Thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor;
To me be all Thy treasures given,
The kingdom of an inward heaven.

2 Thou hast pronounced the mourners blest,
And lo! for Thee I ever mourn;
I cannot, no, I will not rest,
Till Thou, my only rest, return;
Till Thou, the Prince of peace, ap-
And I receive the Comforter. [pear,

3 Where is the blessedness bestowed
On all that hunger after Thee?
I hunger now, I thirst for God;
See the poor fainting sinner, see,
And satisfy with endless peace,
And fill me with Thy righteousness.

4 Ah! Lord, if Thou art in that sigh,
Then hear Thyself within me pray;
Hear in my heart Thy Spirit's cry,
Mark what my laboring soul would say;
Answer the deep unuttered groan,
And show that Thou and I are one.

184 7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6.

Coming to the Lamb of God.

LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
To Thee I feebly pray!
Heal me of my grief and pain,
O take my sins away!
From this bondage, Lord, release;
No longer let me be oppress;
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to Thy breast!

2 Wilt Thou cast a sinner out,
Who humbly comes to Thee?
No, my God, I cannot doubt,
Thy mercy is for me;
Let me then obtain the grace,
And be of paradise possest:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to Thy breast!

3 Worldly good I do not want,
Be that to others given;
Only for Thy love I pant,
My all in earth and heaven;
This the crown I fain would seize,
The good wherewith I would be blest;
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to Thy breast!

185 7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6.

Christ's death the sinner's plea.

LET the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness,
I, a wretch, undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace;
Other title I disclaim;
This, only this, is all my plea:
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

2 I, like Gideon's fleece, am found
Unwatered still, and dry,
While the dew on all around
Falls plenteous from the sky;
Yet my Lord I cannot blame,
The Saviour's grace for all is free:
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Jesus, Thou for me hast died,
And Thou in me wilt live;
I shall feel Thy death applied,
I shall Thy life receive;
Yet, when melted in the flame
Of love, this shall be all my plea:
I the chief of sinners am
But Jesus died for me.

186 7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6.

Healing and purity in Christ.

WRETCHED, helpless, and distrest,
Ah! whither shall I fly?
Ever seeking after rest,
I cannot find it nigh;
Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,
Fast bound in sin and misery,
Friend of sinners, let me find
My help, my all, in Thee!

2 I am sinful and unclean,
Thy purity I want:
My whole head is sick with sin,
And my whole heart is faint;
Full of putrefying sores,
Of bruises, and of wounds, my soul
Looks to Jesus, help implores,
And gasps to be made whole.

3 In the wilderness I stray,
My foolish heart is blind;
Nothing do I know; the way
Of peace I cannot find;
Jesus, Lord, restore my sight,
And take, O take, the veil away!
Turn my darkness into light,
My midnight into day.

187 6-7s.

Prayer for pardon and salvation.

SAVIOUR, cast a pitying eye,
Bid my sins and sorrows end;
Whither should a sinner fly?
Art not Thou the sinner's Friend?
Rest in Thee I long to find,
Wretched I, and poor, and blind.

2 Haste, O haste, to my relief!
From the iron furnace take;
Rid me of my sin and grief,
For Thy love and mercy's sake;
Set my heart at liberty,
Show forth all Thy power in me.

3 Me, the vilest of the race,
Most unholy, most unclean;
Me, the farthest from Thy face,
Full of misery and sin;
Me with arms of love receive,
Me, of sinners chief, forgive.

4 Jesus, on Thine only name
For salvation I depend;
In Thy gracious hands I am,
Save me, save me, to the end;
Let the utmost grace be given,
Save me quite from hell to heaven.

188 8,8,8,6.

"Just as I am."

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am,—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

189 8,7,8,7,8.

Prayer for a personal blessing.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be!
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy fall on me—
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to Thee!
I am longing for Thy favor;
While Thou'rt calling, O call me—
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me.

5 Love of God so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ so rich and free,
Grace of God so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me—
Even me.

190 8s.

Restoration through the Spirit.

COME, Holy Ghost, celestial Dove,
To visit a sorrowful breast,
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest.
Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelmed with his load,
The sense of accep ance to give,
And sprinkle his heart with the blood.

2 Thy call if I ever have known,
And sighed from myself to get free,
And groaned the unspeakable groan,
And longed to be happy in Thee;
Fulfil the imperfect desire,
Thy peace to my conscience reveal,
The sense of Thy favor inspire,
And give me my pardon to feel.

3 Most merciful Spirit of grace,
Relieve me again, and restore;
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and to suffer no more.
Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
True Witness of mercy divine,
And make me Thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally Thine.

191 6,6,7,7,7,7.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee."

OUT of the deep I cry,
Just at the point to die;
Hastening to eternal pain,
Jesus, Lord, I cry to Thee;
Help a feeble child of man,
Show forth all Thy power in me.

2 On Thee I ever call,
Saviour and Friend of all; [case;
Well Thou know'st my desperate
Thou my curse and sin remove,
Save me by Thy richest grace,
Save me by Thy pardoning love.

3 I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy mercy know;
Let me hear the welcome sound;
Speak, if still Thou canst forgive;
Speak, and let the lost be found;
Speak, and let the dying live.

4 What hast Thou done for me!
O think on Calvary!
By Thy mortal groans and sighs,
By Thy precious death I pray,
Hear my dying spirit's cries,
Take, O take, my sins away!

SALVATION.

3. FAITH.

192 C. M.

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 O dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Is saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine.

193 C. M.

"Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord!"

3 My soul obeys the Almighty's call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe Thy promise, Lord,
O help my unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From sins of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into Thy hands I fall;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour, and my all.

194 C. M.

All fulness in Christ.

JESUS, in Thee all fulness dwells,
And all for wretched man;
Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain!

2 If Thou impart Thyself to me,
No other good I need; [free,
If Thou, the Son, shalt make me
I shall be free indeed.

3 I cannot rest till in Thy blood
I full redemption have;
But Thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

4 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul;
Lord, I believe, and not in vain;
My faith shall make me whole.

5 I too, with Thee, shall walk in white;
With all Thy saints shall prove
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love.

195 C. M.

The prisoner of hope.

LET the redeemed give thanks [and praise
To a forgiving God;
My feeble voice I cannot raise
Till washed in Jesus' blood:

2 Till, at Thy coming from above,
My mountain sins depart,
And fear gives place to filial love,
And peace o'erflows my heart.

3 Prisoner of hope, I still attend
The appearing of my Lord, [and,
These gloomy doubts and fears to
And speak my soul restored:

4 Restored by reconciling grace,
With present pardon blest,
And fitted by true holiness
For my eternal rest.

5 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
The love and joy unknown,
Now, Father, to thy servant give,
And claim me for Thine own.

196 C. M.

JESUS! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord;
The weary sinner's Friend,
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end.

2 Deliverance to my soul proclaim,
And life and liberty;
Shed forth the virtue of Thy name,
And Jesus prove to me.

3 Salvation in that name is found,
Balm of my grief and care;
A medicine for my every wound,
All, all I want is there.

4 Faith to be healed Thou know'st I have,
For Thou that faith hast given;
Thou canst, Thou wilt the sinner save,
And make me meet for heaven.

5 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine;
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is Thine,
And everlasting love.

197 C. M.

Prayer for revealing grace.

THOU hidden God, for whom I groan,—
Till Thou Thyself declare,
God inaccessible, unknown,—
Regard a sinner's prayer!

2 An unregenerate child of man,
To Thee for faith I call;
Pity Thy fallen creature's pain,
And raise me from my fall.

3 Thou wilt in me reveal Thy name,
Then with Thy light afford;
Bound and oppressed, yet Thine I am,
The prisoner of the Lord.

4 Now, Lord, if Thou art power, descend,
The mountain sin remove;
My unbelief and troubles end,
If Thou art truth and love.

5 Show me the blood that bought my peace
The covenant blood apply,
And all my griefs at once shall cease,
And all my sins shall die.

198 C. M.

A prayer for living faith.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to Thee,
No other help I know;
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did Thy only Son endure
Before I drew my breath;
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel Thy power;
Now all my wants Thou would'st relieve
In this the accepted hour.

4 Author of faith, to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift!
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely Thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live!
For here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice
Could I but see Thy face!
Now let me hear Thy quickening voice,
And taste Thy pardoning grace.

199 L. M.

Prayer of a sin-sick soul.

O GOD, to whom, in flesh revealed,
The helpless all for succor came,
The sick to be relieved and healed,
And found salvation in Thy name,—

2 Thou seest me helpless and distrest,
Feeble, and faint, and blind, and poor;
Weary, I come to Thee for rest,
And sick of sin, implore a cure.

3 A touch, a word, a look from Thee,
Can turn my heart and make it clean;
Purge the foul, inbred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom sin.

4 Lord, if Thou wilt, I do believe
Thou canst the saving grace impart;
Thou canst this instant now forgive,
And stamp Thine image on my heart.

5 Be it according to Thy word,
Accomplish now Thy work in me;
And let my soul, to health restored,
Devote its little all to Thee.

200 L. M.

Jesus an unchangeable Saviour.

JESUS, Thy far-extended fame,
My drooping soul exults to hear;
Thy name, Thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old Thou didst receive
With comfortable words and kind,
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.

3 And art Thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same?
Hast Thou forgot Thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of Thy name?

4 Faith in Thy changeless name I have;
The good, the kind Physician, Thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.

5 All my disease, my every sin,
To Thee, O Jesus, I confess;
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.

201 S. M.

Penitent trust in God's mercy.

O MY offended God,
If now at last I see
That I have trampled on Thy blood,
And done despite to Thee;
If I begin to wake
Out of my deadly sleep,
Into Thy arms of mercy take,
And there for ever keep.

2 Thy death hath bought the power
For every sinful soul, [hour,
That all may know the gracious
And be by faith made whole.
Thou hast for sinners died,
That all may come to God;
The covenant Thou hast ratified
And sealed it with Thy blood.

3 He that believes in Thee,
And doth till death endure,
He shall be saved eternally;
The covenant is sure.
The mountains shall give place,
Thy covenant cannot move,
The covenant of Thy general grace,
Thy all-redeeming love.

202 [illegible]

Prayer for the light of faith.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, the Just,
My Friend and Advocate with Thee,
Pity a soul that fain would trust
In Him who lived and died for me; [known,
But only Thou canst make Him
And in my heart reveal Thy Son.

2 If, drawn by Thine alluring grace,
My want of living faith I feel,
Show me in Christ Thy smiling face;
What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal,
Thy co-eternal Son, display,
And turn my darkness into day.

3 The gift unspeakable impart;
Command the light of faith to shine,
To shine in my dark, drooping heart,
And fill me with the life divine;
Now bid the new creation be:
O God let there be faith in me!

203 6-lines.

Prayer for converting grace.

JESUS, I believe Thee near,
Now my fallen soul restore;
Now my guilty conscience clear;
Give me back my peace and power;
Stone to flesh again convert,
Write forgiveness on my heart.

2 I believe Thy pardoning grace,
As at the beginning, free;
Open are Thy arms to embrace
Me, the worst of rebels, me;
In me all the hindrance lies;
Called,—I still refuse to rise.

3 Now the gracious work begin;
Now for good some token give;
Give me now to feel my sin,
Give me now my sin to leave;
Bid me look on Thee and mourn,
Bid me to Thy arms return.

4 Take this heart of stone away,
Melt me into gracious tears;
Grant me power to watch and pray,
Till Thy lovely face appears,
Till Thy favor I retrieve,
Till by faith again I live.

204 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.

Pleading the blood of the Lamb.

GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe!
Simply [illegible] I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive:
Full of sin, alas! I am,
But to Thy wounds for refuge flee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,
To Thee I lift mine eye;
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy grace is always nigh;
Now, as yesterday, the same
Thou art, and wilt forever be:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can Thy grace procure;
Empty send me not away,
For I, Thou know'st, am poor;
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

205 4-8s & 2-6s.

Exodus xxxiv. 5, 6, 7.

THEE, Jesus, Thee, the sinner's Friend,
I follow on to apprehend,
Renew the glorious strife;
Divinely confident and bold,
With faith's strong arm on Thee lay hold,
Thee, my eternal life.

2 Give me the grace, the love I claim;
Thy Spirit now demands Thy name,
Thou know'st the Spirit's will;
He helps my soul's infirmity,
And strongly intercedes for me
With groans unspeakable.

3 Prisoner of hope, to Thee I turn,
And, calmly confident, I mourn,
And pray, and weep for Thee;
Tell me Thy love, Thy secret tell,
Thy mystic name in me reveal,
Reveal Thyself in me.

206 4-8s&2-6s.

Prayer for saving faith.

AUTHOR of faith, to Thee I cry,
To Thee who wouldst not have me die,
But know the truth and live;
Open mine eyes to see Thy face,
Work in my heart Thy saving grace,
The life eternal give.

2 Shut up in unbelief I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till Thou the veil remove;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write Thy name upon my heart,
And manifest Thy love.

3 I know the work is only Thine,
The gift of faith is all divine;
But, if on Thee we call,
Thou wilt the benefit bestow,
And give us hearts to feel and know
That Thou hast died for all.

4 Be it according to Thy word;
Now let me find my pardoning Lord,
Let what I ask be given;
The bar of unbelief remove,
Open the door of faith and love,
And take me into heaven.

SALVATION.

4. REGENERATION.

207 8-6s.

YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer;
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name is Love.

2 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love Thou art:
To me, to all, Thy mercies move;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
I see Thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

4 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

5 The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath risen, with healing in His wings;
Withered my nature's strength, from Thee
My soul its life and succor brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

6 Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On Thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from Thee to move;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

7 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome,
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

208 7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6.

The joy of forgiveness.

LORD, and is Thine anger gone?
And art Thou pacified?
After all that I have done,
Dost Thou no longer chide?
Infinite Thy mercies are;
Beneath the weight I cannot move;
O 'tis more than I can bear,
The sense of pardoning love!

2 Let it still my heart constrain,
And all my passions sway;
Keep me, lest I turn again
Out of the narrow way;
Force my violence to be still,
And captivate my every thought;
Charm, and melt, and change my will,
And bring me down to nought.

3 As the apple of an eye
Thy weakest servant keep;
Help me at Thy feet to lie,
And there for ever weep;
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven;
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiven.

209 L. M.

"Now is the day of salvation."

WHY should I till to-morrow stay
For what Thou wouldst bestow to-day?
What Thou more willing art to give
Than I to ask, or to receive?

2 This moment, Lord, Thou ready art
To break, and to bind up my heart;
To pour the balm of Gilead in,
Forgive, and take away my sin.

3 This is the time; I surely may
Salvation find on this glad day;
And knowing Thee my Saviour prove
That Thou art God, and God is love.

4 Give then the bliss for which I pray
To-day, while it is called to-day,
The nature pure, the life divine,
And make Thy gracious fulness mine.

210 S. M.

Hope in God's mercy.

O UNEXHAUSTED grace!
O love unsearchable!
I am not gone to my own place,
I am not yet in hell!

2 Earth doth not open yet,
My soul to swallow up;
And, hanging o'er the burning pit,
I still am forced to hope.

3 I hope at last to find
The kingdom from above,
The settled peace, the constant mind,
The everlasting love;

4 The sanctifying grace
That makes me meet for home;
I hope to see Thy glorious face,
Where sin can never come.

5 What shall I do to keep
The blessed hope I feel?
Still let me pray, and watch, and weep,
And serve Thy pleasure still.

6 O may I never grieve
My kind, long-suffering Lord!
But steadfastly to Jesus cleave,
And answer all His word.

211 C. M.

The cleansing blood.

MY God, my God, to Thee I cry;
Thee only would I know;
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean,
Purge my iniquity;
Unless Thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in Thee.

3 But art Thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine Thou art;
Witness within, Thou Love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

4 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,
His wounds are open wide;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

5 O let me lose myself in Thee,
The depth of mercy prove,
Thou vast, unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love!

SALVATION.

5. ADOPTION.

212 S. M.

No more a wandering sheep.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice
I would not be controlled;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood.
'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold;
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love His home!

213 4-8s & 2-6s.

The witness of pardon and adoption.

THOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
Even from my infant days;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me, if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known Thy fear,
And followed with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above,—
Now, now the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of Thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the Gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That antepast of heaven.

4 If now the witness were in me,
Would He not testify of Thee
In Jesus reconciled?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself Thy child?

214 4-8s & 2-6s.

A Prayer for subduing love.

STILL, Lord, I languish for Thy grace;
Reveal the beauties of Thy face,
The middle wall remove;
Appear, and banish my complaint;
Come, and supply my only want,
Fill all my soul with love.

2 O conquer this rebellious will;
Willing Thou art, and ready still,
Thy help is always nigh;
The hardness from my heart remove,
And give me, Lord, O give me love,
Or at Thy feet I die.

3 To Thee I lift my mournful eye;
Why am I thus?—O tell me why
I cannot love my God!
The hindrance must be all in me;
It cannot in my Saviour be;
Witness that streaming blood.

4 It cost Thy blood my heart to win,
To buy me from the power of sin,
And make me love again;
Come, then, my Lord, Thy right assert,
Take to Thyself my ransomed heart;
Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

215 6-7s.

Freedom from sin.

SINCE the Son hath made me free,
Let me taste my liberty;
Thee behold with open face,
Triumph in Thy saving grace;
Thy great will delight to prove,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

2 Abba, Father! hear Thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled;
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power;
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

3 Lord, I will not let Thee go,
Till the blessing Thou bestow;
Hear my Advocate divine;
Lo! to His my suit I join;
Joined to His, it cannot fail;
Bless me; for I will prevail!

4 Holy Ghost, no more delay;
Come, and in Thy temple stay!
Now Thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear;
Spring of Life, Thyself impart;
Rise eternal in my heart.

216 C. M.

Witness of the Spirit implored.

WHY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
The tokens of Thy grace.

2 Dost Thou not dwell in all Thy saints
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of its part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May Thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home!

217 C. M.

The Spirit of Adoption.

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while unworthy I draw nigh,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father God! that gracious sound
Dispels my guilty fear;
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight my ear.

3 Come, Holy Spirit, seal the grace
On my expanding heart;
And show that in the Father's love
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a witness so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
And, "Abba, Father," humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive.

218 6,6,9,6,6,9.

WE are happy to-day,
He has taken away, [years,
All the sins we have felt for these
We rejoice in His love,
And are rising above, [our fears.
All the world and our doubts and

Chorus:

It is good to be here,
It is good to be here,
Thy perfect love drives away fear,
And the light streaming down
Makes the pathway all clear,
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

2 Our assurance is bright,
In His will we delight,
And the Spirit now seals us His own;
All our souls are on fire,
And they burn with desire
To be made in His image alone.

3 We are thirsting for more,
And our hearts we outpour,
To be cleansed from all sin by His
We believe, Lord, in Thee, [blood;
And our hearts will be free,
And be filled with the fulness of God.

4 Oh, the pow'r of His love,
As it comes from above,
To remove all our sin and our fear;
We are filled with the light,
And are sav'd by His might,
To rejoice in His presence so dear.

SECTION VII.

BACKSLIDING

LAMENTED.

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219 7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6.

The Lord turned and looked upon Peter.

JESUS, let Thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to Thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep;
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through Thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let Thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For Thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind Thy back,
And wash me white as snow;
Speak my paradise restored,
Redeem me by Thy grace alone;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4 Look, as when Thy languid eye
Was closed that we might live;
"Father," at the point to die
My Saviour gasped, "forgive!"
Surely, with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone!

220 7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6.

Go in peace, and sin no more.

JESUS, Friend of sinners, hear,
Yet once again I pray;
From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have nought to pay;
Speak, O speak, the kind release,
A poor backsliding soul restore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

2 For my selfishness and pride,
Thou hast withdrawn Thy grace;
Left me long to wander wide,
An outcast from Thy face;
But I now my sins confess,
And mercy, mercy, I implore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Though my sins as mountains rise,
And swell and reach to heaven,
Mercy is above the skies,
I may be still forgiven;
Infinite my sins' increase
But greater is Thy mercy's store;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

221 6-8s.

Prayer for forgiveness of backsliding.

WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod;
For Thee, not without hope I mourn:
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of Love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek Thy face;
Open Thine arms and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive and bid me sin no more!
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

4 The stone to flesh again convert;
The veil of sin again remove;
Sprinkle Thy blood upon my heart,
And melt it by Thy dying love;
This rebel heart by love subdue,
And make it soft, and make it new.

222 5-8s.

Sin hiding God's face.

THOU God, unsearchable, unknown,
Who still conceal'st Thyself from me,
Hear an apostate spirit groan, [Thee;
Broke off, and banished far from
But conscious of my fall I mourn,
And fain I would to Thee return.

2 Send forth one ray of heavenly light,
Of gospel hope, of humble fear,
To guide me through the gulf of night,
My poor desponding soul to cheer,
Till Thou my unbelief remove,
And show me all Thy glorious love.

3 A hidden God indeed Thou art!
Thy absence I this moment feel;
Yet must I own it from my heart,
Concealed, Thou art a Saviour still;
And though Thy face I cannot see,
I know Thine eye is fixed on me.

223 6-8s.

The wanderer returning to Christ.

JESUS, Thou know'st my sinfulness, [Thee;
My faults are not concealed from
A sinner in my last distress, [flee,
To Thy dear wounds I fain would
And never, never thence depart,
Close sheltered in Thy loving heart.

2 How shall I find the living way,
Lost, and confused, and dark, and blind?
Ah! Lord, my soul is gone astray;
Ah! Shepherd, seek my soul and find,
And in Thine arms of mercy take,
And bring the weary wanderer back.

3 Weary and sick of sin I am;
I hate it, Lord, and yet I love;
When wilt Thou rid me of my shame? [move?
When wilt Thou all my load re-
Destroy the fiend that lurks within,
And speak the word of power, "Be clean!"

4 Sin only let me not commit,
Sin never can advance Thy praise
And, lo! I lay me at Thy feet,
And wait unwearied all my days,
Till my appointed time shall come,
And Thou shalt call Thine exile home.

224 C. M.

Backsliding from God lamented.

O WHY did I my Saviour leave,
So soon unfaithful prove?
How could I Thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against Thy love?

2 I forced Thee first to disappear,
I turned Thee first aside; [here
Ah! Lord, if Thou hadst still been
Thy servant had not died.

3 But O, how soon Thy wrath is o'er,
And pardoning love takes place!
Assist me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of Thy grace.

4 My humbled soul, when Thou art
In dust and ashes lies; [near
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet Thy purer eyes?

5 I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if Thou exalted be,
And Christ be all in all.

225 C. M.

Unfaithfulness acknowledged.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light, to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is that soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest! [mourn,
I hate the sins that made Thee
That drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne.
And worship only Thee.

226 C. M.

Prayer for quickening grace.

LONG have I sat beneath the
Of Thy salvation, Lord; [sound
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of Thy word!

2 My gracious Saviour and my God,
How little art Thou known
By all the judgments of Thy rod,
Or blessings of Thy throne!

3 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 Great God, Thy sovereign aid impart,
To give Thy word success!
Write Thy salvation on my heart,
And make me learn Thy grace.

5 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high, [decay,
Where knowledge grows without
And love shall never die.

227 C. M.

Psalm xlii.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To the oppressor's scorn.

4 I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord, wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy Saviour, and thy King.

228 C. M.

Wanderings from God lamented.

INFINITE Power, eternal Lord,
How sovereign is Thy hand!
All nature rose to obey Thy word,
And moves at Thy command.

2 With steady course the shining sun
Keeps his appointed way;
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

3 But, ah! how wide my spirit flies,
And wanders from her God!
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,
And treads the downward road.

4 Great God create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to Thine!
Melt down my will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

229 8s.

Prayer for restoration from backsliding.

HOW shall a lost sinner in pain
Recover his forfeited peace?
When brought into bondage again,
What hope of a second release?
Will mercy itself be so kind
To spare such a rebel as me?
And O can I possibly find
Such plenteous redemption in Thee?

2 O Jesus, in pity draw near,
Come quickly to help a lost soul;
To comfort a mourner appear,
And make a poor Lazarus whole!
The balm of Thy mercy apply;
Thou seest the sore anguish I feel;
Save, Lord, or I perish, I die!
O save, or I sink into hell!

3 I sink, if Thou longer delay
Thy pardoning mercy to show;
Come quickly, and kindly display
The power of Thy passion below.
The help of Thy Spirit restore,
And show me the life-giving blood,
And pardon a sinner once more,
And bring me again unto God.

230 L. M.

Backsliding confessed and deplored.

SAVIOUR, I now with shame [redacted]
My thirst for creature happiness;
By base desires I wronged Thy love,
And forced Thy mercy to remove.

2 Yet would I not regard Thy stroke;
But when Thou didst Thy grace revoke,
And when Thou didst Thy face conceal,
Thy absence I refused to feel.

3 I knew not that the Lord was gone,
In my own froward will went on,
And lived to the desires of men;
But Thou hast all my wanderings seen.

4 Yet, O the riches of Thy grace!
Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,
Wilt freely my backslidings heal,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

5 Far off, yet at Thy feet I lie,
Till Thou again Thy blood apply;
Till Thou repeat my sins forgiven,
As far from God as hell from heaven.

231 C. M.

Mourning departed joys.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw His glory shine,
And when I read His holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O make my soul Thy care;
I know Thy mercy cannot fail;
Let me that mercy share.

232 D. M.

Watching against falling from grace.

AH! Lord, with trembling I confess,
A gracious soul may fall from grace;
The salt may lose its seasoning power,
And never, never find it more.

2 Lest that my fearful case should be,
Each moment knit my soul to Thee;
And lead me to the mount above,
Through the low vale of humble love.

233 S. M.

The Backslider.

HOW can I vent my grief?
My Comforter is fled!
By day I sigh without relief,
And groan upon my bed.

2 I once enjoyed my Lord,
Lived happy in His love;
Delighted in His holy word,
And sought my rest above.

3 This world I did despise,
With all its gaudy show;
Through faith in Christ turned my eye off
From vanities below.

4 I then could praise the Lord
For His redeeming love;
I knew His grace did peace afford,
For I that peace did prove.

5 But, oh! alas, my soul,
Where is thy comfort now?
Why did I let my love grow cold?
Ah! why to idols bow?

6 How little did I think,
When first I did begin
To join a little with the world,
It was so great a sin.

7 I thought I might conform,
Nor singular appear;
Converse and dress as others did,
But now I feel the snare.

8 My confidence is gone,
I find no words to say;
Barren and lifeless is my soul,
When I attempt to pray.

9 I feel ashamed to bow,
When with the saints I meet;
While on their knees my brethren cry,
I stand, or keep my seat.

10 My soul, this will not do,
Thy day is almost past;
I must repent and turn to God,
Or sink to hell at last.

SECTION VIII.

HOLINESS.

1. CONVICTION OF INBRED SIN.

234 L. M.

Original corruption, and actual sin.

LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
The law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Behold, we fall before Thy face;
Our only refuge is Thy grace;
No outward forms can make us clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 Jesus, Thy blood, Thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make us white as snow,
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

235 L. M.

Inbred leprosy.

HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove Thy perfect will;
Be mindful of Thy gracious word,
And stamp me with Thy Spirit's [illegible]

2 Open my faith's interior eye;
Display Thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.

3 Confound, o'erpower me by Thy [illegible];
I would be by myself abhorred;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory be to Christ my Lord!

4 Now let me gain perfection's height,
Now let me into nothing fall;
Be less than nothing in Thy sight,
And feel that Christ is all in all.

236 L. M.

Inbred Leprosy.

JESUS, a word, a look from Thee,
Can turn my heart and make it clean;
Purge out the inbred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom sin.

2 My heart, which now to Thee I raise,
I know Thou canst this moment cleanse;
The deepest stains of sin efface,
And drive the evil spirit hence.

3 O take this heart of stone away!
Thy sway it doth not, cannot own;
In me no longer let it stay;
O take away this heart of stone!

4 Consume our lusts as rotten wood,
Consume our stony hearts within!
Consume the dust, the serpent's food,
And dry up all the streams of sin.

5 Its body totally destroy!
Thyself, *The Lord, The God*, approve!
And fill our hearts with holy joy,
And fervent zeal, and perfect love.

237 C. M.

Matt. iii. 12.

COME, Thou omniscient Son of Man,
Display Thy sifting power;
Come with Thy Spirit's winnowing fan,
And throughly purge Thy floor.

2 The chaff of sin, the accursed thing,
Far from our souls be driven!
The wheat into Thy garner bring,
And lay us up for heaven.

3 Look through me with Thy eyes of flame,
The clouds and darkness chase;
And tell me what by sin I am,
And what I am by grace.

4 Whate'er offends Thy glorious eyes,
Far from our hearts remove;
As dust before the whirlwind flies,
Disperse it by Thy love.

5 Then let us all Thy fulness know,
From every sin set free;
Saved to the utmost, saved below,
And perfectly like Thee.

238 C. M.

"Let us go on to perfection."

DEEPEN the wound Thy hands have made
In this weak, helpless soul,
Till mercy, with its balmy aid,
Descends to make me whole.

2 The sharpness of Thy two-edged sword
Enable me to endure,
Till bold to say, my hallowing Lord
Hath wrought a perfect cure.

3 I see the exceeding broad command,
Which all contains in one;
Enlarge my heart to understand
The mystery unknown.

4 O that with all Thy saints I might
By sweet experience prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth, of perfect love!

239 C. M.

All power given to Christ.

JESUS, my Lord, mighty to save,
What can my hopes withstand,
While Thee my Advocate I have,
Enthroned at God's right hand?

2 Nature is subject to Thy word;
All power to Thee is given,
The uncontrolled, almighty Lord
Of hell, and earth, and heaven.

3 And shall my sins Thy will oppose?
Master, Thy right maintain;
O let not Thy usurping foes
In me Thy servant reign!

4 Come, then, and claim me for Thine own:
Saviour, Thy right assert;
Come, gracious Lord, set up Thy throne,
And reign within my heart!

5 So shall I bless Thy pleasing sway,
And, sitting at Thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey,
With all my soul submit.

6 So shall I do Thy will below,
As angels do above;
The virtue of Thy passion show,
The triumphs of Thy love.

240 7s.

The new and living way.

HOLY Lamb, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to Thee,
As Thou art, so let us be!

2 Fix, O fix, each wavering mind!
To Thy cross our spirits bind;
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up our souls in love.

3 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, Thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of Thy blood!

4 Who in heart on Thee believes,
He the atonement now receives;
He with joy beholds Thy face,
Triumphs in Thy pardoning grace.

5 Jesus, when Thy light we see,
All our soul's athirst for Thee;
When Thy quickening power we prove,
All our heart dissolves in love.

241 7s.

The hope of Christ's coming.

JESUS comes with all His grace,
Comes to save a fallen race;
Object of our glorious hope,
Jesus comes to lift us up.

2 He hath our salvation wrought,
He our captive souls hath bought;
He hath reconciled to God;
He hath washed us in His blood.

3 We are now His lawful right,
Walk as children of the light;
We shall soon obtain the grace,
Pure in heart to see His face.

4 We shall gain our calling's prize;
After God we all shall rise,
Filled with joy, and love, and peace,
Perfected in holiness.

5 Let us then rejoice in hope,
Steadily to Christ look up;
Trust to be redeemed from sin,
Wait, till He appear within.

6 Hasten, Lord, the perfect day!
Let Thy every servant say,
I have now obtained the power,
Born of God to sin no more.

242 8s.

The meek and lowly heart.

WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to Thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in Thy wisdom wise?

2 Only Thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below;
Only guided by Thy light,
Only mighty in Thy might.

3 So I may Thy Spirit know,
Let Him as He listeth blow;
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with Thee be one.

4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

243 7s.

"Be not afraid, only believe."

DROOPING soul, shake off thy fears,
Fearful soul, be strong, be bold;
Tarry till the Lord appears,
Never, never quit thy hold!
Murmur not at His delay,
Dare not set Thy God a time;
Calmly for His coming stay,
Leave it, leave it all to Him.

2 Every one that seeks shall find,—
Every one that asks shall have,
Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able, all to save;
I shall His salvation see,
I in faith on Jesus call;
I from sin shall be set free,
Perfectly set free from all.

3 Lord, my times are in Thy hand;
Weak and helpless as I am,
Surely Thou canst make me stand;
I believe in Jesus' Name,
Saviour, in temptation Thou,
Thou hast saved me heretofore;
Thou from sin dost save me now,
Thou shalt save me evermore.

244 8-8s.

Rest in the love of Christ.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man [knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seems fixed, yet wide my passions [rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

3 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see;
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

245 6-6s.

O SAVIOUR, Thou Thy love to me
In shame, in want, in pain, hast showed;
For me on the accursed tree, [blood;
Thou pouredst forth Thy guiltless
Thy wounds upon my heart impress,
Nor aught shall the loved stamp efface.

2 More hard than marble is my heart,
And foul with sins of deepest stain;
But Thou the mighty Saviour art,
Nor flowed Thy cleansing blood in vain;
Ah! soften, melt this rock, and may
Thy blood wash all these stains away

3 O that I, as a little child,
May follow Thee, and never rest
Till sweetly Thou hast breathed Thy mild
And lowly mind into my breast!
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become one spirit with Thee.

246 4-8s & 3-6s.

"To know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge."

O LOVE Divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing [heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming Love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!

247 6-8s.

Confidence in God's faithfulness.

PRISONERS of hope, lift up your heads!
The day of liberty draws near;
Jesus, who on the serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear:
The Lord will to His temple come,
Prepare your hearts to make Him room.

2 Ye all shall find, whom in His word
Himself hath caused to put your trust,
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to His promise just;
Faithful, if we our sins confess,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

3 Yes, Lord, we must believe Thee kind,
Thou never canst unfaithful prove;
Surely we shall Thy mercy find;
Who ask, shall all receive Thy love;
Nor canst Thou it to me deny,
I ask, the chief of sinners, I.

4 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong!
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up;
Ye shall not be forgotten long;
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope!
Tell Him, ye wait His grace to prove,
And cannot fail, if God is love.

248 6-8s.

TO Thee, great God of Love, I bow,
And prostrate in Thy sight adore;
By faith I see Thee passing now;
I have, but still I ask for more;
A glimpse of love cannot suffice,
My soul for all Thy presence cries.

2 The fulness of my vast reward
A blest eternity shall be;
But hast Thou not on earth prepared
Some better thing than this for me?
What, but one drop! one transient sight!
I want a sun, a sea of light.

3 More favored than the saints of old,
Who now by faith approach to Thee,
Shall all with open face behold
In Christ the glorious Deity;
Shall see and put the Godhead on,
The nature of Thy sinless Son!

4 This, this is our high calling's prize!
Thine image in Thy Son I claim;
And still to higher glories rise,
Till, all transformed, I know Thy name,
And glide to all my heaven above,
My highest heaven in Jesus' love.

249 L. M.

Prayer for a faithful, tender heart.

JESUS, let Thy dying cry
Pierce to the bottom of my heart,
Its evil cure, its wants supply
And bid my unbelief depart.

2 Slay the dire root and seed of sin;
Prepare for Thee the holiest place;
Then, O essential Love, come in,
And fill Thy house with endless praise!

3 Let me, according to Thy word,
A tender, contrite heart receive,
Which grieves at having grieved its Lord,
And never can itself forgive.

4 A heart Thy joys and griefs to feel,
A heart that cannot faithless prove,
A heart where Christ alone may dwell,
All praise, all meekness, and all love.

HOLINESS.

2. REPENTANCE OF INBRED SIN.

250 6-8s.

"None of us liveth to himself."

SAVIOUR from sin, I wait to prove
That Jesus is Thy healing name;
To lose, when perfected in love,
What'er I have, or can, or am:
I stay me on Thy faithful word,
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

2 Answer that gracious end in me,
For which Thy precious life was given;
Redeem from all iniquity,
Restore and make me meet for heaven;
Unless Thou purge my every stain,
Thy suffering and my faith are vain.

3 Didst Thou not in the flesh appear,
Sin to condemn, and man to save?
That perfect love might cast out fear,
That I Thy mind in me might have?
In holiness show forth Thy praise,
And serve Thee all my spotless days?

4 Didst Thou not die that I might live
No longer to myself, but Thee?
Might body, soul, and spirit give
To Him who gave Himself for me?
Come, then, my Master and my God,
Take the dear purchase of Thy blood.

5 Thy own peculiar servant claim,
For Thy own truth and mercy's sake;
Hallow in me Thy glorious name;
Me for Thine own this moment take,
And change, and throughly purify;
Thine only may I live and die.

251 6-8s.

Renouncing the world for Christ.

MASTER, I own Thy lawful claim,
Thine, wholly Thine, I long to be!
Thou seest, at last, I willing [illegible]
Where'er Thou goest, to follow Thee;
Myself in all things to deny,
Thine, wholly Thine, to live and die.

2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires,
For Thee I cheerfully forego;
My covetous and vain desires,
My hopes of happiness below;
My senses' and my passions' food,
And all my thirst for creature good.

3 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more
Shall lead my captive soul astray;
My fond pursuits I all give o'er,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to obey;
My own in all things to resign,
And know no other will but Thine.

4 Wherefore to Thee I all resign;
Being Thou art, and Love, and Power;
Thy only will be done, not mine;
Thee, Lord, let heaven and earth adore!
Flow back the rivers to the sea.
And let my all be lost in Thee!

252 L. M.

"The God that answereth by fire, let Him be God."

THOU God that answerest by fire,
On Thee in Jesus' name we call;
Fulfil our faithful hearts' desire,
And let on us Thy Spirit fall.

2 Bound on the altar of Thy cross,
Our old offending nature lies;
Now, for the honor of Thy cause,
Come, and consume the sacrifice.

3 O that the fire from heaven might fall,
Our sins its ready victims find,
Seize on our sins, and burn up all,
Nor leave the least remains behind!

4 Then shall our prostrate souls adore,
The Lord, He is the God, confess;
He is the God of saving power;
He is the God of hallowing grace.

253 L. M.

Freedom from the bondage of sin.

O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb?
The God of my salvation see?
Weary, O Lord, Thou know'st I am;
Yet still I cannot come to Thee.

3 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp Thine image on my heart.

4 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

5 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let Thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away!

254 L. M.

"A glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle."

JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of Thy Church below,
If now Thy Spirit moves my breast,
Hear, and fulfil Thine own request.

2 The few that truly call Thee Lord,
And wait Thy sanctifying word,
And Thee their utmost Saviour own,
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all Thy mind express,
Stand forth Thy chosen witnesses;
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below!

4 From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeemed from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known
And, O my God, may I be one!

5 Tell me, or Thou shalt never go,
"Thy prayer is heard; it shall be so."
The word hath passed Thy lips, [and I
Shall with Thy people live and die.

255 L. M.

The mind that was in Christ.

WHAT! never speak one evil word,
Or rash, or idle, or unkind!
O how shall I, most gracious Lord,
This mark of true perfection find.

2 Thy sinless mind in me reveal,
Thy Spirit's plenitude impart;
And all my spotless life shall tell
The abundance of a loving heart.

3 Saviour, I long to testify
The fulness of Thy saving grace;
O might Thy Spirit the blood apply,
Which bought for me the sacred peace!

4 Forgive and make my nature whole;
My inbred malady remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

256 C. M.

The baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire.

MY God! I know, I feel Thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in Thine,
And all renewed I am.

2 I hold Thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let Thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all Thy goodness know.

3 When shall I see the welcome hour
That plants my God in me!
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty!

4 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

5 O that it now from heaven might
And all my sins consume! [fall,
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come!

6 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

257 C. M.

Prayer for cleansing.

O JESUS, at Thy feet we wait,
Till Thou shalt bid us rise,
Restored to our unsinning state,
To love's sweet paradise.

2 Saviour from sin, we Thee receive,
From all indwelling sin;
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
Shall make us throughly clean.

3 Since Thou wouldst have us free from sin,
And pure as those above,
Make haste to bring Thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.

4 The counsel of Thy love fulfil;
Come quickly, gracious Lord,
Be it according to Thy will,
According to Thy word!

5 O that the perfect grace were given,
The love diffused abroad!
O that our hearts were all a heaven,
Forever filled with God!

258 C. M.

"I am crucified with Christ."

JESUS, my life! Thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to Thy death.

2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with Thy rebel strive;
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive.

3 More of Thy life, and more, I have,
As the old Adam dies;
Bury me, Saviour, in Thy grave
That I with Thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord, Thy foes control,
Who would not own Thy sway;
Diffuse Thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me Thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God!

259 C. M.

Living union with Christ.

JESUS, the all-restoring Word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After Thy lovely likeness, Lord,
Ah! when shall I wake up?

2 Thou, O my God, Thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.

3 Of all Thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above, to give,
Give me Thy only love to know,
In Thee to walk and live.

4 Fill me with all the life of love;
In mystic union join
Me to Thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and Thee;
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.

260 C. M.

"Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

WHAT shall I do my God to love?
My loving God to praise?
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth of sovereign grace?

2 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends;
It reaches all mankind.

3 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But far above the skies,
In Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see Thy mercies rise.

4 The depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel-tongue can tell!
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable!

5 Deeper than hell, it plucked me thence;
Deeper than inbred sin,
His love my sinful heart shall cleanse,
When Jesus enters in.

6 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Possession of Thine own;
My longing heart vouchsafe to make
Thine everlasting throne!

261 S. M.

The Spirit of power and holiness.

O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within!
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.

2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day,
Which shall my sins consume,
When old things shall be passed
And all things new become. [away,

4 The original offense
Out of my soul erase;
Enter Thyself, and drive it hence,
And take up all the place.

5 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to Thy will and word,
Well-pleasing in Thy sight:

6 I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

262 S. M.

Purity of heart.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is His abode.

2 The Lord who left the heavens
His life and peace to bring,
Who dwelt in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern, and their King;

3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His temple and His throne
Selects the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart
A temple meet for Thee!

263 4-6s & 2-6s.

Hope of full redemption.

YE ransomed sinners, hear,
The prisoners of the Lord,
And wait till Christ appear,
According to His word:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 Let others hug their chains,
For sin and Satan plead,
And say, from sin's remains
They never can be freed:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful He is, and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove,
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise,
Let us give thanks, and sing,
And glory in His grace:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

264 7,6,7,6,7,7,7,6.

"Purifying their hearts by faith."

NOW, even now, I yield, I yield,
With all my sins to part;
Jesus speak my pardon sealed,
And purify my heart;
Purge the love of sin away,
Then I into nothing fall;
Then I see the perfect day,
And Christ is all in all.

2 Jesus, now our hearts inspire
With that pure love of Thine;
Kindle now the heavenly fire,
To brighten and refine,
Purify our faith like gold;
All the dross of sin remove;
Melt our spirits down, and mould
Into Thy perfect love.

265 C. M.

JESUS, my Life, appear within,
And bruise the serpent's head;
Enter my soul, extirpate sin,
Cast out the cursed seed.

2 Hast Thou not made me willing,
Would I not die this hour? [Lord?
Then speak the killing, quick'ning word;
Slay, raise me, by Thy power.

3 Slay me, and I in Thee shall trust,
With Thy dead men arise;
Awake, and sing out of the dust,
Soon as this nature dies.

4 O let it now make haste to die,
The mortal wound receive!
So shall I live; and yet not I,
But Christ in me shall live.

5 Be it according to Thy word!
This moment let it be!
The life I lose for Thee, my Lord,
I find again in Thee.

266 C. M.

INTO a world of ruffians sent,
I walk on hostile ground;
While human hearts on slaughter bent,
And ravening wolves, surround.

2 The lion seeks my soul to slay,
In some unguarded hour;
And waits to tear his sleeping prey,
And watches to devour.

3 But worse than all my foes I find
The enemy within,
The evil heart, the carnal mind,
Mine own insidious sin.

4 My nature every moment waits
To render me secure,
And all my paths with ease besets,
To make my ruin sure.

5 Fruit of Thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

267 C. M.

JESUS, my Lord, I cry to Thee,
Against the spirit unclean;
I want a constant liberty,
A perfect rest from sin.

2 Expel the fiend out of my heart,
By love's almighty power;
Now, now, command him to depart,
And never enter more.

3 Thy killing and Thy quick'ning power,
Jesus, in me display;
The life of nature from this hour,
My pride and passion, slay.

4 Then, then, my utmost Saviour,
My soul with saints above, [raise
To serve Thy will, and spread Thy praise,
And sing Thy perfect love.

5 This moment I Thy truth confess;
This moment I receive
The heavenly gift, the dew of grace,
And by Thy mercy live.

6 The next, and every moment, Lord,
On me Thy Spirit pour;
And bless me, who believe Thy word,
With that last glorious shower.

268 7s.

None but Christ.

SAVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole;
Finish Thy great work of grace,
Cut it short in righteousness.

2 Speak the second time, "Be clean!"
Take away my inbred sin;
Every stumbling-block remove;
Cast it out by perfect love.

3 Nothing less will I require,
Nothing more can I desire;
None but Christ to me be given!
None but Christ in earth or heaven!

4 Oh! that I might now decrease!
Oh! that all I am might cease!
Let me into nothing fall;
Let my Lord be all in all!

269

7s

"Christ shall give thee light."

LIGHT of Life, seraphic fire,
Love Divine, Thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire,
Shine in every drooping heart.

2 Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Son of God, appear, appear,
To Thy human temples come!

3 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with the glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin.

4 Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be Thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

270

S. M.

ABIDE and reign in me,
Earnest of heaven within,
Oh, give the perfect liberty,
From inward fear and sin.

2 The root and seed of sin,
O Jesus now remove,
And make my heart all clean within,
And perfected in love.

3 This is God's chosen hour;
My pride and lust consume,
Let all my being feel Thy power,
My whole heart new become.

4 My inbred hidden sin,
Remove and fill the place:
With all the fulness now come in,
And show Thy perfect grace.

5 Then seal me Thine abode,
The Spirit stamp within,
That I am every whit made whole,
And saved from inbred sin.

6 I could not ask for more,
Deny me not in this,
Then in my soul Thy Spirit pour,
The earnest of my bliss.

271

S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, move,
Convince us deep within,
And cast out fear by perfect love,
The root of inbred sin.

2 We groan to be set free,
From inward slavish fears;
Oh! cleanse us now, we bow to Thee,
With humble, contrite tears.

3 Oh! lead us to the cross
Where flows the crimson flood,
And purge us from our sin and dross,
In the atoning blood.

4 Come now remove the load,
We feel the burden great,
And make our souls Thine own abode,
Our nature new create.

5 Come now the faith inspire,
That does the mountain move,
And fill us with the heavenly fire,
The joy of perfect love.

6 O Jesus, now we feel,
Thou dost this moment save,
The Spirit does apply the seal,
On all we are and have.

272

S. M.

"My times are in Thy hand."

"MY times are in Thy hand;"
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

2 "My times are in Thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 "My times are in Thy hand;"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in Thy hand,"
Jesus, the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

5 "My times are in Thy hand;"
I'll always trust in Thee;
And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall forever be.

HOLINESS.

3. CONSECRATION.

273 6-8s.

The living Sacrifice.

O GOD, what offering shall I give
To Thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice;
Small as it is, 'tis all my store;
More should'st Thou have, if I had more.

2 Now, then, my God, Thou hast my soul;
No longer mine, but Thine I am;
Guard Thou Thine own, possess it whole;
Cheer it with hope, with love [inflame;
Thou hast my spirit; there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou hast my flesh, Thy hallowed shrine,
Devoted solely to Thy will;
Here let Thy light for ever shine,
This house still let Thy presence fill;
O Source of life, live, dwell, and [move
In me, till all my life be love!

4 Send down Thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be;
Clothe me with wisdom, patience,
With lowliness and purity, [love,
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star.

5 Lord, arm me with Thy Spirit's might,
Since I am called by Thy great [name;
In Thee let all my thoughts unite,
Of all my works be Thou the aim;
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be Thy praise!

274 7s.

Entire consecration to Christ's service.

TAKE my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee:
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love:
Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my silver and my gold—
Not a mite would I withhold:
Take my intellect and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

4 Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King:
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

5 Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine:
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store:
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for Thee.

275 7s.

Giving up all for Christ.

JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only Thine, I am;
Take my body, spirit, soul;
Only Thou possess the whole.

2 Thou my one thing needful be;
Let me ever cleave to Thee;
Let me choose the better part;
Let me give Thee all my heart.

3 Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only Thee, I know;
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

4 All my treasure is above;
All my riches is Thy love;
Who the worth of love can tell?
Infinite, unsearchable!

5 Thou, O love, my portion art;
Lord, Thou know'st my simple heart!
Other comforts I despise;
Love be all my paradise.

276 7s.

"Ye are not your own."

NOT your own, but His ye are,
Who hath paid a price untold
For your life, exceeding far [gold,
All earth's stores of gems and

2 With the precious blood of Christ,
Ransom treasure all unpriced,
Full redemption is procured,
Full salvation is assured.

3 Not your own—to Him ye owe
All your life and all your love;
Live, that ye His praise may show,
Who is yet all praise above.

4 Every day and every hour,
Every gift and every power
Consecrate to Him alone,
Who hath claimed you for His own.

5 Teach us, Master, how to give
All we have and are to Thee;
Grant us, Saviour, while we live,
Wholly, only Thine to be.

6 Henceforth be our calling high
Thee to serve and glorify;
Ours no longer, but Thine own,
Thine forever, Thine alone!

277 7s.

Consecration.

GOD of all-redeeming grace,
By Thy pardoning love compelled,
Up to Thee our souls we raise,
Up to Thee our bodies yield;

2 Now our sacrifice receive;
Now accept us through Thy Son,
While to Thee alone we live,
While we die to Thee alone.

3 Meet it is, and just, and right,
That we should be wholly Thine,
In Thine only will delight,
In Thy blessed service join;

4 O that every work and word
Might proclaim how good Thou art!
"Holiness unto the Lord"
Still be written on our heart.

278 L. M.

Consecration sealed at the cross.

LORD, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine would I be
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at the cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, Lord and Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

5 Do Thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

279 L. M.

The consecration of the life.

GOD of my life, what just return
Can sinful dust and ashes give?
I only live my sin to mourn;
To love my God I only live.

2 To Thee, benign and saving Power,
I consecrate my lengthened days;
While, marked with blessings, every hour
Shall speak Thy co-extended praise.

3 Be all my added life employed
Thine image in my soul to see;
Fill with Thyself the mighty void;
Enlarge my heart to compass Thee.

4 The blessing of Thy love bestow;
For this my cries shall never fail;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
I will not, till my suit prevail.

5 Come then, my Hope, my Life, my Lord,
And fix in me Thy lasting home;
Be mindful of Thy gracious word;
Thou with Thy promised Father

280 L. M.

Full consecration to Christ.

COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above!
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace,
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for Thyself prepare the place.

2 O let Thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on Thee!

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue;
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu!

4 That path with humble speed I seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but Thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it Thou, who hast the right
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Wealth, honor, pleasure, and what else,
This short-enduring world can give,
Tempt as ye will, my soul repels,
To Christ alone resolved to live.

7 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But Thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

281 C. M.

"Ye are Christ's."

LET Him to whom we now belong
His sovereign right assert,
And take up every thankful song.
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for His own,
Who bought us with a price;
The Christian lives to Christ alone
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, Thine own at last receive,
Fulfil our hearts' desire,
And let us to Thy glory live,
And in Thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render Thee
Our all, no longer ours, but Thine
To all eternity.

HOLINESS.

4. FAITH FOR FULL REDEMPTION.

282 C. M.

The rest of faith.

LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all Thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone:

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of Thy love.

5 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me Thine abode;
Let all I am in Thee be lost;
Let all be lost in God.

283 C. M.

Faith for full salvation.

LORD, I believe Thy every word,
Thy every promise, true;
And, lo! I wait on Thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth Thy praise,
Jesus, support the tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days.

3 Still let me live Thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

4 Faith to be healed Thou know'st I have,
From sin to be made clean;
Able Thou art from sin to save,
From all indwelling sin.

5 I shall, a weak and helpless worm,
Through Jesus strengthening me,
Impossibilities perform,
And live from sinning free.

284

C. M.

Salvation through faith in Christ.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
My Saviour, and my head, [word
I trust in Thee, whose powerful
Hath raised Him from the dead.

2 Thou know'st for my offence He died,
And rose again for me;
Fully and freely justified,
That I might live to Thee.

3 In hope, against all human hope,
Self-desperate, I believe; [up,
Thy quickening word shall raise me
Thou shalt Thy Spirit give.

4 The thing surpasses all my thought,
But faithful is my Lord;
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.

5 Faith, mighty faith, the promise
And looks to that alone; [sees,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done!"

6 Obedient faith, that waits on Thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But Thou wilt form Thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

285

C. M.

The power of faith.

GOD of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal!
Thy word, Thy oath, to Abraham's
In us, even us, fulfil. [race,

2 Let us, to perfect love restored,
Thy image here retrieve,
And in the presence of our Lord,
The life of angels live.

3 That mighty faith on me bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain;
Which holds, and will not let Thee go,
Till I my suit obtain.

4 But is it possible that I
Should live and sin no more?
Lord, if on Thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power.

5 On me that faith divine bestow,
Which doth the mountain move;
And all my spotless life shall show
The omnipotence of love.

286

C. M.

The gift of righteousness.

I ASK the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power,
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve Thee more.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon
The liberty from sin, [sealed,
The grace infused, the love revealed,
The kingdom fixed within.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray;
Thou seest my heart's desire;
Made ready in Thy powerful day,
Thy fulness I require.

4 My vehement soul cries out, op-
Impatient to be freed; [prest,
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed.

5 Thou canst, Thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with Thy power,
That I to sin shall never cleave,
Shall never feel it more.

287

C. M.

"The hope of our calling."

WHAT is our calling's glorious
But inward holiness? [hope,
For this to Jesus I look up,
I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait till He shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin
And purifies the heart.

3 This is the dear redeeming grace,
For every sinner free;
Surely it shall on me take place,
The chief of sinners, me.

4 From all iniquity, from all,
He shall my soul redeem;
In Jesus I believe, and shall
Believe myself to Him.

5 When Jesus makes my heart His
My sin shall all depart; [home,
And, lo! he saith, "I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart!"

6 Be it according to Thy word!
Redeem me from all sin;
My heart would now receive Thee,
Come in, my Lord, come in! [Lord;

288 C. M.

"The unspeakable gift."

JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In Him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank Thee for the [grace,
The gift unspeakable!
And wait with arms of faith to embrace,
And all Thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me Thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free:
Let all I am in Thee be lost;
But give Thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alone, cannot suffice;
O let Thyself be given!
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where Thou art is heaven.

289 S. M.

The cleansing blood.

FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true;
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.
Come, then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

2 I will, through grace, I will,
I do, return to Thee;
Empty my heart, O Lord, and fill
With perfect purity!
For power I feebly pray;
Thy kingdom now restore,
To-day, while it is called to-day,
And I shall sin no more.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing Thee,
And waiting for Thy blood to im- [part
The spotless purity;
While at Thy cross I lie,
Jesus, Thy grace bestow,
Now Thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

290 S. M.

"Redemption through His blood."

PRISONERS of hope, arise,
And see your Lord appear;
Lo! on the wings of love He flies,
And brings redemption near.
Redemption in His blood
He calls you to receive:
"Look unto Me the pardoning God;
Believe," He cries, "believe!"

2 The reconciling word
We thankfully embrace;
Rejoice in our redeeming Lord,
A blood-besprinkled race.
We yield to be set free;
Thy counsel we approve;
Salvation, praise, ascribe to Thee,
And glory in Thy love.

3 Jesus, to Thee we look,
Till saved from sin's remains;
Reject the inbred tyrant's yoke,
And cast away his chains.
Our nature shall no more
O'er us dominion have;
By faith we apprehend the power
Which shall for ever save.

291 S. M.

The law of love.

THE thing my God doth hate
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew:
My soul shall then, like Thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
For ever cease from sin.

2 That blessed law of Thine,
Jesus, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it in my heart!
Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity;
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to Thee.
Soul of my soul remain,
Who didst for all fulfil,
In me, O Lord, fulfil again
Thy heavenly Father's will.

292 S. M.

"Redemption in Christ Jesus."

JESUS, my Truth, my Way,
My sure, unerring Light,
On Thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which Thou wilt guide aright.

2 My Wisdom and my Guide,
My Counsellor Thou art;
O never let me leave Thy side,
Or from Thy paths depart!

3 Never will I remove
Out of Thy hands my cause;
But rest in Thy redeeming love,
And hang upon Thy cross.

4 Teach me the happy art
In all things to depend
On Thee; O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end!

5 Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place;
And teach me the new song to sing,
When perfected in grace!

293 6-8s.

Mark ix. 23.

ALL things are possible to him
That can in Jesus' name believe:
Lord, I no more Thy truth blasphame,
Thy truth I lovingly receive;
I can, I do believe in Thee,
All things are possible to me.

2 The most impossible of all
Is that I e'er from sin should cease:
Yet shall it be, I know it shall;
Jesus, I trust Thy faithfulness!
If nothing is too hard for Thee,
All things are possible to me.

3 Though earth and hell the word gainsay,
The word of God can never fail;
The Lamb shall take my sins away;
'Tis certain, though impossible:
The thing impossible shall be;
All things are possible to me.

4 All things are possible to God,
To Christ, the power of God in
To me, when I am all renewed, man.
When I in Christ am formed again.
And witness from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

294 L. M.

Col. iii. 1-4.

YE faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with Him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven;
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.

3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all His Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp, to reign.

4 To Him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place,
And emulate the angel-choir,
And only live to love and praise.

295 L. M.

Eph. I. 7.

JESUS, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
Through whom we have redemption free,
We wait to prove Thy faithful word,
We will confide and trust in Thee.

2 We plead with Thee through Thine own blood,
Oh, cleanse our hearts and set us free;
And plunge us now beneath the flood,
That flows for all our race and me.

3 We are the purchase of Thy blood
That washes whiter than the snow,
Apply it now Thou Son of God
And make us perfect here below.

4 He cleanses now from inbred sin,
The Spirit does this moment seal,
He pours the oil of gladness in,
We are made whole, we know, we feel.

296 L. M.

Rom. vi. 11.

O THOU who didst redeem our race
With Thine own blood on Calvary's tree,
And broke the wall that hid Thy face,
And reconciled the lost to Thee.

2 By grace divine the debt is paid,
Our sins Thou hast all washed away,
With Thee we now are crucified;
We groan for total death to-day.

3 The promise made the sons of God,
The carnal mind Thou wilt destroy,
And cleanse us in the precious blood,
And fill us with Thy sacred joy.

4 We have been reck'ning we are
Altho' not fully dead indeed,
We can not rest till Thou hast said,
"From all your sin, ye now are freed."

5 The word is quick, the truth we feel,
The sharpness of the two-edged sword,
We feel the death while here we kneel,
And rise with our redeeming Lord.

HOLINESS.

5. ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

297 C. M.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God."

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

298 C. M.

"Now is the day of salvation."

COME, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove;
Now in my gasping soul reveal
The virtue of Thy love.

2 I want Thy life, Thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in;
I ask, desire, and trust in Thee,
To be redeemed from sin.

3 Anger and sloth, desire and pride,
This moment be subdued;
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood.

4 Saviour, to Thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour, Thou!
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now.

5 'Tis done: Thou dost this moment
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through Thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

299 C. M.

"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."

O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace!
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see His face;
I shall be holy here.

2 This heart shall be His constant home;
I hear His Spirit's cry;
"Surely," He saith, "I quickly come;"
He saith, who cannot lie.

3 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reached out I view;
Conqueror through Him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

4 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see;
My hope is full—O glorious hope!—
Of immortality.

5 He visits now the house of clay;
He shakes His future home;
O wouldst Thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into Thy temple come!

6 Come, O my God, Thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void;
Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God!

300 C. M.

Jesus the Saviour from sin.

JESUS, to Thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid;
Oppressed by sins, I lift my eye,
And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid;
On Thee alone my constant mind
Be every moment stayed.

3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim;
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my Strength, my Life, my Rest
On Thee will I depend,
Till summoned to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

301 C. M

The great salvation.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of His love He gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find Him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed
And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be,
What can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word;
I steadfastly believe Lord.
Thou wilt return and claim me,
And to Thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am His,
Of paradise possest,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

6 The bliss of those that fully dwell
Fully in Thee believe,
'Tis more than angel tongues can tell
Or angel minds conceive.

7 Thou only know'st who didst obtain
And die to make it known;
The great salvation now explain,
And perfect us in one.

302 C. M.

Matt. VI. 10.

JESUS, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
In whom I now believe,
As taught by Thee, in faith I pray,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
As by the choirs above,
Who always see Thee on Thy throne,
And glory in Thy love.

3 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do Thy will,
As angels, who behold Thy face,
And all Thy words fulfil.

4 When Thou the work of faith hast wrought,
I shall be pure within.
No sin in deed, or word, or thought,
For angels never sin.

5 From Thee no more shall I depart,
No more unfaithful prove;
But love Thee with a constant heart,
For angels always love.

6 The graces of my second birth
To me shall all be given;
And I shall do Thy will on earth,
As angels do in heaven.

303 C. M.

II Chron. XVI. 9.

OH, for a perfect heart, my God,
From inbred sin set free,
A heart made pure in Jesus' blood,
So fully shed for me.

2 A heart in thought, desire, and word,
All pure and free from sin;
A perfect copy of my Lord,
Who dwells and reigns within.

3 A heart Thy joys and griefs to feel,
That will not faithless prove;
Perfect and right in love and zeal,
The image of Thy love.

4 Oh, melt my heart, refine its dross,
The depth of sin remove;
Slay my affections on the cross
And perfect me in love.

5 Oh, stamp Thine image on my heart,
The perfect likeness seal;
Thy meek and lovely mind impart,
The Holy Ghost reveal.

304 C. M.

Entire purification.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve.
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

305 L. M.

"This is the will of God, even your sanctification."

HE wills that I should holy be;
That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of Thy soul
Accomplished in the change of mine,
And plunge me, every whit whole,
In all the depths of love divine.

3 On Thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove Thine utmost will;
The promise, by Thy mercy made,
Thou canst, Thou wilt, in me fulfil.

4 No more I stagger at Thy power,
Or doubt Thy truth, which cannot move;
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with Thy perfect love.

5 Lord, I believe Thy power the same,
The same Thy truth and grace endure;
And in Thy blessed hands I am,
And trust Thee for a perfect cure.

6 Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole;
Entirely all my sins remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

306 L. M.

"The very God of peace sanctify you wholly."

O THOU, our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise!
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful, accepted sacrifice.

2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace;
Shed in our hearts Thy love abroad;
Thy gifts abundantly increase;
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.

3 Help us to make our calling sure;
O let us all be saints indeed,
And pure as Thou Thyself art pure,
Conformed in all things to our Head.

4 Take the dear purchase of Thy blood;
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow;
Present us sanctified to God,
And perfected in love below.

5 That blood which cleanses from all sin,
That efficacious blood apply,
And wash, and make us wholly clean,
And change, and thoroughly sanctify.

6 From all iniquity redeem,
Cleanse by the water and the word,
And free from every spot of blame,
And make the servant as His Lord!

307 L. M.

Ezekiel xvi. 62, 63.

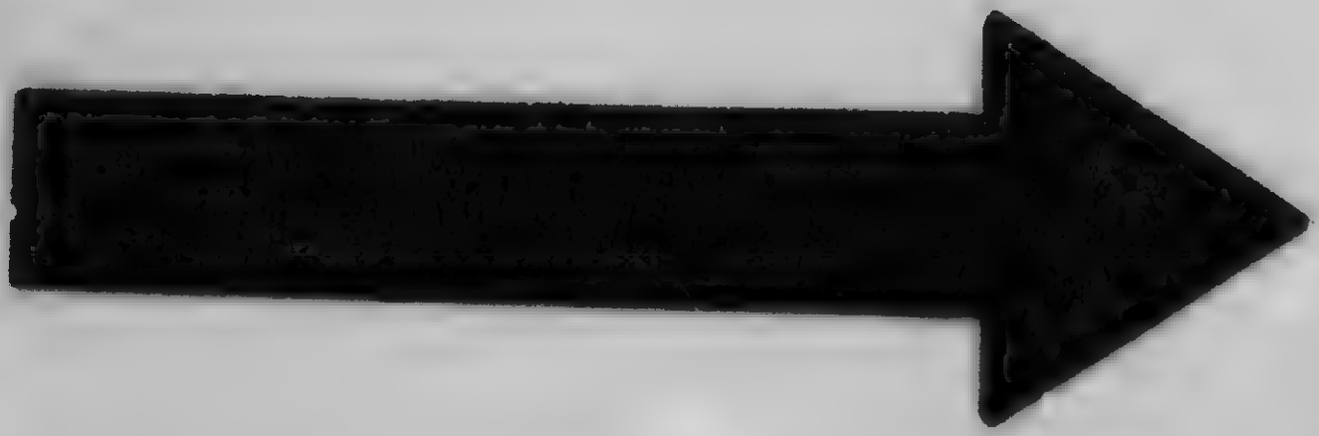
O GOD, most merciful and true,
Thy nature to my soul impart;
'Stablish with me the covenant new,
And write perfection on my heart!

2 To real holiness restored,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind;
And, in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fulness of life eternal find.

3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But sunk in guiltless shame adore,
With speechless wonder, at Thy feet.

4 O'erwhelmed with Thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in Thy presence move;
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapturous awe, and silent love.

5 Pardoned for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide;
And glory give to God alone,
My God for ever pacified!



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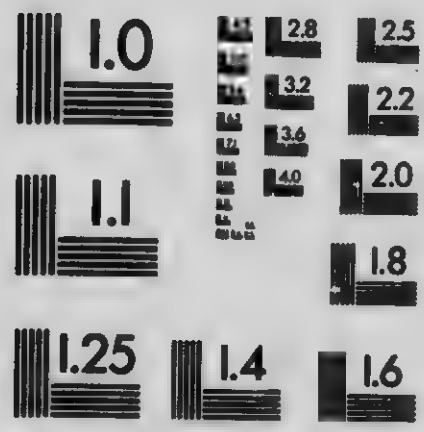

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308 L. M.

Ezekiel xxxvi. 25.

GOD of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure,
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall pass,
Remains and stands forever sure;

2 Thy sanctifying Spirit pour,
To quench my thirst, and make me clean;
Now, Father, let the gracious shower
Descend, and make me pure from sin.

3 Purge me from every sinful blot;
My idols all be cast aside;
Cleanse me from every sinful thought,
From all the filth of self and pride.

4 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to Thee.

5 O that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove,
Enter into the promised rest,
The Canaan of Thy perfect love!

309 6-8s.

The love of Christ.

JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there!
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am,
Be Thou alone my constant flame.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone:
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love!

3 Unwearied may I this pursue,
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

310 6-8s

The sanctifying Spirit.

COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire!
Come, and my hallowed heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood;
Now to my soul Thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working let me feel,
And know that I am born of God.

2 Thy witness with my spirit bear,
That God, my God, inhabits there;
Thou, with the Father, and the Son,
Eternal light's coeval beam,
Be Christ in me, and I in Him,
Till perfect we are made in one.

3 When wilt Thou my whole heart subdue?
Come, Lord, and form my soul anew,
Emptied of pride, and wrath, and hell;
Less than the least of all Thy store
Of mercies, I myself abhor;
All, all my vileness may I feel.

311 5-6s

The mind of Christ.

O JESUS, source of calm repose,
Thy like nor man nor angel knows;
Fairest among ten thousand fair!
Even those whom death's sad fetters bound,
Whom thickest darkness compassed round,
Find light and life, if Thou appear.

2 Lord over all, sent to fulfil
Thy gracious Father's sovereign will,
To Thy dread sceptre will I bow;
With duteous reverence at Thy feet,
Like humble Mary, lo! I sit;
Speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth now.

3 Renew Thine image, Lord, in me,
Lowly and gentle may I be;
No charms but these to Thee are dear;
No anger may'st Thou ever find,
No pride, in my unruffled mind,
But faith, and heaven-born peace, be there!

4 A patient, a victorious mind,
That life and all things casts behind,
Springs forth obedient to Thy call;
A heart that no desire can move,
But still to adore, believe, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All!

312 (Second Metre.) 6-8s.

LET earth no more my heart divide,
With Christ may I be crucified,
To Thee with my whole soul aspire;
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be Thou alone my one desire.

2 My will be swallowed up in Thee;
Light in Thy light still may I see,
Beholding Thee with open face;
Called the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallowed heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire!
My consecrated heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood;
Still to my soul Thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working may I feel,
And know that I am one with God.

313 7,6,7,6,7,7,7,6.

Deut. xxxiii. 26-29.

NONE is like Jeshurun's God,
So great, so strong, so high,
Lo! He spreads His wings abroad,
He rides upon the sky;
Israel is His first-born son;
God, the Almighty God, is Thine;
See Him to thy help come down,
The excellence divine.

2 God is Thine; disdain to fear
The enemy within;
God shall in thy flesh appear,
And make an end of sin:
God the man of sin shall slay,
Fill thee with triumphant joy;
God shall thrust him out, and say,
"Destroy them all, destroy!"

3 All the struggle then is o'er,
And wars and fightings cease;
Israel then shall sin no more,
But dwell in perfect peace:
All his enemies are gone;
Sin shall have in him no part;
Israel now shall dwell alone,
With Jesus in his heart.

314 4-8s & 2-6s.

The promised land.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess:
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness.

315 8s & 7s.

"Created in Christ Jesus."

LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more, Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

3 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

SECTION IX.

ANOINTED.

1. THE SPIRIT.

316 6-8s.

Praying for the Spirit.

COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest;
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
O come and consecrate my breast!
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix Thy sacred presence there.

2 If now Thy influence I feel,
If now in Thee begin to live,
Still to my heart Thyself reveal;
Give me Thyself, for ever give:
A point my good, a drop my store,
Eager I ask, I pant for more.

3 Eager for Thee I ask and pant,
So strong the principle divine
Carries me out, with sweet constraint,
Till all my hallowed soul is Thine;
Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in Thine immensity.

4 My peace, my life, my comfort Thou,
My treasure, and my all Thou art;
True witness of my sonship, now
Engraving pardon on my heart;
Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.

5 Come then, my God, mark out Thine heir;
Of heaven a larger earnest give;
With clearer light Thy witness bear,
More sensibly within me live;
Let all my powers Thy entrance feel,
And deeper stamp Thyself the seal.

317 8-6s.

The Spirit as Comforter and Witness.

I WANT the Spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind;
Of power, to conquer inbred sin;
Of love, to Thee and all mankind;
Of health, that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

2 When shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,
Attend the promised Comforter;
O come, and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine!

3 O that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest;
But fix in me His constant home,
And take possession of my breast;
And fix in me His loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

4 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire,
Attest that I am born again;
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Nor let Thy former gifts be vain:
I cannot rest in sins forgiven;
Where is the earnest of my heaven?

5 Where the indubitable seal
That ascertains the kingdom mine?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine;
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God!

318 C. M.

Praise to the Holy Spirit.

HAIL, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, Third
In order of the Three;
Sprung from the Father and the Word
From all eternity!

2 Thy Godhead brooding o'er the abyss
Of formless waters lay;
Spoke into order all that is,
And darkness into day.

3 God's image, which our sins destroy,
Thy grace restores below;
And truth, and holiness, and joy,
From Thee, their Fountain, flow.

4 Hail, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, Third
In order of the Three;
Sprung from the Father and the Word
From all eternity!

319 C. M.

The Divine Spirit's influences.

SPIRIT divine, attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light! to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire! and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew! and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

5 Come as the dove! and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

6 Come as the wind, with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace!
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

7 Spirit divine, attend our prayers,
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come!

320 L. M.

Claiming the promise of the Spirit.

FATHER, if justly still we claim
To us and ours the promise made,
To us be graciously the same,
And crown with living fire our head.

2 The Spirit of convincing speech,
Of power demonstrative impart;
Such as may every conscience reach,
And sound the unbelieving heart.

3 The Spirit of faith, in this Thy day,
To break the power of cancelled sin,
Tread down its strength, o'erturn its sway,
And still the conquest more than win.

4 The Spirit breathe of inward life,
Which in our hearts Thy laws may write;
Then grief expires, and pain, and strife—
'Tis nature all, and all delight.

321 L. M.

The promised Comforter.

JESUS, we on the words depend,
Spoken by Thee while present here,—
"The Father in My name shall send
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter."

2 That promise made to Adam's race,
Now, Lord, in us, even us, fulfil;
And give the Spirit of Thy grace,
To teach us all Thy perfect will.

3 That heavenly Teacher of mankind,
That Guide infallible impart,
To bring Thy sayings to our mind,
And write them on our faithful heart.

4 He only can the words apply,
Through which we endless life possess;
And deal to each his legacy.
Our Lord's unutterable peace.

5 That peace of God, that peace of Thine,
O might He now to us bring in,
And fill our souls with power divine,
And make an end of fear and sin.

6 The length and breadth of love reveal,
The height and depth of Deity;
And all the sons of glory seal,
And change, and make us all like Thee.

322 7s.

The Spirit the earnest of endless rest.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love Divine,
Let Thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with Thy heavenly love.

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me:
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of eternal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

323 7s.

The Spirit enlightening, cleansing healing.

HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

324 6,6,4,6,6,6,4.

Invocation of the Holy Spirit.

COME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
O come to-day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade 'mid the noontide glow
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us this hour!

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but Thine,
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

4 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ;
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

325 8,8,7,7.

The power of the Holy Spirit.

LIVING Water, freely flowing,
Fount of gladness life-bestowing,
Holy Spirit, O draw nigh,
While Thy name we magnify!

2 Full of grace from heaven Thou bendest;
And to lowest depths descendest;
Seeking, through a world of sin,
Souls whom Jesus died to win.

3 Where one contrite tear gives token
Of a heart by sorrow broken,
Breathing forth the breath of prayer,
O blest Spirit! Thou art there.

4 When the word of revelation
Glows with tidings of salvation,
Through the cross of Christ made known,
There Thy saving power is shown.

5 Where the mourner in his anguish
Lifts to God the eyes that languish
When his spirit finds repose,
Comforter, from Thee it flows.

6 O Eternal Spirit! hear us;
Let Thy power and presence cheer us;
With Thy life our souls inspire;
With Thy love our bosoms fire.

326 8s & 7s.

The Spirit the source of consolation.

HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, Thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light.

2 From the height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish or God can send.

3 Author of the new creation,
Come with unction and with power:
Make our hearts Thy habitation;
On our souls Thy graces shower.

4 Hear, O hear, our supplication,
Blessed Spirit, God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation
With the fulness of Thy grace.

327 6,6,7,7,7,7.

Waiting for the Holy Spirit.

ETERNAL Spirit, come
Into Thy meanest home;
From Thy high and holy place,
Where Thou dost in glory reign,
Stoop in condescending grace,
Stoop to the poor heart of man.

2 For Thee our hearts we lift,
And wait the heavenly gift;
Giver, Lord of life divine,
To our dying souls appear;
Grant the grace for which we pine,
Give Thyself, the Comforter.

3 Our ruined souls repair,
And fix Thy mansion there;
Claim us for Thy constant shrine,
All Thy glorious self reveal;
Life, and power and love divine,
God in us for ever dwell.

328 6-7s.

Prayer for the Comforter.

FATHER, glorify Thy Son,
Answering His all-powerful prayer;
Send the Intercessor down,—
Send that other Comforter,
Whom believingly we claim,
Whom we ask in Jesus' name.

2 Then by faith we know and feel
Him, the Spirit of truth and grace;
With us He vouchsafes to dwell,
With us while unseen He stays;
All our help and good, we own,
Freely flows from Him alone.

3 Wilt Thou not the promise seal,
Good and faithful as Thou art,
Send the Comforter to dwell
Every moment in our heart?
Yes, Thou wilt the grace bestow;
Christ hath said it shall be so.

4 Holy Spirit, Thou hast come
With the light and with the fire;
We are sinking lower down,
And by faith are rising high'r;
Give, O give, the unction now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow.

ANOINTED.

2. WAITING, OF ONE ACCORD.

329 6-8s.

COME, Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Sent from the Father and the Son,
Who did inspire the ancient seer,
And fill'd with power the upper-room;
Our fathers felt the sacred fire
And we are burning with desire.

2 Assembled here in perfect love
With one accord we wait for pow'r,
The Holy Ghost sent from above;
Come and baptize our souls this hour;
Oh, come and fill with light divine,
That we may in Thy image shine.

3 We hear the rustle of the wind,
We feel the flaming touch of fire,
Our thoughts express His holy mind,
And in His blessed will expire.
He gives the power of flaming speech,
The tongue of fire to pray and teach.

4 The sacred fire is burning still,
Our breath is all a mighty flame,
We tell the story of His will,
And give the glory to His name;
Oh, that his love the world may reach,
And give to men the power to preach.

330 L. M.

The day of Pentecost.

COME, Holy Spirit, raise our songs
To reach the wonders of the day,
When with Thy fiery cloven tongues
Thou didst those glorious scenes display.

2 O 'twas a most auspicious hour,
Season of grace and sweet delight,
When Thou didst come with mighty power,
And light of truth divinely bright!

3 By this the blest disciples knew
Their risen Head had entered heaven;
Had now obtained the promise due,
Fully by God the Father given.

4 Lord, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the Pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

5 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord:
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

331 L. M.

COME Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us Thy gracious presence feel,
Kindle in us the sacred fire,
While at the mercy-seat we kneel.

2 Continue we with one accord
To wait in our appointed place,
We pray according to Thy word;
Oh! come, great Spirit of all grace.

3 The promise is to us and ours;
The extra gift to weep and sow,
We wait the Pentecostal pow'rs
To save the lost while here below.

4 Give tongues of fire, and breath of flame
That we may prophesy of Thee,
Thou art as yesterday, the same,
Thy gifts, Thyself, alike are free.

5 Oh, come with Pentecostal flame,
And crown our heads with living fire,
And we will preach and teach the same,
This, only this, do we desire.

332 C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, inspire our prayers,
And breathe upon this clay,
We're in a flame of pure desires,
Oh, clothe with fire to-day.

2 We all are one in faith and love,
For men we would do more,
Oh, give the power, the world to move,
On us the Spirit pour.

3 We plead the promise, "I will pour
My Spirit on the race;"
Oh, give the Pentecostal show'r
The Spirit of all grace.

4 We see the masses in their blood,
Condemn'd in sin to die,
Endue us with the pow'r of God,
To work, and draw them nigh.

5 Oh, save our friends in Adam lost,
Who wander far from Thee;
Our hearts are burdened for them most,
Who from the cross do flee.

333 S. M.

"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost."

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

Like mighty rushing wind,
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling, breathe;
The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

3 We wait before Thee, Lord,
Our hearts are in a glow;
According to Thy word,
We'll preach to all below;
Give tongues and speech, O Breath,
The gospel to proclaim;
Give courage to the death
In honor of Thy name.

ANOINTED.

3. BAPTIZED WITH FIRE.

334 6,6,9,6,6,9

OH, the fulness of love
We receive from above, [sin:
When He cleanses our souls from all
We arise on the wing,
And we joyfully sing,
All the praises of Jesus our King.

2 We rejoice in the word,
Of our Saviour and Lord,
Who is gone to prepare us a place:
We are ready to meet,
And our Saviour to greet,
By the pow'r of His wonderful grace

3 We are looking for fire,
And are full of desire, [clay;
Oh, that now He may breathe on this
We expect the descent,
As He said when He went,
He will clothe us with pow'r to-day.

4 He has come with the fire,
And the flaming desire, [hour;
Oh, that all may receive Him this
He will fall upon all,
Who on Jesus will call, [pow'r.
And endue them with Pentecost

5 All anointed to preach,
We are sent forth to teach,
Oh, the sight of the lost, how it
We are sowing the seed [moves:
To the lost in their need, [love
And rejoice in the power of His

335 C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
Dispel the darkness from our mind:
Oh! let there now be light.

2 We need celestial fire to shine
Where darkness is so great,
And touch men with the fire divine:
Their hearts anew create.

3 Come as the rushing mighty wind,
Our souls baptize with fire;
All other thoughts we now rescind,
Oh, give this one desire.

4 The melting touch of flaming fire
Is now upon our head;
We have the burning soul desire,
The pow'r to wake the dead.

5 He gives the tongue of fire to preach
The reconciling word,
To prophesy, instruct, and teach
Of our redeeming Lord.

336 C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred fire,
In these pure hearts of ours.

2 The holy men in every age,
Were moved to groan for power,
The record is on sacred page,
We crave the same this hour.

3 Our hearts are moved, our faith is
We plead the promise now; [strong,
In Him to whom we now belong,
We groan and humbly bow.

4 Baptize us now with flaming fire,
To suffer and to win;
And we will sing the sacred lyre,
With power to conquer sin.

5 Come then with Pentecostal flame,
And crown our heads with fire,
Then we will preach to men the
The Holy Ghost desire. [same,

337 C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come shed abroad the fiery love,
Baptize these souls of ours.

2 The Spirit of prevailing grace
On us this moment pour;
And we will weep before Thy face,
From this most sacred hour.

3 The apostolic power to pray
And bring the lost to Thee,
We humbly crave this very day;
Are not Thy gifts all free?

4 The promised gift on us bestow,
The unction from on high;
To wrestle on, while here below,
Where mortal man must die.

5 We feel the flaming touch divine,
The tongue of fire to preach:
The precious gift to burn and shine,
Thy sacred word to teach.

338 C. M.

THE unction from the Holy One,
The promise now we see:
We wrestle, Lord, as we are one,
Since we are made like Thee.

2 We plead for power to save the lost,
Our love for them is pure;
Baptize us with the Holy Ghost,
And victory will be sure.

3 The holy fire is coming now,
We feel it on our head;
Beside all waters we will sow,
And we will raise the dead.

4 The waves of glory now o'erflow,
With power we are endued,
To thrust the sickle as we go,
And reaping is our food.

5 We go and weep with precious seed,
Our sheaves to garner in;
The fields are white and there is [need,
Our race is low in sin.

339 L. M.

Power and unction of the Spirit.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion—order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations: far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

340 6-8s.

COME, Holy Ghost, in love and might
And crown our heads with sacred [fire;
Clothe us with power and perfect [sight,
Thy only will do we desire:
Oh, come and breathe the active flame
And glory bring to Jesus' name.

2 The heavens bow in power and love,
The Pentecostal flame has come,
With cloven tongues sent from above,
And makes these temples all His [home;
The unction of the Holy One
God's precious gift through His dear [Son.

3 He comes with Pentecostal grace,
And rests upon our mortal frame,
Like mighty wind He shakes the place,
As in the upper room the same;
He makes us bold to speak His word,
And tell the goodness of our Lord.

4 We have the pow'r to see the lost,
Our souls within us weep and groan,
Our prayers are in the Holy Ghost,
And for their life we sigh and moan;
We weep and sow the precious seed,
And men are saved who feel their need.

341 6-8s.

Ordination Hymn.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire
And lighten with celestial fire!
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart;
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

2 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight;
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.

3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One;
That through the ages all along
This, this may be our endless song,
All praise to Thy eternal merit,
O Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!

342 L. M.

The spirit of the ancient saints.

O FOR that flame of living fire,
Which shone so bright in saints of old,
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

2 Where is that spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abraham's breast, and sealed him Thine?
Which made Paul's heart in sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine?

3 That spirit which from age to age
Proclaimed Thy love, which taught Thy ways?
Brightened Isaiah's vivid page,
And breathed in David's hallowed lays?

4 Is not Thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power;
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?

5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew Thy work, Thy grace restore;
And while to Thee our hearts we raise,
On us Thy Holy Spirit pour.

SECTION X.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

1. CHRISTIANS WATCHING.

343 S. M.

"Watch unto prayer."

BID me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed;
Discern their every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread.
O may I calmly wait
Thy succors from above;
And stand against their open hate
And well-dissembled love!

2 But, above all, afraid
Of my own bosom-foe,
Still let me seek to Thee for aid,
To Thee my weakness show;
Hang on Thine arm alone,
With self-distrusting care,
And deeply in the spirit groan
The never-ceasing prayer.

3 Give me a sober mind,
A quick discerning eye,
The first approach of sin to find,
And all occasions fly.
Still may I cleave to Thee,
And never more depart,
But watch with godly jealousy
Over my evil heart.

4 Thus may I pass my days
Of sojourning beneath,
And languish to conclude my race,
And render up my breath;
In humble love and fear,
Thine image to regain,
And see Thee in the clouds appear,
And rise with Thee to reign.

344 S. M.

"Keep that which is committed to thy trust."

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

345 S. M.

"Could ye not watch with Me one hour?"

GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul!
Say to me now, "Awake, awake!
And Christ shall make thee whole."
Lay to Thy mighty hand,
Alarm me in this hour;
And make me fully understand
The thunder of Thy power.

2 Give me on Thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.
For each assault prepared
And ready may I be,
For ever standing on my guard,
And looking up to Thee.

3 O do Thou always warn
My soul of danger near!
When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still let me hear:
"Come back, this is the way!
Come back, and walk herein!"
O may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin!

346 C. M.

Prayer for a tender conscience.

I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear,
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.

2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire,
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 That I from Thee no more may part,
No more Thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the contrite heart,
The tender conscience, give.

4 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove,
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved Thy love.

5 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

6 O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole!

347 C. M.

On returning home.

THOU, Lord, hast blest my going out;
O bless my coming in!
Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.

2 Still hide me in Thy secret place,
Thy tabernacle spread;
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And screen my naked head.

3 To Thee for refuge may I run
From sin's alluring snare;
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto prayer.

4 O that I never, never more
Might from Thy ways depart!
Here let me give my wanderings o'er,
By giving Thee my heart.

5 Fix my new heart on things above,
And then from earth release;
I ask not life, but let me love,
And lay me down in peace.

348 L. M.

"My grace is sufficient for thee."

JESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of Thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings,
If with me now Thy Spirit stays,
And hovering hides me in His wings,

3 Still let Him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart,
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till He renews my heart.

4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
"Return, and walk in Christ Thy way;
Fly back to Christ; for sin is near."

5 His sacred unction from above
Be still my comforter and guide;
Till all the hardness He remove,
And in my loving heart reside.

349 L. M.

"Let the fear of the Lord be upon you."

LORD, fill me with an humble fear;
My utter helplessness reveal!
Satan and sin are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.

2 O that to Thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire,
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire!

3 O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorred approach of ill,
Quick as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel!

4 Till Thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray,
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day.

350 6-8s.

Christians under the eye of the world.

WATCHED by the world's malignant eye,
Who load us with reproach and shame,
As servants of the Lord most high,
As zealous for His glorious name,
We ought in all His paths to move,
With holy fear and humble love.

2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
From every evil to depart;
To stop the mouth of every foe,
While, upright both in life and heart,
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And show them how the Christians live.

351 C. M.

"Continue ye in My love."

JESUS, united by Thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek Thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear Thine easy yoke,
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into Thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.

4 Touched by the loadstone of Thy love,
Let all our hearts agree,
And ever towards each other move,
And ever move towards Thee.

5 To Thee inseparably joined,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in Thee receive!

6 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove;
Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love!

7 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
The same delight we prove,
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
Our all in all is love.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2 CHRISTIANS PRAYING.

352 C. M.

"Lord, teach us to pray."

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays!"

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, in deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone:
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

8 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

353 C. M.

Prayer for growth in grace.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into Thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till Thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive Thy ready bride;
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

354 C. M.

Coming to the throne of grace

LORD, I approach the mercy-seat
Where Thou dost answer prayer;
There humbly fall before Thy feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners such as I
Might plead Thy gracious name.

355 C. M.

"I am the good Shepherd."

JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To Thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep;
For, Oh! the wolf is nigh.

2 Us into Thy protection take,
And gather with Thy arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

3 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

4 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in Thee!

5 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

356 C. M.

"I will not let Thee go unless Thou bless me."

SHEPHERD Divine, our wants
In this our evil day, [relieve,
To all Thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on Thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer!

3 The Spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim,
To wrestle till we see Thy face,
And know Thy hidden name

4 Till Thou Thy perfect love impart,
Till Thou Thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
"I will not let Thee go:

5 "I will not let Thee go, unless
Thou tell Thy name to me,
With all Thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like Thee

6 "Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold Thy open face, [up,
Where faith in sight is swallowed
And prayer in endless praise."

357 C. M.

Secret prayer.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
I humbly seek Thy face,
Encouraged by the Saviour's word
To ask Thy pardoning grace.

2 Entering into my closet, I
The busy world exclude,
In secret prayer for mercy cry,
And groan to be renewed.

3 Far from the paths of men, to Thee
I solemnly retire;
See, Thou who dost in secret see,
And grant my heart's desire.

4 Thy grace I languish to receive,
The Spirit of love and power,
Blameless before Thy face to live,
To live and sin no more.

5 Fain would I all Thy goodness feel,
And know my sins forgiven,
And do on earth Thy perfect will
As angels do in heaven.

6 O Father, glorify Thy Son,
And grant what I require;
For Jesus' sake the gift send down,
And answer me by fire.

7 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.

358 C. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be Thy name;
Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread;
And, as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free; [power,
And Thine the kingdom, Thine the
And glory, ever be.

359 C. M.

"Lord, increase our faith."

INCREASE our faith, Almighty Lord!
For Thou alone canst give
The faith that takes Thee at Thy word,
The faith by which we live.

2 Increase our faith, that we may claim
Each starry promise sure;
And always triumph in Thy name,
And to the end endure.

3 Increase our faith, O Lord, we pray
That we may not depart
From Thy commands, but all obey
With free and faithful heart.

4 Increase our faith, that never dim him
Or faltering it may be;
Crowned with the perfect peace of
Whose mind is stayed on Thee.

5 Increase our faith, that unto Thee
More fruit may still abound;
That in the harvest time may be
To Thy great glory found.

6 Increase our faith, O Saviour dear,
By Thy rich sovereign grace,
Till changing faith for vision clear,
We see Thee face to face.

360 L. M.

The mercy-seat.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a place where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

361 L. M.

Prayer for young converts.

AUTHOR of faith, we seek Thy face
For all who feel Thy work begun;
Confirm and strengthen them in grace,
And bring Thy feeblest children on.

2 Thou seest their wants, Thou know'st their names,
Be mindful of Thy youngest care;
Be tender of Thy new-born lambs,
And gently in Thy bosom bear.

3 The lion roaring for his prey,
And ravening wolves on every side,
Watch over them to tear and slay,
If found one moment from their guide.

4 Satan his thousand arts essays,
His agents all their powers employ,
To blast the blooming work of grace,
The heavenly offspring to destroy.

5 Baffle the crooked Serpent's skill,
And turn his sharpest dart aside;
Hide from their eyes the deadly ill
O save them from the demon, Pride!

362 L. M.

Prayer for the penitent.

LET the prisoners' mournful cries
As incense in Thy sight appear!
Their humble wailings pierce the skies,
If haply they may feel Thee near.

2 The captive exiles make their moans,
From sin impatient to be free;
Call home, call home Thy banished ones!
Lead captive their captivity!

3 Show them the blood that bought their peace,
The anchor of their steadfast hope;
And bid their guilty terrors cease,
And bring the ransomed prisoners up.

4 Out of the deep regard their cries,
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer;
O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And scatter all their doubt and fear!

5 Pity the day of feeble things;
O gather every halting soul!
And drop salvation from Thy wings,
And make the contrite sinner whole.

363 L. M.

"I will come in and sup with him."

SAVIOUR of all, to Thee we bow,
And own Thee faithful to Thy word;
We hear Thy voice, and open now
Our hearts to entertain our Lord.

2 Come in, come in, Thou heavenly Guest,
Delight in what Thyself hast [given;
On Thy own gifts and graces feast,
And make the contrite heart Thy heaven.

3 Smell the sweet odor of our prayers,
Our sacrifice of praise approve,
And treasure up our gracious tears,
And rest in Thy redeeming love.

4 Beneath Thy shadow let us sit,
Call us Thy friends, and love, and bride,
And bid us freely drink and eat
Thy dainties, and be satisfied.

5 The heavenly manna faith imparts,
Faith makes Thy fulness all our [illegible];
We feed upon Thee in our hearts,
And find that heaven and Thou are one.

364 L. M.

"That they all may be one."

UNCHANGEABLE, Almighty Lord,
Our souls upon Thy truth we stay;
Accomplish now Thy faithful word,
And give, O give us all one way!

2 O let us all join hand in hand,
Who seek redemption in Thy blood,
Fast in one mind and spirit stand,
And build the temple of our God!

3 Then all shall think and speak the [illegible]
Delightful lesson of Thy grace,
One undivided Christ proclaim,
And jointly glory in Thy praise.

4 O let us take a softer mould,
Blended and gathered into Thee;
Under one Shepherd make one fold,
Where all is love and harmony!

5 Regard Thine own eternal prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down,
To us Thy Father's name declare;
Unite and perfect us in one.

365 S. M.

Prayer for Repentance.

OH! when shall I awake
From sin's soft-soothing power,
The slumber from my spirit shake,
And rise to fall no more!
Awake, no more to sleep,
But stand with constant care,
Looking for God my soul to keep
And watching unto prayer!

2 O could I always pray,
And never, never faint,
But simply to my God display
My every care and want!
I know that Thou would'st give
More than I can request;
Thou still art ready to receive
My soul to perfect rest.

3 I know Thee willing, Lord,
A sinful world to save;
All may obey Thy gracious word,
May peace and pardon have;
Not one of all the race
But may return to Thee,
But at the throne of sovereign grace
May fall and weep, like me.

366 S. M.

HERE will I ever lie,
And tell Thee all my care,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry,
And pour a ceaseless prayer;
Till Thou my sins subdue,
Till Thou my sins destroy,
My spirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.

2 Messiah, Prince of Peace,
Into my soul bring in
The everlasting righteousness,
And make an end of sin.
Into all those that seek
Redemption through Thy blood,
The sanctifying Spirit speak,
The plenitude of God.

3 Let us in patience wait
Till faith shall make us whole,
Till Thou shalt all things new
In each believing soul. [create,
Who can resist Thy will?
Speak, and it shall be done!
Thou shalt the work of faith fulfil
And perfect us in [illegible].

367 S. M.

Prayer for entire consecration.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul unmoved by pain,
By hardship, grief, or loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the Tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

368 S. M.

Second Part.

I WANT a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on Thee to call,
And never, never faint.

2 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great name;
A jealous, just concern,
For Thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

3 I rest upon Thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

369 S. M.

"Watch and pray."

THE praying Spirit breathe,
The watching power impart,
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my anxious heart.
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppress;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come,
Thy own this moment seize;
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of Thy love,
And shut me up in God.

370 6-8s.

The power of faithful prayer.

O WONDROUS power of faithful prayer,
What tongue can tell the almighty grace?
God's hands or bound or open are,
As Moses or Elijah prays:
Let Moses in the spirit groan,
And God cries out, "Let me alone!"

2 "Let me alone, that all my wrath
May rise the wicked to consume!
While justice hears Thy praying faith,
It cannot seal the sinner's doom;
My Son is in my servant's prayer,
And Jesus forces me to spare."

3 Father, we ask in Jesus' name,
In Jesus' power and spirit pray;
Divert Thy vengeful thunder's aim,
O turn Thy threatening wrath away!
Our guilt and punishment remove,
And magnify Thy pardoning love.

4 Father, regard Thy pleading Son!
Accept His all-availing prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down,
In honor of our Spokesman there;
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
And speaks Thy rebels up to heaven.

371 6-8s.

"The Spirit of grace and of supplications."

JESUS, Thou Sovereign Lord of all,
The same through one eternal day,
Attend Thy feeblest followers' call,
And O instruct us how to pray!
Pour out the supplicating grace,
And stir us up to seek Thy face.

2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good desire,
Till Thou, who call'st a world from nought,
The power into our hearts inspire;
And then we in Thy Spirit groan,
And then we give Thee back Thine own.

3 Jesus, regard the joint complaint
Of all Thy tempted followers here,
And now supply the common want,
And send us down the Comforter;
The spirit of ceaseless prayer impart,
And fix Thy Agent in our heart.

4 To help our soul's infirmity,
To heal Thy sin-sick people's care,
To urge our all-prevailing plea,
And make our hearts a house of prayer,
The promised Intercessor give,
And let us now Thyself receive.

372 6-8s.

Compassion for the suffering.

LET God, who comforts the distrest,
Let Israel's Consolation hear!
Hear, Holy Ghost, our joint request,
And show Thyself the Comforter;
And swell the unutterable groan,
And breathe our wishes to the throne!

2 We weep for those that weep below
And, burdened for the afflicted, sigh;
The various forms of human woe
Excite our softest sympathy,
Fill every heart with mournful care.
And draw out all our souls in prayer.

3 We wrestle for the ruined race,
By sin eternally undone,
Unless Thou magnify Thy grace,
And make Thy richest mercy known,
And make Thy vanquished rebels find
Pardon in Christ for all mankind.

373 7s.

"Come boldly unto the throne of grace."

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

374 7s.

"Be not conformed to this world."

GOD of love, who hearest prayer,
Kindly for Thy people care,
Who on Thee alone depend;
Love us, save us to the end.
Save us, in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering Tempter's power,
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.

2 Cut off our dependence vain
On the help of feeble man;
Every arm of flesh remove;
Stay us on Thy only love.
Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Meekly to Thy yoke submit,
Lay their honors at Thy feet.

3 Never let the world break in;
Fix a mighty gulf between;
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone,
Let us still to Thee look up,
Thee, Thy Israel's Strength and Hope;
Nothing know, or seek, beside
Jesus, and Him crucified.

375 6,4,6,4,6,6,4.

Aspirations after nearness to God.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though, like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet, in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

376 7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6.

"Pray without ceasing."

COME, ye followers of the Lord,
In Jesus' service join,
Jesus gives the sacred word,
The ordinance divine;
Let us His command obey,
And ask and have whate'er we want:
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

2 Be it weariness and pain
To slothful flesh and blood,
Yet we will the cross sustain,
And bless the welcome load;
All our griefs to God display,
And humbly pour out our complaint:
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

377 7s.

Love, the bond of union.

WHILE we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite;
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship in Jesus' love:
Sweetly each, with each combined,
In the bonds of duty joined,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

2 Still, O Lord, our faith increase,
Cleanse from all unrighteousness;
Thee the unholy cannot see,
Make, O make us meet for Thee;
Every vile affection kill,
Root out every seed of ill,
Utterly abolish sin,
Write Thy law of love within.

3 Hence may all our actions flow,
Love the proof that Christ we [know;
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to Thee:
Love, Thine image, love impart;
Stamp it now on every heart:
Only love to us be given;
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

378 S. M.

BUT, above all, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield;
Armed with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field;
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued;
Repelled his every fiery dart,
And quenched with Jesus' blood.

2 Jesus hath died for you!
What can His love withstand?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from His hand?
Believe that Jesus reigns;
All power to Him is given;
Believe, till freed from sin's remains;
Believe yourselves to heaven!

3 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care, [sight,
Still walking in your Captain's
And watching unto prayer,
Ready for all alarms,
Steadfastly set your face,
And always exercise your arms,
And use your every grace.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

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3. CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

379 S. M.

"A good soldier of Jesus Christ."

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Stand then against your foes,
In close and firm array;
Legions of wily fiends oppose
Throughout the evil day;
But meet the sons of night,
But mock their vain design,
Armed in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole;
Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your Head.

380 S. M.

The Christian soldier's prayer.

EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright;
Control my every thought;
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in Thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

2 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb! which was in Thee;
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity;
With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce Thy call;
And vindicate Thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

3 O do not let me trust
In any arm but Thine!
Humble, O humble to the dust,
This stubborn soul of mine!
A feeble thing of nought,
With lowly shame I own,
The help which upon earth is wrought,
Thou dost it all alone.

381 S. M.

IN fellowship, alone,
To God with faith draw near;
Approach His courts, besiege His throne
With all the powers of prayer;
Go to His temple, go,
Nor from His altar move;
Let every house His worship know,
And every heart His love.

2 To God your spirits dart;
Your souls in words declare;
Or groan, to Him who reads the heart,
The unutterable prayer;
His mercy now implore,
And now show forth His praise;
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.

3 Pour out your souls to God,
And bow them with your knees;
And spread your heart and hands abroad,
And pray for Sion's peace;
Your guides and brethren bear
Forever on your mind;
Extend the arms of mighty prayer,
In grasping all mankind.

382 S. M.

The Captain of our Salvation.

JESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.
Ye sons of men, rejoice,
In Jesus' mighty love; [voice,
Lift up your heart, lift up your
To Him who rules above.

2 Extol His kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives, to die no more,
High on His Father's throne;
Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause; [abroad
And spreads through all the earth
The victory of His cross.

3 That bloody banner see,
And, in your Captain's sight,
Fight the good fight of faith with
My fellow-soldiers, fight! [me,
In mighty phalanx joined,
To battle all proceed;
Armed with the unconquerable mind
Which was in Christ, your Head.

383 S. M.

URGE on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force;
'Tis seized by violent hands;
See there the starry crown
That glitters in the skies!
Satan, the world, and sin tread down,
And partake the glorious prize!

2 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood, ye must the entrance gain;
Yet, O disdain to fear!
"Courage," your Captain cries,
Who all your toil foreknew;
"Toil ye shall have; yet all despise,
I have o'ercome for you."

3 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror; [hand
The world must sink beneath the
Which arms us for the war:
This is our victory!
Before our faith they fall;
Jesus hath died for you and me;
Believe, and conquer all.

384 S. M.

2 Tim. iv. 7.

"I THE good fight have fought,"
O when shall I declare?
The victory by my Saviour got,
I long with Paul to share.

2 O may I triumph so,
When all my welfare's past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last!

3 This blessed word be mine
Just as the port is gained,
"Kept by the power of grace divine,
I have the faith maintained."

4 The Apostles of my Lord,
To whom it first was given,
They could not speak a greater word,
Nor all the saints in heaven.

385 S. M.

Conflict with spiritual foes

HARK, how the watchmen cry,
Attend the trumpet's sound!
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround;
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war!

2 See, in the mountain-top,
The standard of your God!
In Jesus' name I lift it up,
All stained with hallowed blood.
His standard-bearer, I
To all the nations call;
Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh!
He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ your Head;
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to Him is given;
He ever reigns the same;
Salvation, happiness, and heaven
Are all in Jesus' name.

386 S. M.

ANGELS your march oppose,
Who still in strength excel,
Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible:
But shall believers fear?
But shall believers fly?
Or see the bloody cross appear,
And all their powers defy?

2 Jesus' tremendous name
Puts all our foes to flight;
Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
A Lion is in fight.
By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow;
And conquering them, through Jesus' [blood,
We still to conquer go.

3 Our Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies,
And reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.
"Be faithful unto death;
Partake my victory; [wreath,
And thou shalt wear this glorious
And thou shalt reign with Me."

387 S. M.

"The Lord is round about His people."

WHO in the Lord confide,
And feel His sprinkled blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide,
Firm as the mount of God;
Steadfast, and fixed, and sure,
His Zion cannot move;
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesus' guardian love.

2 As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies.
On every side He stands,
And for His Israel cares;
And safe in His almighty hands
Their souls for ever bears.

3 But let them still abide
In Thee, all-gracious Lord,
Till every soul is sanctified,
And perfectly restored;
The men of heart sincere
Continue to defend; [here,
And do them good, and save them
And love them to the end.

388 S. M.

"The counsel of the Lord standeth forever."

AWAY, my needless fears,
And doubts no longer mine;
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine.

2 Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my troubled breast;
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what He wills is best.

3 If what I wish is good,
And suits the will divine,
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.

4 Still let them counsel take
To frustrate His decree,
They cannot keep a blessing back,
By heaven designed for me.

5 Here then I doubt no more,
But in His pleasure rest,
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
Engage to make me blest.

6 To accomplish His design,
The creatures all agree,
And all the attributes divine
Are now at work for me.

389 C. M.

"Fight the good fight of faith."

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease, [prize,
While others fought to win the
Or sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

390 C. M.

Prayer for victorious faith.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe!
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God:

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt:

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile:

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, while here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

391 C. M.

A title to heavenly mansions.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

[illegible] C. M.

"The fellowship of His sufferings."

OUT of the depths to Thee I cry,
Whose fainting footsteps trod
The paths of one humanity,
Incarnate Son of God!

2 Thou Man of grief, who once apart
Didst all our sorrows bear,
The trembling hand, the fainting heart,
The agony, and prayer.

3 This is the consecrated dower
Thy chosen ones obtain,
To know Thy resurrection power
Through fellowship of pain.

4 Then, O my soul, in silence wait!
Faint not, O faltering feet!
Press onward to that blest estate,
In righteousness complete.

5 Let faith transcend the passing hour,
The transient pain and strife;
Upraised by an immortal power,
The power of endless life.

393 C. M.

"He healeth the broken in heart."

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown!
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above!

5 Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

394 C. M.

Christ in the fiery furnace.

THEE, Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Thee, Saviour, we adore;
Thee in affliction's furnace praise,
And magnify Thy power.

2 Thy power, in human weakness
Shall make us all entire; [shown,
We now Thy guardian presence own,
And walk unburned in fire.

3 Thee, Son of Man, by faith we see,
And glory in our Guide;
Surrounded and upheld by Thee,
The fiery test abide.

4 The fire our graces shall refine,
Till, moulded from above,
We bear the character divine,
The stamp of perfect love.

395 L. M.

"His arm brought Salvation."

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on! [shake,
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom
And cast Thy foes with fury down!

2 As in the ancient days appear;
The sacred annals speak Thy fame;
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.

3 Thine arm, Lord, is not shortened now; [save;
It wants not now the power to
Still present with Thy people, Thou
Bear'st them through life's disparted wave.

4 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To Thee the ransomed seed shall come;
Shouting, their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.

5 The pain of life shall there be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

6 Where pure, essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeemed their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crowned,
And filled with love, and lost in praise.

396 C. M.

"I know whom I have believed."

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know His name;
His name is all my trust:
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face;
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

397 L. M.

Psalm xlvi.

GOD is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid!

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled [there,
Down to the deep and buried
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, Thy living word, [trols,
Thus all our anxious fear con-
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against the threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on His faithfulness and power.

398 L. M.

Walking with Christ through suffering.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, My Lord, art clean!

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

399 L. M.

"Blessed are they that mourn."

DEEM not that they are blest alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The anointed Son of God makes known,
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
Though grief may bide an evening guest,
Yet joy shall come with early light.

4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

5 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here

400 L. M.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee!
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

401 6-8s.

"My heart shall not fear."

SURROUNDED by a host of foes,
Stormed by a host of foes within,
Nor swift to flee, nor strong to oppose,
Single against hell, earth, and sin,
Single, yet undismayed, I am;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

2 What though a thousand hosts engage,
A thousand worlds, my soul to shake?
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back;
Portrayed it bears a bleeding Lamb;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,
Me from this evil world to free,
To purge my sins, and loose my bands,
And save me from all iniquity,
My Lord and God from heaven He came;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

4 Salvation in His name there is;
Salvation from sin, death, and hell;
Salvation into glorious bliss;
How great salvation, who can tell?
But all He hath for mine I claim;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

402 6-8s.

The presence of Christ in affliction.

PEACE! doubting heart; my God's I am;
Who formed me man, forbids my fear;
The Lord hath called me by my [name;
The Lord protects, for ever near;
His blood for me did once atone,
And still He loves and guards His own.

2 When passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith His promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head;
Fearless their violence I dare;
They cannot harm, for God is there!

3 To Him mine eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way,
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play;
I own His power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

403 8s & 7s.

Bearing the Cross.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition, [known:
All I've sought, and hoped, and
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.

404 8,7,8,7,4,7.

Jehovah the pilgrim's Guide.

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

405 11s.

God's promises a firm foundation.

HOW firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word! [He hath said,
What more can He say, than to you
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with Thee; O be not dismayed! [thee aid;
For I am thy God, I will still give
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, [hand.
Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, [flow;
The rivers of sorrow shall not over-
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless, [distress.
And sanctify to thee thy deepest

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, [supply;
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design, [to refine."
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold

406 7,7,8,7,7,7,8,7.

Praising Christ in times of trouble.

HEAD of Thy church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices,
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise, which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our hands exulting
In Thine almighty favor;
The love divine which made us Thine
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct Thy people,
Through torrents of temptation,
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world with sin and Satan
In vain our march opposes;
Through Thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

407 S. M.

"By Grace are ye saved."

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save the rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4. CHRISTIANS REJOICING.

408 S. M.

Come before His presence with singing.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround His throne.
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down His heavenly powers
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in;
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

409 S. M.

The assurance of forgiveness.

HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?
What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell,
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.

2 We who in Christ believe
That He for us hath died,
We all His unknown peace receive,
And feel His blood applied;
Exults our rising soul,
Disburdened of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

3 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death,
Stronger than death and hell,
The mystic power we prove;
And, conquerors of the world, we
In heaven, who dwell in love. [dwell

410 C. M.

The joy of God's presence.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear
My dawning is begun; [star,
Thou art my soul's bright morning
And Thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me
With beams of sacred bliss, [shine,
If Jesus shows His mercy mine,
And whispers I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqueror through.

411 C. M.

The joyful sound of Salvation.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Chorus:

Glory, honor, praise and power,
Be unto the Lamb forever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Chorus:

Glory, honor, praise, and power, &c.

3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs!
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Chorus:

Glory, honor, praise, and power, &c.

412 C. M.

The blessings of Salvation.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in Persons three, [lost
Bring back the heavenly blessing,
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favor, and Thy nature too,
To me, to all restore;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep us evermore.

3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Display Thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of Thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

4 Light in Thy light O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove; [Thee,
Revived, and cheered, and blessed by
The God of pardoning love!

5 Lift up Thy countenance serene,
And let Thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled.

6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven:
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

413 C. M.

Unity and happiness of the Church.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all His ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The Church triumphant in Thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne;
We in the kingdom of Thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in Thy statutes treads,
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

414 C. M.

The voice of Jesus.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast!"

2 I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He hath made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright!"

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

415 C. M.

"The greatest of these is Charity."

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And perfects all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alone, is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our gracious God.

416 C. M.

Communion with God.

TALK with us, Lord, Thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of Thy love.

2 With Thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own Thy away,
And echo to Thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek Thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

417 C. M.

Psalm xxiii.

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not [want
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark [vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

418 C. M.

Psalm xxiii.

MY Shepherd will supply my need,
JEHOVAH is His name;
In pastures fresh He makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake His ways;
And leads me, for His mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of [death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of Thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes
Doth now my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may Thine house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!

419 C. M.

Rev. iii. 20.

COME, let us, who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise,
To Him with joyful voices give
The glory of His grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart;
The worst need keep Him out no [more,
Or force Him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to Thy [voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That Thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, Thou heavenly [guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

420 L. M.

The ways of Wisdom.

HAPPY the man who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy beyond description he
Who knows the Saviour died for me,
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise,
Riches of Christ on all bestowed,
And honor that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains;
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven, are one.

421 L. M.

Primitive Christianity.

HAPPY the souls that first believed,
To Jesus and each other cleaved,
Joined by the unction from above,
In mystic fellowship of love.

2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
They lived, and spake, and thought the same;
They joyfully conspired to raise
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

3 With grace abundantly endued,
A pure, believing multitude,
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole.

4 O what an age of golden days!
O what a choice, peculiar race!
Washed in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
Anointed kings and priests to God!

5 Join every soul that looks to Thee,
In bonds of perfect charity;
The fulness of Thy love impart,
To make and keep us one in heart.

422 L. M.

The Beatitudes.

BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the souls that long for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed,
With living streams, and living bread.

4 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
The God of spotless purity.

5 Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.

423 L. M.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

AWAKE, our souls! away our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 O mighty God, Thy matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run!

4 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire along the heavenly road.

424 6-8s.

Joy and peace through believing.

NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain,
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, Thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far;
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

3 O Love, Thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in Thee!
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

4 With faith I plunge me in this sea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast;
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

425 6-8s.

"I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength."

THEE will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

3 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart pure, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown,
Or smile,—Thy sceptre, or Thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day!

426 6-8s.

Thanksgiving for pardoning mercy.

WHAT am I, O Thou glorious God!
And what my father's house to Thee,
That Thou such mercies hast bestowed
On me, the chief of sinners, me?
I take the blessing from above,
And wonder at Thy boundless love.

2 Honor, and might, and thanks, and praise,
I render to my pardoning God,
Extol the riches of Thy grace,
And spread Thy saving name abroad,
That only name to sinners given,
Which lifts poor dying worms to heaven.

427 6,6,9,6,6,9.

"In whom believing ye rejoice."

O HOW happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 This sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all His salvation might see!
"He hath loved me," I cried,
"He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me."

428 6,6,9,6,6,9.

The joy of faith an earnest of heaven.

O HOW happy are we,
Who in Jesus agree
To expect His return from above!
We sit under our Vine,
And delightfully join
In the praise of His excellent love.

2 O how pleasant and sweet,
In His name when we meet,
Is His fruit to our spiritual taste!
We are banqueting here
On angelical cheer,
And the joys that eternally last.

3 All invited by Him,
We now drink of the stream
Ever flowing in bliss from the throne;
Who in Jesus believe,
We the Spirit receive
That proceeds from the Father and Son.

4 The unspeakable grace
He obtained for our race,
And the spirit of faith He imparts;
Even here we conceive
How in heaven they live,
By the kingdom of God in our hearts.

429 C. M.

Amazing grace.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

2 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

3 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

430 L. M.

Consecration to Christ's service.

O THOU who camest from above
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for Thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

5. CHRISTIANS WORKING.

431 P. M.

A call to labor.

LISTEN! the Master beseecheth,
Calling each one by his name;
His voice to each loving heart reacheth,
Its cheerfullest service to claim.
Go where the vineyard demandeth
Vinedressers' nurture and care;
Or go where the white harvest standeth,
The joy of the reaper to share.

Chorus:

Then work, brothers, work, let us slumber no longer,
For God's call to labor grows stronger and stronger,
The light of this life shall be darkened full soon,
But the light of the better life resteth at noon.

2 Seek those of evil behaviour,
Bid them their lives to amend;
Go, point the lost world to the Saviour,
And be to the friendless a friend.
Still be the lone heart of anguish,
Soothed by the pity of Thine;
By waysides, if wounded ones languish,
Go, pour in the oil and the wine.

3 Work for the good that is nighest,
Dream not of greatness afar;
That glory is ever the highest
Which shines upon men as they are.
Work, though the world may defeat you,
Heed not its slander and scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles through the gates of the morn.

432 L. M.

"Go work in My vineyard."

GO labor on; spend, and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go labor on; 'tis not for nought,
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises; what are men?

3 Go labor on, while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

4 Men die in darkness at thy side
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch, and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
Be wise, the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

433 L. M.

Daily consecration.

FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfil,
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy acceptable will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

5 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

434 L. M.

Living to Christ.

MY gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy counsels and obey.

2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight Thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 To Christ my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at His side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, His saving power.

435 C. M.

"Thou hast wrought all our works in us."

FATHER, to Thee my soul I lift,
My soul on Thee depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From Thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are Thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of Thy Son
We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.

4 His blood demands the purchased grace,
His blood's availing plea
Obtained the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.

5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought;
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every virtuous thought,
And righteous word, is Thine.

436 C. M.

Renewed consecration to work.

SUMMONED my labor to renew,
And glad to act my part,
Lord, in Thy name my work I do,
And with a single heart.

2 End of my every action Thou,
In all things Thee I see;
Accept my hallowed labor now,
I do it unto Thee.

3 Whate'er the Father views as Thine,
He views with gracious eyes;
Jesus, this mean oblation join
To Thy great sacrifice.

4 Stamped with an infinite desert,
My work He then shall own;
Well pleased with me, when mine Thou art,
And I His favored son.

437 S. M.

"The field is the world."

SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

4 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength, ear,
The tender blade, the stock, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

5 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

6 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend
And heaven shout "Harvest-home!"

438 S. M.

"Do all to the glory of God."

GOD of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek Thy face;

2 Through Jesus Christ the Just,
My faint desires receive,
And let me in Thy goodness trust,
And to Thy glory live.

3 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim;
My offerings all be offered through
The ever-blessed name.

4 Jesus, my single eye
Be fixed on Thee alone;
Thy name be praised on earth, on high;
Thy will by all be done.

5 Spirit of faith, inspire
My consecrated heart;
Fill me with pure, celestial fire,
With all Thou hast, and art;

6 My feeble mind transform,
And, perfectly renewed,
Into a saint exalt a worm,
A worm exalt to God!

439 8s & 7s.

The Master calling.

HARK, the voice of Jesus calling,
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"

2 Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me?"

3 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.

4 Take the task He gives you gladly;
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

440 6-7s.

Entire consecration to God's service.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let Thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

2 Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo! I answer to Thy call;
Meanest vessel of Thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all,
Lo! I come to do Thy will,
All Thy counsel to fulfil.

3 If so poor a worm as I
May to Thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for Thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

4 Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know and all I feel,
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart;—but make it new!

5 Now, O God, Thine own I am;
Now I give Thee back Thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to Thee alone;
Thine I live, thrice happy I,
Happier still if Thine I die!

441 8s & 7s.

Now and afterward.

NOW, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard, and waiting long;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest-home and grateful song.

2 Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

3 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, and painful strife;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

4 Now, the training, hard and lowly,
Weary feet and aching brow;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou!"

SECTION XI.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

442 C. M.

The communion of saints.

ALL praise to our redeeming Lord
Who joins us by His grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek His face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which He on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 Even now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree;
United all, through Jesus' name,
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round His throne we meet!

443 C. M.

Unity in separation.

BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part!
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show His praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside!
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To His beloved embrace;
Expect His fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.

444 C. M.

"There am I in the midst."

SEE, Jesus, Thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give!
Met in Thy name, we look to Thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in Thy name are joined;
We wait, according to Thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us Thou art assembled here;
But, O Thyself reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us Thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive!"

5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet!
Jesus, the crucified,
Show us Thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.

6 Cause us the record to receive;
Speak, and the tokens show;
"O be not faithless, but believe
In Me, who died for you!"

445 C. M.

The close of service.

GOD of all consolation, take
The glory of Thy grace;
Thy gifts to Thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Through Thee we now together came,
In singleness of heart;
We met, O Jesus, in Thy name,
And in Thy name we part.

3 We part in body, not in mind;
Our minds continue one;
And, each to each in Jesus joined,
We hand in hand go on.

4 Subsists as in us all one soul,
No power can make us twain;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll,
To sever us, in vain.

5 Our life is hid with Christ in God,
Our Life shall soon appear,
And shed His glory all abroad
In all His members here.

446 C. M.

"Rejoice in hope."

LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb;
And join with us to praise His love,
And glorify His name.

2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end,
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our friend.

3 We, for His sake, count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love!

5 Let all who for the Promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive;
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live!

6 Live till the Lord in glory come,
And wait His heaven to share;
He now is fitting up your home;
Go on;—we'll meet you there.

447 S. M.

Christians meeting after separation.

AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For His redeeming grace!
Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in His sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we past,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by His love;
And still He doth His help afford,
And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
Of His redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

448 S. M.

United Prayer for Christ's presence.

JESUS, we look to Thee,
Thy promised presence claim!
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in Thy name:
Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.
We meet, the grace to take,
Which Thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know Thou art,
But O Thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel.
O may Thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love!

449 S. M.

Sympathy and mutual love.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

450 S. M.

Consecration.

LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to Thee Thy own;
And, from this moment, live or die
To serve my God alone.

451 10s & 11s.

Accepted in the Beloved.

ALL praise to the Lamb! accepted am I,
Through faith in the Saviour's adorable name;
In Him I confide, His blood is applied;
For me He hath suffered, for me He hath died.

2 Not a cloud doth arise, to darken my skies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes:
In Him I am blest, I lean on His breast,
And lo! in His love I continue to rest.

452 8-6s.

"How much owest thou unto my Lord?"

I GAVE My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead:
I gave My life for thee;
What hast thou given for Me?

2 I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
That an eternity
Of joy thou mightest know:
I spent long years for thee;
Hast thou spent *one* for Me?

3 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love:
Great gifts I brought to thee;
What hast thou brought to Me?

4 Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for Me be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
I gave Myself for thee;
Give thou thyself to Me!

453 8s & 7s.

The precious name of Jesus.

TAKE the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you;
Take it, then, where'er you go.

Chorus:

Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 O the precious name of Jesus,
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

SECTION XII.

THE PROVIDENCES OF GOD.

454 C. M.

"Thy judgments are a great deep."

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace.
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

455 C. M.

Divine guidence and protection.

O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race!

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

456 C. M.

"All Thy works shall praise Thee."

I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day; [mand,
The moon shines full at His com-
And all the stars obey.

3 All creatures, numerous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

4 There's not a plant nor flower below
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow
By order from Thy throne.

5 His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with His eye;
Why should I, then, forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

457 C. M.

Thanksgiving for life's mercies.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived,
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

458 C. M.

The goodness of God.

LET every tongue Thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distressed,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 The Lord supports our infant days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and just are all Thy ways,
And all Thy words are truth.

4 Thou know'st the pains Thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st Thy children cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

5 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

459 C. M.

Psalm cv. 27.

SWEET is the memory of Thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age Thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His bounty to the skies;
Through the whole earth His goodness shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes the creatures wait
On Thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord!
How slow Thine anger moves!
But soon He sends His pardoning word,
To cheer the souls He loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But we, who taste Thy richer grace,
Delight to bless Thy name.

460 L. M.

Psalm cxlvii.

PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in His praise;
His nature and His works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

3 Sing to the Lord; exalt Him high,
Who spreads His clouds along the sky,
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 But saints are lovely in His sight,
He views His children with delight;
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
And looks and loves His image there.

461 L. M.

Divine protection acknowledged.

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head;

2 In all my ways Thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to Thee.

3 Oft hath the sea confessed Thy power,
And given me back at Thy command;
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of Thine hand.

4 Oft from the margin of the grave
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head,
Sudden, I found Thee near to save;
The fever owned Thy touch and fled.

5 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast?
Secure within Thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath Thy wings to rest.

462 L. M.

Psalm xix.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

463 L. M.

Psalm xxxvi.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.

4 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.

5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

464 L. M.

God's presence with His people.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

4 And O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

SECTION XIII.

DEATH.

465 L. M.

"Mine age is as nothing before Thee."

ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to Thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind;
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before Thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on Thee alone.

466 L. M.

"Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

THE hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
Now let Thy servant die in peace!

2 Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before Thee in the dust,
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at Thy throne.

3 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.

4 I come, I come at Thy command,
I yield my spirit to Thy hand!
Stretch forth Thy everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

5 The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
Now, O my God, let trouble cease;
Now let Thy servant die in peace!

467 L. M.

"We all do fade as a leaf."

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noon-tide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

468 L. M.

"Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another."

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
He lives, and on the earth shall stand;
And though to worms my flesh He gives,
My dust lies numbered in His hands.

2 In this re-animated clay
I surely shall behold Him near;
Shall see Him in the latter day
In all His majesty appear.

3 I feel what then shall raise me up,
The eternal Spirit lives in me;
This is my confidence of hope,
That God I face to face shall see.

4 Mine own and not another's eyes
The King shall in His beauty view;
I shall from Him receive the prize,
The starry crown to victors due.

469 L. M.

A peaceful death besought.

SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
I soon shall gather up my feet;
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die, my fathers' God to meet.

2 Numbered among Thy people, I
Expect with joy Thy face to see;
Because Thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me!

3 O that without a lingering groan
I may the welcome word receive;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!

4 Walk with me through the dreadful [illegible]e,
And, certified that Thou art mine,
My spirit, calm and undismayed,
I shall into Thy hands resign.

5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers;
My Light, my Life, my God is come,
And glory in His face appears.

470 L. M.

Christ's presence in death.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O would my Lord His servant meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

471 L. M.

Asleep in Jesus.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That Death hath lost his venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee [be;
Thy kindred and their graves may
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

472 L. M.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear [woes
Invade thy bounds; no mortal
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blest the bed; [throne
Rest here, blest saint, till from His
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from His throne, illustrous morn! [word!
Attend, O earth, His sovereign
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then ascend to meet the Lord.

473 C. M.

Psalm xc. 1-5.

O GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame;
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

474 C. M.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead!
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their dying bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How calm their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from woes released,
And freed from every snare:

3 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all Thy saints shall rise,
And, decked in full immortal bloom,
Attend Thee to the skies.

4 Their tongues, great Prince of Life, shall join
With their recovered breath,
And all the immortal hosts ascribe
Their victory to Thy death.

475 C. M.

Shortness and uncertainty of life.

THEE we adore, eternal name!
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road!
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

476 C. M.

"That ye sorrow not, even as others that have no hope."

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to His arms.

2 The graves of all His saints He blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

3 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising-day.

4 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

477 S. M.

Triumph over death.

AND must this body die?
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till He shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape and every face
Be heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to Thy dying love;
O may we bless Thy grace below,
And sing Thy power above!

5 Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler songs we raise
With our immortal tongues.

478 S. M.

The conqueror crowned.

SERVANT of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last;

2 Of all thy heart's desire
Triumphantly possessed;
Lodged by the ministerial choir
In thy Redeemer's breast.

3 In condescending love,
Thy ceaseless prayer He heard;
And bade thee suddenly remove
To thy complete reward.

4 With saints enthroned on high,
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
And still to God salvation cry,
Salvation to the Lamb!

5 O happy, happy soul!
In ecstasies of praise,
Long as eternal ages roll,
Thou seest thy Saviour's face.

6 Redeemed from earth and pain,
Ah! when shall we ascend,
And all in Jesus' presence reign
With our translated friend!

479 S. M.

Let me die the death of the righteous.

O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with Him above.

4 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

480 8s & 7s.

The dying Christian.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go!

2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To His uttermost salvation,
To His everlasting rest.

4 For the joy He sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

481 8s & 7s.

Bereavement and resignation.

JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."

2 Though cast down, yet not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and Thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord, "Thy will be done."

3 Though our hearts are filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With Thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, "Thy will be done."

482 6-7s.

Death of a child.

WHEREFORE should I make my moan,
Now the darling child is dead?
He to early rest is gone,
He to paradise is fled;
I shall go to him, but he
Never shall return to me.

2 God forbids his longer stay;
God recalls the precious loan;
God hath taken him away,
From my bosom to His own;
Surely what He wills is best;
Happy in His will I rest.

3 Faith cries out, "It is the Lord,
Let Him do as seems Him good!"
Be Thy holy name adored;
Take the gift awhile bestowed;
Take the child no longer mine;
Thine he is, forever Thine.

483 C. M.

"Thou art with me."

Psalm xxiii: 4.

THAT solemn hour will come for me,
When, though their charms I own,
All human ties resigned must be;
For I must die alone.

2 All earthly pleasures will be o'er,
All earthly labors done,
And I shall tread the eternal shore,
And I must die alone.

3 But O, I will not view with dread
That shadowy vale unknown:
I see a light within it shed;
I shall not die alone!

4 One will be with me there, whose voice
I long have loved and known;
To die is now my wish, my choice:
I shall not die alone!

5 I will not fear the shade of death,
There is no dark, no groan;
He never leaves, He surely saith,
I will not be alone.

484 6-8s.

"Into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

JESUS, was ever love like Thine?
Thy life a scene of wonders is;
Thy death itself is all divine,
While, pleased Thy Spirit to dismiss,
Thou dost out of the flesh retire,
And like the Prince of Life expire.

2 Thy death supports the dying saint;
Thy death my sovereign comfort be;
While feeble flesh and nature faint,
Arm with Thy mortal agony;
And fill, while soul and body part,
With life, immortal life, my heart.

3 O let Thy death's mysterious power,
With all its sacred weight, descend,
To consecrate my final hour,
To bless me with Thy peaceful end;
And, breathed into the hands divine,
My spirit be received with Thine!

4 In age and feebleness extreme
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
Jesus! my only hope Thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart,
O could I catch one smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity!

485 7,8,7,8,7,7.

On the death of a little child.

GENTLE Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah! Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love.

SECTION XIV.

HEAVEN.

486 C. M.

"Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."

COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

2 One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death:
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die:
His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

4 Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release,
And full felicity;
Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

5 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!

487

C. M.

The Saints glorified.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their Incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

488

C. M.

The heavenly Canaan.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy thoughts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

489

C. M.

The joy of meeting in heaven.

OUR souls are in His mighty hand,
And He shall keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With Him on Zion's hill.

2 Him eye to eye we there shall see;
Our face like His shall shine:
Oh! what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

3 Oh! what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white arrayed,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

4 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

5 Then let us hasten to the day
When all shall be brought home;
Come, O Redeemer, come away!
O Jesus, quickly come!

490

C. M.

The heavenly Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and Thee?

2 When shall these eyes Thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

5 Apostles, prophets, martyrs, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

491 C. M.

The prospect of the heavenly Canaan.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh! the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

492 C. M.

The Paradise of God.

O WHAT hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise:

2 They flourish in perpetual bloom,
Fruit every month they give;
And to the healing leaves who come
Eternally shall live.

3 I see a world of spirits bright,
Who reap the pleasures there;
They all are robed in purest white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 Adorned by their Redeemer's grace,
They close pursue the Lamb;
And every shining front displays
The unutterable name.

5 They drink the vivifying stream,
They pluck the ambrosial fruit,
And each records the praise of Him
Who tuned his golden lute.

493 C. M.

The hope of heaven.

HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven:

2 A country far from mortal sight—
Yet, O by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight
The heaven prepared for me!

3 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear.

4 Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But, O the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last!

5 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there.

494 C. M.

WHAT is there here to court my stay,
Or hold me back from home,
While angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come?

2 There we in Jesus' praise shall join,
His boundless love proclaim,
And solemnize in songs divine,
The marriage of the Lamb.

3 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.

4 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with His glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

5 O would He more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessel break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To meet the God we seek!

6 In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout, and wonder at His grace,
Through all eternity!

495 C. M.

"The glory which shall be revealed in us."

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop and die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high.

2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,—
That only bliss for which it pants,
In my Redeemer's breast.

3 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

4 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at Thy feet!

5 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain—
Take life or friends away,
I come, to find them all again
In that eternal day.

496 S. M.

"The time is short."

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time;
And we shall be where suns are not—
A far serener clime.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

5 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day.

6 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day!
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

497 L. M.

No night in heaven.

THERE is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

2 There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

3 There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessed throng,
All holy in their spotless robes,
All holy in their song.

4 There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

498 S. M.

"So shall we ever be with the Lord."

FOR ever with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality!
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near!
At times, to faith's unclouded eye,
Thy golden gates appear.
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,—
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

3 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

4 So when my latest breath,
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

499 S. M.

"A house not made with hands."

WE know, by faith, we know,
If this frail house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below,
In ruinous decay,
We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm as our Redeemer's love,
That heavenly fabric stands.

2 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure;
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure.
Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallowed up
Of everlasting life.

3 O let us put on Thee
In perfect holiness,
And rise prepared Thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face.
Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given;
And then triumphantly come down,
And take our souls to heaven!

500 7s.

"These are they that came out of great tribulation."

WHO are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in His righteous cause,
Followers of the Lamb of God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among His own,
God doth in His saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more;
God shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

501 7s.

The glorified in heaven.

LIFT your eyes of faith, and see
Saints and angels joined in one;
What a countless company
Stand before yon dazzling throne!
Each before his Saviour stands;
All in spotless robes arrayed,
Palms they carry in their hands,
Crowns of glory on their head.

2 Saints begin the endless song,
Cry aloud in heavenly lays,
Glory doth to God belong;
God, the glorious Saviour, praise:
All salvation from Him came;
Him who reigns enthroned on high;
Glory to the dying Lamb,
Let the morning stars reply.

3 Angel-powers the throne surround,
Next the saints in glory they;
Lulled with the transporting sound,
They their silent homage pay;
Prostrate on their face before
God and His Messiah fall;
Then in hymns of praise adore,
Shout the Lamb that died for all!

4 Be it so, they all reply,
Him let all our orders praise;
Him that did for sinners die,
Saviour of the favored race!
Render we our God His right,
Glory, wisdom, thanks, and power,
Honor, majesty, and might;
Praise Him, praise Him evermore!

502 L. M.

Disembodied Saints.

THE saints who die of Christ possessed,
Enter into immediate rest;
For them no further test remains,
Of purging fires and torturing pains.

2 Who trusting in their Lord depart,
Cleansed from all sin, and pure in heart,
The bliss unmixed, the glorious prize,
They find with Christ in paradise.

3 Yet, glorified by grace alone,
They cast their crowns before the throne,
And fill the echoing courts above
With praises of redeeming love.

503 L. M.

The redeemed in heaven.

LO! round the throne a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads [stand;
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the [shame;
But now from all their labors rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see the Saviour face to face;
They sing the triumphs of His grace;
And day and night, with ceaseless [praise,
To Him their loud hosannas raise.

4 O may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life!

504 4-8s & 2-6s.

"They were pilgrims and strangers."

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot!
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

4 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

505 P. M.

"Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed."

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea;

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross;
Nearer gaining the crown.

4 But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

5 Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death.

506 6,6,7,7,7,7.

The abiding home.

HOW happy, Lord, are we,
Who build alone on Thee!
What can our foundation shock?
Though the shattered earth re-
Stands our city on a rock, [move,
On the rock of heavenly Love.

2 A house we call our own,
Which cannot be o'erthrown;
In the general ruin sure,
Storms and earthquakes it defies;
Built immovably secure,
Built eternal in the skies.

3 High on Immanuel's land
We see the fabric stand;
From a tottering world remove
To a steadfast mansion there;
Our inheritance above
Cannot pass from heir to heir.

507 C. P. M.

The Garden Hymn.

THE Lord into His garden comes;
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lillies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
Which makes the dead revive.
Which makes the dead, &c.

2 Oh, that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become!
The desert blossoms as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all His foes
And makes His people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is;
I taste and see the pardon free,
For all mankind as well as me,
Who come to Christ may live.

4 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from a shining throne,
From Jesus' throne on high;
It comes like floods we can't contain;
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

5 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;
Jesus will lead His armies through
To living fountains where they flow
That never will run dry.

6 There we shall reign, and shout, and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home:
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

7 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there:
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

SECTION XV.

DIVINE INSTITUTIONS.

1. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

508 C. M.

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet."

HOW precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

509 C. M.

"He shall teach you all things."

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us Thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of Light and Love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke,
Unlock the Truth, Thyself the Key,
Unseal the sacred Book.

3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through Himself, we then shall know,
If Thou within us shine;
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

510 C. M.

The riches of God's Word.

FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
F[illegible] above what earth can grant,
[illegible] lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair Tree of Knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

511 C. M.

"Open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law."

FATHER of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright, celestial ray dart down,
And cheer Thy sons beneath.

2 While in Thy Word we search for Thee,
We search with trembling awe!
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of Thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make Thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see Thy face,
And die to all below.

512 L. M.

The excellency of Christ's religion.

LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessing in Thy Word.

2 In vain our trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair our spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Thee alone.

3 How well Thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy Thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise,
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind Thy gospel to my heart.

513 6-8s.

The study of God's Word.

WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy Book be my companion still;
My joy Thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of Thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine
Subject of all my converse be!
So will the Lord His follower join,
And walk and talk Himself with me;
So shall my heart His presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast!
While, on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let Thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart and fill my tongue.
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

DIVINE INSTITUTIONS.

2. THE SABBATH.

514 S. M.

Feasting with Christ on the Lord's Day.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where Thou, my Lord, hast been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

515 C. M.

"This is the day the Lord hath made."

COME, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called His own.

2 This is the day which God hath blessed,
The brightest of the seven;
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in His name sing on,
And hasten to that day [down,
When our Redeemer shall come
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing go
To His eternal joy.

516 L. M.

The earthly and the heavenly Sabbath.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house,
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from Thy servants rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent hope, and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place; [songs,
No sighs shall mingle with the
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin; [road,
Fain would we leave this weary
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

517 C. M.

Joyful Sabbath worship.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called His own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at His throne.

2 Thy chosen temples, Lord, how fair!
As here Thy servants throng
To breathe the humble fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell
Within Thy church below!
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with holy zeal around
Thy gospel's glorious light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which Thou hast called Thine own!
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at Thy throne.

518 S. M.

Sabbath worship a foretaste of heaven.

AGAIN our weekly labors end,
And we the Sabbath's call attend;
Improve, our souls, the sacred rest,
And seek to be for ever blest.

2 This day let our devotions rise
To heaven, a grateful sacrifice;
And God that peace divine bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know.

3 This holy calm within the breast
Prepares for that eternal rest,
Which for the sons of God remains;
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet the Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall [end!

519 L. M.

The Sabbath a delight.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, [and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares disturb my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright [they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes [they die;
Like grass they flourish, till Thy breath
Dooms them to everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace has well refined my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired and wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

520 C. M.

Praise to the Lord of Sabbath.

THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember
In faith and love we grow; [Thee,
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,
By God, the eternal Word, than
This universe was made. [when

4 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme;
'Twas great to speak a world from nought;
'Twas greater to redeem!

5 This is the day the Lord hath made:
O earth, rejoice and sing;
With songs of triumph hail the
Hosanna to our King! [morn;

521 S. M.

Grateful praise on the Sabbath.

HAIL to the Sabbath day,
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within Thy courts we bend,
And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

3 But Thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day Thine own
When man draws near to God:

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous
Of vast eternity. [march

5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on Thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

DIVINE INSTITUTIONS.

3. A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

522 S. M.

"God is known in her palaces for a refuge."

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair;
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

523 7s.

Dedication of a Church.

LORD of hosts! to Thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With Thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

524 S. M.

"The Church of the living God."

I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thine hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

525 S. M.

Psalm cxxii.

GLAD was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
Come, in the house of God appear,
For 'tis an holy day.

2 Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And joyful in the house of prayer
Bend at the mercy-seat.

3 Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God;
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode.

4 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found;
Zion, in all thy palaces
Prosperity abound!

5 For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send His people peace!

526 C. M.

Christ the sure foundation-stone.

BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And His eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
We now adore Thy name;
We trust our whole salvation here,
Nor can we suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and [priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall [rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis Thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

527 C. M.

Dedication of a Church.

O THOU, whose own vast temple [stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee!

2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by Thy side!

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way; [fear,
And they who mourn, and they who
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow [warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

5 With grateful joy, Thy children [rear
This temple, Lord, to Thee;
Long may they sing Thy praises [here,
And here Thy beauty see.

6 Here, Saviour, deign Thy saints to meet;
With peace their hearts to fill;
And here, like Sharon's odors sweet,
May grace divine distil.

DIVINE INSTITUTIONS.

4. THE MINISTRY.

528 6-8s.

"He that winneth souls is wise."

GIVE me the faith which can remove,
And sink the mountain, to a plain;
Give me the child-like praying love,
Which longs to build Thy house again;
Thy love let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.

2 I want an even strong desire,
I want a calmly-fervent zeal,
To save poor souls out of the fire.
To snatch them from the verge of hell,
And turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesus' blood.

3 I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent, for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe Thy love.

4 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into Thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach Thy word,
And let me to Thy glory live;
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinner's Friend.

5 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine;
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like Thine;
And lead them to Thy open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

529 L. M.

The institution of the Christian Ministry.

THE Saviour, when to heaven He rose,
In splendid triumph o'er His foes,
Scattered His gifts on men below,
And wide His royal bounties flow.

2 Hence sprung the apostles' honored [illegible] beyond heroic fame; [name;
In lowlier forms before our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

3 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And fed by Christ their graces live;
While guarded by His mighty hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

4 So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches by their care
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

5 Jesus, now teach our hearts to know
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout Thy praise
Through the long round of endless days.

530 L. M.

SAVIOUR of men, Thy searching eye
Doth all my inmost thoughts descry;
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise, [praise?
Or the world's pleasures, or its

2 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

3 For this let men revile my name,
No cross I shun, I fear no shame;
All hail, reproach, and welcome, pain!
Only Thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

4 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for Thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfil Thy sovereign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done, Thy name adored!

5 Give me Thy strength, O God of power; [roar,
Then let winds blow, or thunders
Thy faithful witness will I be;
Tis fixed—I can do all through Thee!

531 L. M.

"I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God."

SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed, in deed and word
Be a true witness for my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before Thee shall I dare
To stand, or how Thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,
Soften Thy truths, and smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross, endured, my God, by Thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage, since Thou wilt spread [head;
Thy shadowing wings around my
Since in all pain Thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

532 L. M.

Sympathy for the erring.

JESUS, Thy wandering sheep behold!
See, Lord, with yearning pity see
The sheep that cannot find the fold,
Till sought and gathered in by Thee.

2 Lost are they now, and scattered wide,
In pain, and weariness, and want;
With no kind shepherd near to guide
The sick, and spiritless, and faint.

3 Thou, only Thou, the kind and good
And sheep-redeeming Shepherd art;
Collect Thy flock, and give them food, [heart.
And pastors after Thine own

4 Open their mouth, and utterance give; [call
Give them a trumpet-voice, to
On all mankind to turn and live,
Through faith in Him who died for all.

533 S. M.

Matt. ix. 38.

LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On Thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in Thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great;
The laborers are few.

3 Convert, and send forth more
Into Thy church abroad; [power,
And let them speak Thy word of
As workers with their God.

4 Give the pure gospel word,
The word of general grace; [Lord,
Thee let them preach, the common
The Saviour of our race.

5 O let them spread Thy name,
Their mission fully prove,
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming love.

534 S. M.

Isa. lii. 7-10.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation in their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How cheering is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How blessed are our ears
That hear this joyful sound, [for,
Which kings and prophets waited
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

535 C. M.

"Pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified."

JESUS, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run; [believe,
And let the priests themselves
And put salvation on.

2 Clothed with the Spirit of holiness,
May all Thy people prove
The plenitude of gospel grace,
The joy of perfect love.

3 Jesus, let all Thy servants shine
Illustrious as the sun; [divine,
And, bright with borrowed rays
Their glorious circuit run:

4 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
Their light where'er they go;
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.

5 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might;
As burning luminaries, chase
The gloom of hellish night.

536 7s. & 6s.

"I will clothe her priests with salvation."

LORD of the living harvest
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain;
Accept these hands to labor,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

2 As laborers in Thy vineyard,
Send us, O Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee:
We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit!
And fill our souls with light,
Clothe us in spotless raiment,
In linen clean and white;
Beside Thy sacred altar
Be with us, where we stand,
To sanctify Thy people
Through all this happy land.

SECTION XVI.

DIVINE ORDINANCES.

1. CHRISTIAN BAPTISM.

537 C. M.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms;
Hark how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," He cries
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

538 C. M.

"A God unto thee, and thy seed after thee."

HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abr'am and his seed!
"I am a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of His unchanging love,
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the Covenant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great father given;
He takes our children to His arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 O God, how faithful are Thy ways!
Thy love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of Thy grace
Blots out our children's name.

539 C. M.

"Baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

O LORD, while we confess the worth
Of this the outward seal,
Do Thou the truths herein set forth
To every heart reveal.

2 Death to the world we here avow,
Death to each fleshly lust;
Newness of life our calling now,
A risen Lord our trust.

3 And we, O Lord, who now partake
Of resurrection life,
With every sin, for Thy dear sake,
Would be at constant strife.

4 Baptized into the Father's name,
We'd walk as sons of God;
Baptized in Thine, we own Thy claim
As ransomed by Thy blood.

5 Baptized into the Holy Ghost,
We'd keep His temple pure,
And make Thy grace our only boast,
And by Thy strength endure.

540 L. M.

Baptism of a child.

THIS child we dedicate to Thee,
O God of grace and purity!
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let Thy love its life prolong.

2 O may Thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep Thy law;
May virtue, piety, and truth,
Dawn even with its dawning youth.

3 We, too, before Thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow
With love, and thanks, and praises, now.

4 Grant that, with true and faithful heart,
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise Thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

541 L. M.

The Baptism of adults.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honor the means ordained by Thee!
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own Thy glorious ministry.

2 We now Thy promised presence claim,
Sent to disciple all mankind,
Sent to baptize into Thy name;
We now Thy promised presence find.

3 Father! in these reveal Thy Son;
In these, for whom we seek Thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

4 Jesus! with us Thou always art;
Effectuate now the sacred sign,
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.

5 Eternal Spirit! descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits Thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now!

6 O that the souls baptized therein
May now Thy truth and mercy feel!
May rise and wash away their sin;
Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal!

542 S. M.

Prayer for spiritual Baptism.

FATHER, our child we place
Where we Thy children kneel;
For Thou hast made the sign of grace
To Him, to us, the seal.

2 Rites cannot change the heart,
Undo the evil done,
Or with the uttered name impart
The nature of Thy Son.

3 Be grace from Christ our Lord,
And love from God supreme,
By the communing Spirit poured
In a perpetual stream.

4 So cleanse our offering;
Then will we, at Thy call,
This pledge accepted, daily bring
Ourselves, our house, our all.

DIVINE ORDINANCES.

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2. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

543 C. M.

Grateful remembrance of Christ's death.

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee!

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee!

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee!

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee!

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains
Will I remember Thee!

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me!

544 C. M.

"I am that Bread of Life."

JESUS, at whose supreme command
We now approach to God,
Before us in Thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipped in blood!

2 Obedient to Thy gracious word,
We break the hallowed bread,
Commemorate Thee, our dying Lord,
And trust on Thee to feed.

3 Now, Saviour, now Thyself reveal,
And make Thy nature known;
Affix Thy blessed Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for Thine own.

4 The tokens of Thy dying love
O let us all receive!
And feel the quickening Spirit move,
And joyfully believe!

5 The living bread, sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be;
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by Thee.

545 C. M.

The covenant sealed with blood.

THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand forever good,"
He said; and gave His soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

2 To this sure covenant of Thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal the engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 Thy light, and strength, and pardoning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are Thine.

4 I call that legacy my own
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

5 Sweet is the memory of His name,
Who blest us in His will,
And to His testament of love,
Made His own life the seal.

546 C. M.

"Christ, our Passover, is sacrificed for us; therefore, let us keep the feast."

IN memory of the Saviour's love,
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble, contrite heart,
Is made a welcome guest.

2 By faith we take the bread of life
With which our souls are fed,
The cup in token of His blood
That was for sinners shed.

3 Under His banner thus we sing
The wonders of His love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heavenly feast above.

4 O wondrous death! O precious blood!
For us so freely spilt,
To cleanse our sin-polluted souls
From every stain of guilt.

547 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.

"And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him."

LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us, who think on Thee,
And every struggling soul release:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 By Thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away;
Burst our bonds, and set us free;
From all iniquity release:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By Thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

548 S. M.

"This do in remembrance of Me."

COME, all who truly bear
The name of Christ your Lord,
His last mysterious supper share,
And keep His kindest word.

2 Hereby your faith approve
In Jesus crucified;
"In memory of my dying love,
Do this," He said,—and died.

3 Then let us still profess
Our Master's honored name;
Stand forth His faithful witnesses,
True followers of the Lamb.

4 In proof that such we are
His saying we receive,
And thus to all mankind declare
We do in Christ believe.

5 Who thus our faith employ,
His sufferings to record,
Even now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord.

6 We too with Him are dead,
And shall with Him arise;
The cross on which He bows His head
Shall lift us to the skies.

549 6 6s.

"Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many."

VICTIM Divine, Thy grace we claim,
While thus Thy precious death we show;
Once offered up, a spotless Lamb,
In Thy great temple here below,
Thou didst for all mankind atone,
And standest now before the throne.

2 Thou standest in the holy place,
As now for guilty sinners slain;
The blood of sprinkling speaks, and prays,
All prevalent for helpless man;
Thy blood is still our ransom found,
And speaks salvation all around.

3 We need not now go up to heaven,
To bring the long-sought Saviour down;
Thou art to all already given,
Thou dost even now Thy banquet crown;
To every faithful soul appear,
And show Thy real presence here!

SECTION XVII.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

1. MISSIONARY.

550 L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 Peoples and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their young hosannas to His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Its grateful honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth prolong the joyful strain.

551 L. M.

Sympathy for the perishing.

SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye
The thousands of our Israel see;
To Thee in their behalf we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in Thee.

2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near,
For no man cares their souls to save.

3 Thy people, Lord, are sold for nought,
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh;
They perish, whom Thyself hast bought,
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

4 The pit its mouth hath opened wide,
To swallow up its careless prey;
Why should they die, when Thou hast died,
Hast died to bear their sins away?

5 Still let the publicans draw near;
Open the door of faith and heaven,
And grant their hearts Thy word to hear,
And witness all their sins forgiven.

552 L. M.

"I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh."

ON all the earth Thy Spirit shower;
The earth in righteousness renew;
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'er-power,
And to Thy sceptre all subdue.

2 Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce,
Let it opposers all o'errun;
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.

3 Yea, let Thy Spirit in every place
Its richer energy declare;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of Thy Christ prepare.

4 Grant this, O holy God and true!
The ancient seers Thou didst inspire;
To us perform the promise due;
Descend, and crown us now with fire!

553 L. M.

Psalm xix.

THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And night and day Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light or feel the sun.

554 7s. & 6s.

The coming of Christ's kingdom.

THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

555 7s. & 6s.

Missionary Hymn.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

556 S. M.

"The hand of the Lord was with them."

LORD, if at Thy command
The word of life we sow,
Watered by Thy almighty hand,
The seed shall surely grow:
The virtue of Thy grace
A large increase shall give,
And multiply the faithful race
Who to Thy glory live.

2 Now then the ceaseless shower
Of gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy ministers attend.
On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

557 7s.

Christ's universal reign.

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings His power shall own;
Heathen tribes His name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise His glorious name;
All His mighty acts record,
All His wondrous love proclaim.

558 7s. & 6s.

"Let us go up at once and possess it, for we are well able."

OUR country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go where the waves are breaking
Along the ocean shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
Go to the woodman's dwelling,
Go to the prairie broad,
The wondrous story telling,
The mercy of our God.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, His cross beholding,
In Him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey!

559 S. M.

"So mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed."

JESUS, the word bestow,
The true immortal seed;
Thy gospel then shall greatly grow,
And all our land o'erspread;
Through earth extended wide
Shall mightily prevail,
Destroy the works of self and pride,
And shake the gates of hell.

2 Its energy exert
In the believing soul;
Diffuse Thy grace through every part
And sanctify the whole:
Its utmost virtue show
In pure consummate love,
And fill with all Thy life below,
And give us thrones above.

560 7s.

The speed of Christ's kingdom.

SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze;
To bring fire on earth He came,
Kindled in some hearts it is;
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was His day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail,
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesus' word is glorified:
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from nought.

561 8s & 7s.

"So shall He sprinkle many nations."

SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee;
Of Thy cross the wondrous story
Be to all the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
And Thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest;
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee, as man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

562 11s.

The Christian Soldier's battle hymn.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone before!
Christ, the Royal Master, leads against the foe;
Forward into battle see His banners go.

2 Like a mighty army, moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod;
We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise, which can never fail.

SECTION XVIII.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

583 [illegible]

Prayer for children.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry;
The good desired and wanted most,
Out of Thy richest grace supply;
The sacred discipline be given,
To train and bring them up for heaven.

2 Unite the pair so long disjoined,
Knowledge and vital Piety;
Learning and Holiness combined,
And Truth and Love, let all men see
In those whom up to Thee we give,
Thine, wholly Thine, to die and live.

3 Father, accept them through Thy Son,
And ever by Thy Spirit guide!
Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,
Thy name confessed and glorified;
Thy power and love diffused abroad,
Till all the earth is filled with God.

584 7s. & 6s.

Marriage and household love.

O LOVE, divine and tender!
That through our homes doth [illegible],
Veiled in the softened splendor
Of holy household love:
A throne, without Thy blessing,
Were labor without rest,
And cottages, possessing
Thy blessedness, are blest.

2 God bless these hands united,
God bless these hearts made one;
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on:
Here in earth's home preparing
For the bright home above,
And there, forever sharing
Its joy, where "God is love."

585 C. M.

The Christian home.

HAPPY the home when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
When one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

2 Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lisp His fame,
And parents hold Him dear.

3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

4 Lord, let us in our homes agree,
This blessed peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to Thee,
And love to all will reign.

586 4-6s & 2-8s.

A birthday hymn.

GOD of my life, to Thee
My cheerful soul I raise!
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days;
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify Thy name,
From whom alone my birth,
And all my blessings, came;
Creating and preserving grace,
Let all that is within me praise.

3 Long as I live beneath,
To Thee O let me live!
To Thee my every breath
In thanks and praises give!
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 My soul and all its powers,
Thine, wholly Thine, shall be.
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to Thee;
Me to Thine image now restore,
And I shall praise Thee evermore.

5 Then, when the work is done,
The work of faith with power,
Receive Thy favored son,
In death's triumphant hour;
Like Moses, to Thyself convey,
And kiss my raptured soul away.

567 L. M.

An evening hymn.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings!

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That, with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O let my soul on Thee repose!
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

568 L. M.

The Saviour's abiding presence.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

SECTION XIX.

CHILDREN AND YOUTH.

569 C. M.

Children praising Christ.

COME, Christian children, come, and raise
Your voice with one accord;
Come, sing in joyful songs of praise
The glories of your Lord.

2 Sing of the wonders of His love,
And loudest praises give
To Him who left His throne above,
And died that you might live.

3 Sing of the wonders of His truth,
And read in every page
The promise made to earliest youth
Fulfilled to latest age.

4 Sing of the wonders of His power,
Who with His own right arm
Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,
And shields from every harm.

570 C. M.

The children's jubilee.

HOSANNA! be the children's song,
To Christ, the children's King;
His praise, to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.

2 Hosanna! sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

3 Hosanna! on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply.

4 Hosanna! then, our song shall be;
Hosanna to our King!
This is the children's jubilee;
Let all the children sing.

571 C. M.

The Christian child.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine;

4 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

572 8s & 7s.

Youthful consecration.

SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee;
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine, and only Thine, to be.

2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me,
Let my youthful heart be Thine;
Thy devoted servant make me,
Fill my soul with love divine.

3 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way;
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

4 Let me do Thy will or bear it,
I will know no will but Thine;
Should'st Thou take my life, or spare it,
I that life to Thee resign.

5 May this solemn dedication
Never once forgotten lie;
Let it know no revocation,
Published and confirmed on high.

6 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave Thee never;
Seal Thine image on my heart.

573 L. M.

God our Father and Friend.

GREAT God, and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I, a poor child, and Thou, so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky.

2 Art Thou my Father? canst Thou hear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

3 Art Thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee;
And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and praise Thee as I ought.

4 Art Thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in Thy love
To be Thy better child above.

574 7s.

"They brought young children to Him."

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity;
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;
Give a little child a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

4 Fain I would be as Thou art,
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

5 Let me, above all, fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

6 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Like Thyself within my heart.

575 8s & 7s.

Child's evening prayer.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 Through this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed, and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

576 7s. & 6s.

"He shall gather the lambs with His arm."

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

Chorus:

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!
Safe in the arms, &c.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages,
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
Safe in the arms, &c.

577 8s & 7s.

For a blessing on children.

HOLY Father, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gathered here;
Let them all, Thy name confessing,
Be to Thee forever dear.
Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be;
Guide their steps and help their weakness,
Bless, and make them like to Thee.

2 Bear the lambs, when they are weary,
In Thine arms and at Thy breast;
Through life's desert dark and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.
Spread Thy wings of blessing o'er them,
Holy Spirit, from above;
Guide, and lead, and go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love.

578 7s. & 6s.

The Lord's love to children.

WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill.
We'll flock around His standard,
We'll bow before His throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender
They too shall be the Lord's.

579 11,8,12,9.

Christ blessing little children.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold, [then.
I should like to have been with Him

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
That I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above:

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare [given;
For all who are washed and for-
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

SECTION XX.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

1. WATCHNIGHT.

580 C. M.

Watchnight thanksgiving.

JOIN, all ye ransomed sons of grace,
The holy joy prolong,
And shout to the Redeemer's praise
A solemn midnight song.

2 Blessing, and thanks, and love, and might,
Be to our Jesus given,
Who turns our darkness into light,
Who turns our hell to heaven.

3 Thither our faithful souls He leads,
Thither He bids us rise,
With crowns of joy upon our heads,
To meet Him in the skies.

581 8-3s.

Opening of Watchnight service.

HOW many pass the guilty night
In revellings and frantic mirth!
The creature is their sole delight,
Their happiness the things of earth;
For us suffice the season past;
We choose the better part at last.

2 We will not close our wakeful eyes,
We will not let our eyelids sleep,
But humbly lift them to the skies,
And all a solemn vigil keep;
So many years on sin bestowed,
Can we not watch one night for God!

3 We can, O Jesus, for Thy sake,
Devote our every hour to Thee;
Speak but the word, our souls shall wake,
And sing with cheerful melody;
Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,
And every heart shall dance for joy.

582 C. M.

New year thanksgiving.

SING to the great Jehovah's praise!
All praise to Him belongs;
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs.

2 His providence hath brought us
Another various year; [through
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

3 Father, Thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care;
To Thee presenting, through Thy
Whate'er we have or are. [Son,

4 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of Thy love,
While on in Jesus' steps we go
To see Thy face above.

5 Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly Thine, shall be,
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to Thee.

583 7s.

Retrospect of the year.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the circling year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

2. COVENANT SERVICE.

584 L. M.

Renewal of self-dedication.

O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possest.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

585 C. M.

A covenant hymn.

COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The covenant we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast His words behind.

4 We never will throw off His fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if Thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down and meet us now!

5 To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day!

586 8s.

After the renewal of the covenant.

O HOW shall a sinner perform
The vows he hath vowed to the Lord?
A sinful and impotent worm,
How can I be true to my word?
I tremble at what I have done;
O send me Thy help from above!
The power of Thy Spirit make known,
The virtue of Jesus's love!

2 My solemn engagements are vain,
My promises empty as air;
My vows, I shall break them again,
And plunge in eternal despair;
Unless my omnipotent God
The sense of His goodness impart,
And shed by His Spirit abroad
The love of Himself in my heart.

3 O Lover of sinners, extend
To me Thy compassionate grace;
Appear, my affliction to end,
Afford me a glimpse of Thy face!
That light shall enkindle in me
A flame of reciprocal love;
And then I shall cleave unto Thee,
And then I shall never remove.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

3. RECEPTION OF MEMBERS.

587 C. M.

"Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."

COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Stranger nor foe art thou;
We welcome thee with warm accord
Our friend, our brother, now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee;
Leaving the world thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

3 Come with us; we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in Him, as those have stood,
Whose faith the victory won.

588 L. M.

A fraternal welcome.

BRETHREN in Christ, and well-beloved;
To Jesus and His servants dear,
Enter and show yourselves approved;
Enter, and find that God is here.

2 Welcome from earth; lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to you we give!
With open hearts and hands we stand,
And you in Jesus' name receive.

3 Jesus, attend, Thyself reveal!
Are we not met in Thy great name?
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the spreading flame.

4 Thou God that answerest by fire,
The Spirit of burning now impart;
And let the flames of pure desire
Rise from the altar of our heart.

5 Truly our fellowship below
With Thee and with the Father is;
In Thee eternal life we know,
And heaven's unutterable bliss.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

4. TEMPERANCE.

589 S. M.

The evils of intemperance.

MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.

3 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

4 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

5 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show His saving love.

590 C. M.

"Dead in trespasses and sins."

LIFE from the dead, Almighty God,
'Tis Thine alone to give;
To lift the poor inebriate up,
And bid the helpless live.

2 Life from the dead! For those we plead
Fast bound in passion's chain,
That, from their iron fetters freed,
They wake to life again.

3 Life from the dead! Quickened by Thee,
Be all their powers inclined
To temperance, truth, and piety,
And pleasures pure, refined.

4 And may they by Thy help abide,
The tempter's power withstand;
By grace restored and purified,
In Christ accepted stand.

591 C. M.

Prayer for the intemperate.

'TIS Thine alone, almighty name,
To raise the dead to life,
The lost inebriate to reclaim
From passion's fearful strife.

2 What ruin hath intemperance wrought!
How widely roll its waves!
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!

3 And see, O Lord, what numbers
Are maddened by the bowl, [still
Led captive at the tyrant's will,
In bondage, heart, and soul.

4 Stretch forth Thy hand, O God, our King,
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end the usurper's reign.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

5. ON THE OCEAN.

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592 7s.

On going on shipboard.

LORD, whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the watery [way;
In the hollow of Thy hand
Hide, and bring us safe to land.

2 Jesus, let our faithful mind
Rest, on Thee alone reclined;
Every anxious thought repress,
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

3 Keep the souls whom now we leave;
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea;
Bid them come by faith to Thee.

4 Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on Thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er;
Lead us on the heavenly shore.

593 L. M.

Prayer for those at sea.

WHILE o'er the deep Thy servants sail, [gale;
Send Thou, O Lord, the prosperous
And on their hearts, where'er they go,
O let Thy heavenly breezes blow!

2 If on the morning's wings they fly,
They will not pass beyond Thine eye; [to hear,
The wanderer's prayer Thou bend'st
And faith exults to see Thee near.

3 When tempests rock the groaning bark,
O hide them safe in Jesus' ark;
When in the tempting port they ride,
O keep them safe at Jesus' side!

4 If life's wide ocean smile or roar,
Still guide them to the heavenly shore; [sleep,
And grant their dust in Christ may
Abroad, at home, or in the deep.

594 6-8s.

Intercession for those at sea.

ETERNAL Father! strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

2 O Saviour! whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage did sleep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O sacred Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumults cease,
And gavest light, and life, and peace:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour; [foe,
From rock and tempest, fire and
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

6. MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

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595 L. M.

"SESSIONS."

SINNER, oh! why so thoughtless grow?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown!
Heedless against thy God to fly!

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's delusive dreams?
Madly attempt the infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains;
And hear the Lord of life unfold
The glories of His dying pains!
For ever telling, yet untold.

596

"'Tis the Last Rose of Summer."

'TIS the last sun that ever
Will rise on my sight!
For my early existence
Will fade with its light.
Life's sands will be numbered
Ere twilight shall fall,
And night's dreary mantle
Spread o'er me a pall.

2 'Twas the last faithful warning,
That fell on my ear,
'Twas the last gospel sermon
I ever should hear,
That last prayer so earnest
Was offered in vain,
There remains to me, only,
The "wages of sin."

597 L. M.

"WELLS."

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given
T'escape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace—and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

4 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

598 8s & 7s.

"MOUNT VERNON."

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze;
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us;
He can still our sorrow heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

599 7s. & 6s.

HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole;
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.

Chorus:

There's a balm in Gilead
To make the wounded whole;
There's power enough in Jesus
To cure a sin-sick soul.

2 Next door to death He found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

3 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within.

600 8s & 7s.

I love Jesus.

HARK! the gospel news is sounding,
Christ has suffered on the tree;
Streams of mercy are abounding,
Grace for all is rich and free.

Chorus:

I love Jesus, hallelujah!
I love Jesus, yes, I do!
I love Jesus, He's my Saviour,
Jesus smiles and loves me, too.

2 O, escape to yonder mountain,
Now begin to watch and pray:
Christ invites you to the fountain,
Come and wash your sins away.

3 Grace is flowing like a river,
Millions there have been supplied,
Still it flows as fresh as ever,
From the Saviour's wounded side.

4 Christ alone shall be our portion,
Soon we hope to meet above,
Bathe in the exhaustless ocean
Of the great Redeemer's love.

Index to the First Line of Each Hymn.

Abide and reign in me..R.C. Horner 270
According to Thy gracious...Montgomery 543
A charge to keep I have..C. Wesley 344
A few more years shall roll.H. Bonar 496
After all that I have done.C. Wesley 176
Again our weekly labors.J. Stennett 518
Ah! Lord, with trembling I.C.Wesley 232
Ah! when shall I awake. " 365
Ah! whither should I go. " 149
Alas! and did my Saviour..I. Watts 51
All hail the power of Jesus' E. Perronet 69
All people that on earth.....Kethe 14
All praise to our redeem.C. Wesley 442
All praise to the Lamb... " 451
All things are possible.... " 298
Almighty maker of my....I Watts 465
Amazing grace how sweet.J. Newton 429
Am I a soldier of the cross.I. Watts 389
And am I born to die..... " 114
And am I only born to die.C. Wesley 124
And are we yet alive.... " 447
And let this feeble body fail " 495
And must I be to judgment brought C. Wesley 128
And must this body die...I. Watts 477
Angels from the realms.Montgomery 41
Angels your march oppose.C. Wesley 386
Arise, my soul, arise, Shake " 60
Arise, my soul, arise, Thy " 66
Arm of the Lord, awake " 395
Art thou weary, heavey-laden..Dr. Neale 135
Asleep in Jesus! blessed.....Mrs. Mackay 471
As pants the hart for.....Tate & Brady 227
Author of faith, eternal..C. Wesley 21
Author of faith, to Thee I cry " 206
Author of faith, we seek.. " 361
Awake our souls, away our.I. Watts 423
Away my needless fears.C. Wesley 388

Before Jehovah's awful throne..I. Watts 10
Begin, my soul, some heavenly I. Watts 7
Behold the Saviour of man.S.Wesley 50
Behold the sure foundation.I Watts 526
Being of beings, God of..C. Wesley 5
Bid me of men beware.... " 343
Blest are the humble souls.I. Watts 422
Blest are the pure in heart.J. Keble 262
Blest be our everlasting Lord..C. Wesley 8
Blest be the dear unit....C. Wesley 443
Blest be the tie that binds.J. Fawcett 449
Blow ye the trumpet, blow.C.Wesley 135

Brethren in Christ and well " 588
Brother, hast thou wandered far..J. F. Clarke 142
But above all lay hold...C. Wesley 374
By cool Siloam.....Bp. Heber 571

Christ is coming, let creation.... 127
Christ the Lord is risen..C. Wesley 58
Come all who truly bear. " 548
Come, Christian children..Unknown 569
Come Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Honor..C. Wesley 541
Come Father, Son and Holy Ghost, One..C. Wesley 412
Come Father, Son and Holy Ghost, To..C. Wesley [illegible]
Come Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Whom..C. Wesley 27
Come Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire, come..C. Wesley 310
Come Holy Ghost all-quickening fire, come..C. Wesley 316
Come Holy Ghost, celestial Dove.C. Wesley 190
Come Holy Ghost in love and might R. C. Horner 340
Come Holy Ghost in love.Robert II. of France 324
Come Holy Ghost inspire our prayers R. C. Horner 332
Come Holy Ghost our hearts inspire, Let..C. Wesley 309
Come Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire R. C. Horner 331
Come Holy Ghost our souls inspire, C. Wesley 341
Come Holy Ghost the Comforter, Sent..R. C. Horner 330
Come Holy Ghost ,with light divine, Brood..R. C. Horner 335
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, R. C. Horner 336
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, R. C. Horner 337
Come Holy Spirit move.. " 271
Come Holy Spirit raise our songs, C. Wesley 330
Come in thou blessed of the Lord, Montgomery 587
Come let us join our cheerful songs, Watts 3
Come let us join our friends above, C. Wesley [illegible]
Come let us join with one accord, C. Wesley 515
Come let us use the.. " 585
Come, let us who in..... 419
Come my soul thy suit prepare.Newton 373

Come, O my God, the promise seal, C. Wesley 298
Come, O thou all-victorious Lord, C. Wesley 96
Come, O thou traveller.. " 180
Come O ye sinners..... " 131
Come, Saviour, Jesus from. D. Byron 280
Come sinners to the gospel. C. Wesley 12
Come sound His praise.....Watts 23
Come thou long-expected..C. Wesley 42
Come thou omniscient Son " 237
Come ye followers of the " [illegible]
Come ye saints look here. T. Kelly 50
Come ye sinners poor and..J. Hart 133
Come ye that love the Lord. Watts 408
Come ye weary sinners..C. Wesley 189

Day of judgment, day of...Newton 126
Day of wrath, O. Thomas of Celano 115
Deem not that they..W. C. Bryant 390
Deepen the wound thy..C. Wesley 238
Depth of mercy, can there " 177
Drooping soul, shake off.. " 243

Entered the holy place.. " 62
Equip me for the war.. " 380
Eternal Father! strong. W. Whiting 504
Eternal Spirit come....C. Wesley 327

Father glorify thy Son.. " 328
Father hear the blood.... " 179
Father, I dare believe.... " 289
Father, if justly still..Dr. H. Moore 320
Father in whom we live. C. Wesley 24
Father, I stretch my hands. Unknown 108
Father of all in whom..C. Wesley 511
Father of Jesus Christ my " 357
Father of Jesus Christ, my " 284
Father of Jesus Christ the. " 202
Father of me and all.. " 6
Father of mercies in thy. Miss Steele 510
Father of omnipresent grace....C. Wesley 30
Father, our child we. W. M. Bunting 542
Father, Son and Holy Ghost...C. Wesley 440
Father to thee my soul.. " 485
Father whose everlasting " 12
Forever here my rest shall " 304
Forever with the Lord. Montgomery 498
Forth in thy name, O..C. Wesley 433
From all that dwell below..Watts 11
From every stormy wind. H. Stowell 360
From Greenland's icy....Bp. Heber 535

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild..C. Wesley 574
Gentle Shepherd thou. In the German 485
Give me the faith which " 528
Give me the wings of faith. Watts 487
Glad was my heart....Montgomery 525
Glory be to God on high. C. Wesley 48
Glory to thee, my God...Bp. Kelr 567
God is a name my soul....Watts 15
God is in this and every. C. Wesley 172
God is the refuge of His....Watts 397
God moves in a mysterious..Cowper 454
God of all consolation take. C. Wesley 445
God of all power and truth " 308
God of all-redeeming grace " 277
God of almighty love.... " 438
God of eternal truth and " 285
God of love who hearest prayer " 374
God of my life, to thee.... " 566
God of my life, what just " 270
God of my life, whose.. " 401
God of my salvation, hear " 204
God the offended, God.. " 101
Go labour on; spend and be. Bonar 432
Grace: 'tis a charming. Doddridge 407
Gracious Redeemer, shake. C. Wesley 345
Gracious Spirit, love....J. Stalker 522
Great God, and wilt....Jane Taylor 573
Great God attend while....Watts 19
Great God! indulge my.... " 13
Great God! what do I see. B. Ringwaldt 118
Great is the Lord our God...Watts 522
Great Prophet of my God.. " 81
Guide me, O thou..Wm. Williams 404

Hail, Holy Ghost.....S. Wesley 318
Hail Holy, Holy, Holy..C. Wesley 2
Hail thou once despised. J. Bakewell 67
Hail to the Sabbath..S. G. Bulfinch 521
Happy soul thy days...C. Wesley 480
Happy the heart where graces. Watts 415
Happy the home, when God.. " 565
Happy the man who....C. Wesley 420
Happy the souls that first " 421
Happy the souls to Jesus " 413
Hark from the tombs.....Watts 162
Hark how the watchmen. C. Wesley 385
Hark the glad sound.....Doddridge 75
Hark the gospel news..... 600
Hark, the herald angels. C. Wesley 44
Hark the Saviour's voice from.... 137
Hark, the voice of Jesus..D. March 430
Hark, what mean those....Cawood 43
Hasten Lord the glorious....Auber 557
Head of Thy church....C. Wesley 406
Hearken to the solemn.. " 110
Hear what the voice from..Watts 474
He comes! He comes!..C. Wesley 108
He dies the friend of sinners. Watts 56
Here will I ever lie.....Unknown 366
He wills that I should..C. Wesley 305
High in the heavens eternal. Watts 468
Ho! every one that thirsts. J. Wesley 129
Holy and true and righteous Lord C. Wesley 235
Holy Father send Thy...Unknown 577
Holy Ghost dispel our. P. Gerhardt 326
Holy Ghost with light....A. Reed 323
Holy Lamb who thee...Mrs. Dober 240
Holy Spirit pity me..W. M. Bunting 178
Hosanna! be the children's song, Montgomery 570
How beauteous are their feet. Watts 534
How can a sinner....C. Wesley 400
How can I vent my grief. Unknown 233
How firm a foundation....G. Keith 405
How happy every child of. C. Wesley 403
How happy is the pilgrim's lot..J. Wesley 504
How happy Lord are we. C. Wesley 506
How large the promise, how. Watts 538
How lost was my condition. Milton 599
How many pass the guilty C. Wesley 581
How pleasant, how.....Watts 20
How precious is the....J. Fawcett 508
How sad our state by nature. Watts 193
How shall a lost sinner. C. Wesley 229
How sweet the name of....Newton 70

I ask the gift of.....C. Wesley 290
I come thou wounded Lamb.....J. Wesley 82
I gave my life for..Miss Havergal 453
I heard the voice of Jesus..Bonar 414
I know that my Redeemer lives, And..C. Wesley 301
I know that my Redeemer lives, He..C. Wesley 468
I know that my Redeemer lives, What..S. Medley 57
I'll praise my Maker while..Watts 29
I love Thy kingdom, Lord..... 524
I'm not ashamed to own...Watts 396
Increase our faith..Miss Havergal 359
In evil long I took delight.Newton 49
In fellowship alone.....C. Wesley 381
Infinite power eternal Lord.Watts 228
In life's gay morn when..Unknown 90
In memory of the Saviour's.Unknown 546
In the cross of Christ...Sir John Bowring 46
Into a world of ruffians.C. Wesley 266
I sing the Almighty power..Watts 466
It came upon the midnight.R. Sears 40
I the good fight have...C. Wesley 384
I think when I read..Mrs. J. Luke 579
I want a heart to pray..C. Wesley 308
I want a principle within " 346
I want the Spirit of power " 317
I was a wandering sheep....Bonar 212

Jerusalem, my happy home Dickson 490
Jesus all-atoning Lamb.C. Wesley 215
Jesus, and shall it ever be.J. Grigg 469
Jesus at whose supreme.C. Wesley 544
Jesus, a word, a look.. " 286
Jesus comes with all his " 241
Jesus, friend of sinners. " 220
Jesus, from whom all blessings flow C. Wesley 254
Jesus, great Shepherd of " 355
Jesus hath died that I.. " 288
Jesus, I believe thee near. " 208
Jesus, if still the same thou " 183
Jesus, if still thou art.. " 108
Jesus, I my cross have.H. F. Lyte 408
Jesus in thee all fulness.C. Wesley 194
Jesus, let thy pitying eye " 219
Jesus, let thy dying cry.. " 240
Jesus lover of my soul.. " 77
Jesus, my advocate above " 164
Jesus, my life appear.... " 265
Jesus, my life thyself.. " 258
Jesus, my Lord, I cry to " 267
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to " 230
Jesus, my Saviour, brother " 348
Jesus, my strength, my.. " 367
Jesus, my truth, my way " 292
Jesus, Redeemer of mankind " 95
Jesus, Redeemer, Saviour " 196
Jesus, Redeemer, Saviour.....R. C. Horner 295
Jesus shall reign where'er the.Watts 550
Jesus, tender Shepherd M. L. Duncan 575
Jesus, the all-restoring.. C. Wesley 259
Jesus, the conqueror reigns " 332
Jesus, the life, the truth. " 302
Jesus, the name high over " 68
Jesus, the sinner's friend. " 156
Jesus, the very thought....Bernard 71
Jesus, the word bestow. C. Wesley 550
Jesus, the word of mercy " 535
Jesus, thou all-redeeming " 73
Jesus, Thou everlasting King..Watts 23
Jesus, thou joy of loving..Bernard 84
Jesus, thou knowest my.C. Wesley 223
Jesus, thou sovereign Lord " 371
Jesus, thy blood and.....J. Wesley 53
Jesus, thy boundless love.C. Wesley 309
Jesus, thy far-extended.. " 200
Jesus, thy wandering sheep " 532
Jesus to thee I now can " 300
Jesus, united by thy grace " 351
Jesus, was ever love like " 494
Jesus, we look to thee... " 448
Jesus, we on the words.. " 321
Jesus, while our hearts.T. Hastings 481
Jesus, whose glory's.....C. Wesley 166
Join all ye ransomed sons " 580
Joy to the world; the Lord..Watts 72
Just as I am, without.C. Elliott 188
Just as thou art, without.R.S. Cook 138

Lamb of God for sinners C. Wesley 134
Lamb of God whose..... " 547
Late! late! so late...A. Tennyson 125
Let earth and heaven...C. Wesley 90
Let earth no more my heart " 312
Let everlasting glories crown.Watts 512
Let every mortal ear..... " 132
Let every tongue thy goodness " 458
Let God who comforts..C. Wesley 372
Let Him to whom we.. " 281
Let the prisoner's mournful " 362
Let the redeemed give..... " 195
Let the world their virtue " 188
Life from the dead.....Unknown 590
Life is the time to serve.Unknown 597
Lift up your hearts to things above 446
Lift your eyes of faith.C. Wesley 501
Lift your heads, ye friends " 117
Light of life, seraphic fire " 209
Listen the Master..W. M. Punshon 431
Living water freely.... .Unknown 325
Lo! God is here, let us.J. Wesley 25
Lo! He comes, with....C. Wesley 116
Lo! round the throne.....Mary L. Duncan 568
Long have I sat beneath....Watts 226
Long have I seemed to..C. Wesley 170
Lord, all I am is known.....Watts 181
Lord, and is thine anger.C. Wesley 208
Lord, fill me with an humble " 340
Lord God, the Holy...Montgomery 338
Lord, I am thine, entirely.S.Davies 278
Lord, I approach the mercy. Newton 354
Lord, I believe a rest....C. Wesley 288
Lord, I believe thy every " 288
Lord, I despair myself.. " 156
Lord, if at thy command " 556
Lord, I hear of showers.Mrs. Codner 189
Lord, in the strength of.C. Wesley 460
Lord of hosts, to thee.Montgomery 528
Lord of the harvest hear.C. Wesley 533
Lord of the living harvest..J. S. B. Monsell 536
Lord of the Sabbath....Doddridge 516
Lord, we are vile, conceived..Watts 224
Lord, whom winds and.C. Wesley 592
Love divine, all love....C. Wesley 315

Make haste, O man, to:...H. Bonar 112

Master, I owe thy lawful.C. Wesley 288
Mortals, awake! with angels....E. Medley 80
Mourn for [illegible] thousands.Unknown 589
My God, how wonderful.F.W.Faber 9
My God, if I may call..C. Wesley 168
My God, I know, I feel " 254
My God, my God, to thee " 311
My God, the spring of all " 410
My gracious Lord, I own.Doddridge 494
My heart is full of Christ.C.Wesley 26
My Saviour, how shall I " 90
My shepherd will supply my..Watts 418
My soul inspired with..C. Wesley 29
My times are in thy..W. F. Lloyd 272

Nearer my God to thee..Mrs. Sarah F. Adams 375
Never further than thy.Mrs. Charles 90
None is like Jeshurun's..C. Wesley 313
Not all the blood of beasts.Watts 86
Not your own, but..Miss Havergal 276
Now, even now, I yield.C .Wesley 294
Now I have found the..J. Wesley 424
Now, the new.[illegible] and.Miss Havergal 441

O come and dwell in me.C. Wesley 261
O, could I speak the....J. Medley 79
O, for a closer walk with.Newton 236
O, for a faith.....W. H. Bathurst 390
O for a heart to praise.C. Wesley 297
O for a thousand tongues " 1
O for the death of..Montgomery 479
O for that flame of..W.H. Bathurst 342
O for that tenderness..C. Wesley 173
O glorious hope of perfect " 314
O God most merciful and. " 307
O God of Bethel by...Doddridge 455
O God our help in ages past.Watts 478
O God thou bottomless.C. Wesley 18
O God to whom in flesh. " 199
O God what offering shall " 278
Oh, for a perfect heart.R.C. Horner 308
Oh, the fulness of love.R. C. Horner 384
Oh! when shall I..... 365
O happy day that fixed.Doddridge 584
O how happy are they...C. Wesley 427
O how happy are we.... " 429
O how shall a sinner.... " 598
O Jesus, at thy feet we..C. Wesley 257
O Jesus let thy dying cry " 249
O Jesus source of calm.. " 311
O joyful sound of gospel " 299
O Lamb of God once.... " 45
O Lamb of God, still keep " 91
O let the prisoner's..... " 362
O Lord while we confess....Mary Bowly 539
O love divine and..J. S. B. Monsell 564
O love divine, how sweet.C. Wesley 246
O love divine! what hast " 48
O my offended God, if.. " 201
On all the earth thy Spirit " 552
One sweetly solemn..Phoebe Carey 505
On Jordan's stormy banks.S.Stennett 491
Onward! Christian Soldiers..S. B. Gould 562
O Saviour, thou thy love.C. Wesley 245
O Spirit of the living..Montgomery 339
O that I could my Lord.C. Wesley 169
O that I could repent, O " 175
O that I could repent.... " 151
O that I could revere.. " 152
O that my load of sin.. " 358
O that thou wouldst the. " 174
O thou God of my...R. Oliver 81
O thou our Saviour.....C. Wesley 306
O thou that hearest when..Watts 159
O thou to whose.....C. Wesley 398
O thou who camest from " 420
O thou who didst....R. C. Horner 299
O thou who driest the....T. Moore 398
O thou whom once they..C. Wesley 161
O thou whose own..W. C. Bryant 527
O unexhausted grace....C. Wesley 210
Our country's voice is.Mrs.Anderson 558
Our Father God who art.A. Judson 559
Our Lord is risen from.C. Wesley 63
Our souls are in His.. " 489
Out of the deep I cry.... " 191
Out of the depths to thee " 392
O what hath Jesus bought " 492
O where shall rest be.Montgomery 102
O why did I my.....C. Wesley 224
O wondrous power of.. " 370

Peace, doubting heart, my.C.Wesley 402
Plunged in a gulf of dark.Watts 74
Praise the Lord, ye.J. Kempthorne 82
Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good.Watts 400
Prayer is the soul's....Montgomery 352
Prisoners of hope, arise..C. Wesley 290
Prisoners of hope, lift up. " 247

Return and come to God " 108
Return, O wanderer...Dr. Hastings 97
Rock of ages.....Toplady 89

Safe in the arms of Jesus...Mrs. Van Alstyne 578
Salvation! O the joyful sound.Watts 411
Saviour, cast a pitying.C. Wesley 187
Saviour, from sin, I wait " 350
Saviour, I now with shame " 230
Saviour of all, to thee we " 363
Saviour of men, thy.J. J. Winkler 580
Saviour of the sin-sick.C. Wesley 268
Saviour, Prince of Israel's " 154
Saviour, sprinkle many...A.C.Coxe 561
Saviour, while my heart.J. Burton 572
See how great a flame.C. Wesley 560
See Israel's gentle.....Doddridge 587
See, Jesus, thy disciples.C. Wesley 444
See, sinners, in the gospel " 145
Servant of God, well done " 479
Shall I for fear of feeble.J. Wesley 531
Shepherd divine our wants.C.Wesley 356
Shepherd of souls, with. " 551
Show pity Lord, O Lord..Watts 157
Shrinking from the cold.C. Wesley 469
Since the Son hath made " 215
Sing all in heaven at.... " 37
Sing to the great Jehovah " 582
Sinner, oh why so.....Unknown 595
Sinners, obey the gospel..C. Wesley 180
Sinners, turn, why will ye " 140
Sister, thou wast mild....Unknown.598
Soldiers of Christ, arise..C. Wesley 379
Sovereign of all the....Doddridge 217
Sow in the morn thy.Montgomery 487
Spirit divine attend our.Dr. A. Reed 319

Stay, thou insulted....C. Wesley 158
Still for thy loving..... " 171
Still, Lord, I languish.. " 214
Stop, poor sinner! stop....Newton 107
Summoned my labor to....Wesley 486
Sun of my soul, thou.....J. Keble 568
Surrounded by a host..C. Wesley 401
Sweet is the memory of th..Watts 450
Sweet is the work, my God " 519
Sweet the moments rich..Allen and Shirley 62
Sweet was the time when.Newton 231

Take my life and..Miss Havergal 274
Take the name of Jesus..Mrs. L. Baxter 453
Talk with us, Lord.....C. Wesley 416
Terrible thought! shall I " 94
That awful day will surely..Watts 122
That solemn hour will....Unknown 483
The day of wrath, that.Sir W. Scott 109
Thee, Jesus, full of truth..C. Wesley 394
Thee, Jesus, thee, the sinner's " 206
Thee, we adore eternal... " 475
Thee, will I love, my....J. Wesley 425
The God of Abraham....T. Olivers 84
The great archangel....C. Wesley 110
The head that once was..T. Kelly 86
The heavens declare thy glory.Watts 558
The hour of my departure's come M. Bruce 466
The Lord into His garden.Unknown 507
The Lord Jehovah reigns....Watts 36
The Lord of Sabbath.S. Wesley, jr. 520
The Lord's my Shepherd..Scottish version 417
The morning flowers..S. Wesley, jr. 467
The morning light is...S. F. Smith 554
The praying spirit.....C. Wesley 369
The promise of my Father's.Watts 545
The saints who die of...C. Wesley 502
The Saviour when to...Doddridge 520
The spacious firmament.J. Addison 462
The Spirit of the Lord....C. Wesley 100
The thing my God doth " 291
The unction from the Holy One R. C. Horner 338
There is a fountain....W. Cowper 192
There is a land of pure.....Watts 488
There is a line by us....Addison 103
There is a time, we know " 105
There is no night..F. D. Huntingdon 497
There's a wideness in.F. W. Faber 136
This child we dedicate...S. Gilman 540
Thou art the way, to..G. W. Doane 78
Thou God that answerest.C. Wesley 252
Thou God unsearchable.. " 222
Thou great mysterious.. " 218
Thou hidden God for.. " 197
Thou hidden love of God.J. Wesley 244
Thou hidden source of..C. Wesley 85
Thou judge of quick and " 112
Thou Lord has blest my " 347
Thou Man of griefs..... " 165
Thou Son of God, whose " 98
Thou very Paschal Lamb " 87
Though nature's strength.T. Olivers 85
Thy ceaseless unexhausted.C. Wesley 4
Thy faithfulness, Lord... " 147
'Tis finished! the Messiah " 53
'Tis the last call of....Unknown 104

'Tis the last sun that ever.Unknown [illegible]
'Tis thine alone....T. F. Hatfield 501
To Thee, great God of..C. Wesley 245
To us a child of royal.. " 85
Tremendous God, with... " 111
Try us, O God, and search " [illegible]

Unchangeable, Almighty.. " 394
Unclean of life and.....J. Wesley 182
Unveil thy bosom faithful..Watts 472
Urge on your rapid....C. Wesley [illegible]

Victim divine, thy grace " 549
Watched by the w[illegible] " 350
We are happy to-day [illegible] C. Horner 218
Weary of wandering fr[illegible] " 221
Weary souls that wa[illegible] 147
We give immortal [illegible] Watts [illegible]
Page
We know, by fa[illegible] Wesley [illegible]
Welcome, sweet day of [illegible] Watts [illegible]
What am I, O th[illegible] C. Wesley 426
What could your Redeemer do C. Wesley 141
What equal honors sha[illegible] Watts 17
What is our calling? [illegible] Wesley 287
What is there here to [illegible] 404
What I never speak [illegible] " 255
What shall I do, my God " 260
What shall we offer our. J. Wesley [illegible]
When all thy mercies. [illegible] Addison 457
When, gracious Lord, wh[illegible] C. Wesley 162
When His salvation bringing.J. King 578
When I can read my title..... 391
When Israel of the...Sir W. Scott 464
When I survey the wondrous.Watts 54
When, my Saviour, shall.C. Wesley 242
When quiet in my house I " 518
When shall thy love.... " 150
When the last trumpet's.W. Cameron 121
Wherefore should I [illegible] " 482
Where high the heavenly.W. Bruce 64
Where shall my wondering.C. Wesley 144
Wherewith, O God, shall " 155
While dead in trespasses " 167
While o'er the deep.....C. Burgess 598
While we walk with...C. Wesley 377
While with ceaseless course.Newton 582
Who are these arrayed..C. Wesley 500
Who can describe the joys...Watts 134
Who in the Lord confide.C. Wesley 387
Whom Jesus' blood doth. " 76
Why do we mourn departing.Watts 476
Why should I till.....C. Wesley 208
Why should the children of a.Watts 216
Why should we start and fear " 470
With broken heart and.....Elven 160
With joy we hail...Harriet Auber 517
Woe to the men on earth.C. Wesley 93
Would Jesus have the.... " 47
Wretched, helpless and.. " 186

Ye faithful souls who...C. Wesley 294
Ye humble souls that....Doddridge 56
Ye neighbours and friends.C. Wesley 146
Ye ransomed sinners hear " 368
Ye thirsty for God..... " 148
Ye virgin souls arise.... " 120
Yield to me now for I am " 207

INDEX TO EACH VERSE

EXCEPTING THE FIRST ONE OF EVERY HYMN.

The figures denote the number of the hymn.

A broken heart . . . 197
A sad of living . . . 155
A country far . . . 488
A faith that . . . 180
A dew more . . . 484
A glance of . . . 13
A guilty, weak . . . 180
A heart in every . . . 187
A heart in thought . . . 113
A heart resign . . . 187
A heart Thy . . . 187
A heart Thy . . . 188
A heart with . . . 151
A hidden God . . . 288
A house we . . . 188
A humble love . . . 197
A land of corn . . . 488
A pardon written . . . 181
A patient, a . . . 421
A rest where a . . . 188
A Saviour born . . . 88
A stranger in . . . 488
A stranger in . . . 488
A thousand ages . . . 478
A touch, a word . . . 189
Abba, Father b- . . . 110
Abide with me . . . 548
Adorned by their . . . 488
Ah! do not of . . . 145
Ah Lord if th- . . . 188
Ah Lord Jesus . . . 488
Ah, no! I still . . . 94
Ah! what avails . . . 189
Ah! wherefore die . . . 189
Ah! whither could . . . 188
Alas! I knew not . . . 49
All anointed to . . . 284
All creatures . . . 456
All earthly plans . . . 488
All invited by . . . 488
All my diseases . . . 209
All my treasure . . . 188
All needful gr- . . . 19
All the days long . . . 88
All the struggle . . . 213
All things are . . . 288
Almighty God . . . 81
Amen, Amen, my . . . 187
An answer from the . . . 108
An Unregenerate . . . 197
And art Thou . . . 210
And can I yet . . . 189
And duty shall . . . 187
And I have . . . 187
And if our fa- . . . 443
And may they . . . 188
And O, when . . . 484
And see, O Lord! . . . 188
And shall my . . . 189
And since the . . . 188
And that I . . . 218
And we, O Lord . . . 188
And when on J- . . . 188
And when re- . . . 189
And when these . . . 548
And will this . . . 88
And ye beneath . . . 188
And yet the doomed . . . 188
Angel of gospel . . . 87
Angel-powers the . . . 188
Angels assist . . . 74
Angels now are . . . 88
Anger and sloth . . . 188
Answer that gra- . . . 189
Appear as when . . . 78
Apostles, prophets . . . 188
Ah! there no foes . . . 188
Arise, O God . . . 17
Arm me with . . . 544
Arrayed in glo- . . . 87
Art thou my . . . 188
As flowers th- . . . 188
As giants may the . . . 188
As in the ancient . . . 189
As laborers in . . . 188
As the apple of . . . 188
As the winged . . . 188
As round Jeru- . . . 187
Ashamed of Jesus . . . 189
Asleep in Jesus . . . 478
Assembled here . . . 189
Assembled here in . . . 188
Assure my con- . . . 188
At His call th- . . . 188
At last I own . . . 188
At the name of . . . 188
Author of faith . . . 188
Author of the new . . . 188
Awed by a mortal's . . . 188

Bathe the crook . . . 188
Bane and blessing . . . 48
Baptize the anxious . . . 188
Baptize us now with . . . 188
Baptize into the . . . 188
Be all my added . . . 188
Be darkness at . . . 188
Be grace from . . . 188
Be it according to . . . 188
Be it according . . . 188
Be it according . . . 188
Be it accordingly . . . 188
Be it so, they . . . 188
Be it weariness . . . 188
Be near me when . . . 48
Be still and know . . . 188
Be thou my shield . . . 188
Bear the lambs . . . 188
Before our Fathers . . . 188
Before the hills . . . 188
Before the throne . . . 188
Before us make . . . 188
Before we quite . . . 188
Behold for me . . . 188
Behold Him all . . . 188
Behold, I fall . . . 188
Behold the Lamb . . . 188
Behold we fall . . . 188
Behold what heavy . . . 188
Being of beings . . . 188
Believing on my . . . 188
Believing we . . . 188
Bend thine ear . . . 188
Beneath thy shade . . . 188
Beside all waters . . . 188
Beyond my high . . . 188
Beyond the reach . . . 188
Beyond this vale . . . 188
Bless we then . . . 188
Blessing and th- . . . 188
Blessings abound . . . 188
Blest are the men . . . 188
Blest are the . . . 188
Blest are the pure . . . 188
Blest are the so- . . . 188
Blest are the sat- . . . 188
Blest river of . . . 188
Blind from my . . . 188
Blind unbelief . . . 188
Bound on the . . . 188

Born thy people . . . 188
Bowed down . . . 188
Break from his . . . 188
Break off the y- . . . 188
Break off your . . . 188
Breathe on us, Lord . . . 188
Burdened with a . . . 188
Burdened with s- . . . 188
Buried in sin . . . 188
But above all . . . 188
But, ah! how . . . 188
But art thou not . . . 188
But as yet there . . . 188
But Christ the . . . 188
But drops of grief . . . 188
But I shall sh- . . . 188
But is it pos- . . . 188
But let them . . . 188
But lying dark . . . 188
But now when even . . . 188
But, Oh! alas, my . . . 188
But O, how soon . . . 188
But O, I will not . . . 188
But on that foreshead . . . 188
But raise your . . . 188
But saints are . . . 188
But sinners fill . . . 188
But soon he'll . . . 188
But there's a voice . . . 188
But those who . . . 188
But thou art not . . . 188
But thou, they say . . . 188
But thou will . . . 188
But timorous mor- . . . 188
But to those who . . . 188
But we who now . . . 188
But when we come . . . 188
But worse than all . . . 188
By day along the . . . 188
By death and hell . . . 188
By faith we know . . . 188
By faith we take . . . 188
By grace divine . . . 188
By the Father's . . . 188
By thine agonies . . . 188
By this the blest . . . 188
By thy spirit . . . 188

Can these want . . . 188
Can you doubt . . . 188
Cause us the re- . . . 188
Cheered by a wit- . . . 188
Christ alone sh- . . . 188
Christ by High . . . 188
Christ is born . . . 188
Christ our Lord . . . 188
Chosen of God . . . 188
Close behind the . . . 188
Closer and closer . . . 188
Clothe me with . . . 188
Clothed with the . . . 188
Come all ye souls . . . 188
Come all the f- . . . 188
Come, Almighty . . . 188
Come and main- . . . 188
Come as the . . . 188
Come as the rushing . . . 188
Come down, thou h- . . . 188
Come Father, Son . . . 188
Come, hither bring . . . 188
Come Holy Ghost the . . . 188
Come, Holy Ghost . . . 188
Come, Holy Ghost . . . 188
Come, Holy Ghost . . . 188
Come, Holy Spirit . . . 188

Come in, Come in . . . 188
Come in this se- . . . 188
Come in thy ni- . . . 188
Come, leave thy . . . 188
Come, light se- . . . 188
Come, Lord, the . . . 188
Come near and . . . 188
Come now, remove . . . 188
Come now the f- . . . 188
Come, O my God . . . 188
Come, O my guilt . . . 188
Come quickly, gra- . . . 188
Come quickly in . . . 188
Come, saints, and . . . 188
Come, Saviour C- . . . 188
Come, tenderest Fr- . . . 188
Come, then, and . . . 188
Come, then, my God . . . 188
Come, then, my h- . . . 188
Come, then, with . . . 188
Come, then, whose'r . . . 188
Come to the living . . . 188
Come with us . . . 188
Come, worship at . . . 188
Come, ye needy . . . 188
Come, ye weary . . . 188
Confound o'er . . . 188
Conqueror of hell . . . 188
Consume our lusts . . . 188
Contented now . . . 188
Continue we with . . . 188
Convert and send . . . 188
Convince him now . . . 188
Convince us first . . . 188
Could my tears . . . 188
Could we but climb . . . 188
Create my nature . . . 188
Creatures with all . . . 188
Crowns and th- . . . 188
Cut off our depen- . . . 188

Dangers stand th- . . . 188
Day of terror . . . 188
Deafness to Thy . . . 188
Dear name the rock . . . 188
Dearest sister . . . 188
Death, hell and sin . . . 188
Death to the world . . . 188
Deep in unfath- . . . 188
Deeper than hell . . . 188
Deep on thy soul . . . 188
Deliverance to my . . . 188
Dependent on . . . 188
Descend and be . . . 188
Descend, pass by . . . 188
Descending on his . . . 188
Didst Thou not die . . . 188
Didst Thou not in . . . 188
Divine instructor . . . 188
Do thou assist a . . . 188
Dost thou not . . . 188
Dust and ashes . . . 188
Down from the s- . . . 188
Down through the . . . 188

Eager for Thee, I . . . 188
Earth can now . . . 188
Earth doth not . . . 188
Even down to old . . . 188
E'er since by faith . . . 188
Empty of Him . . . 188
Enable with per- . . . 188
End of my every . . . 188
Engraved as in . . . 188
Enlarge, inflame . . . 188

Entering into my . .
Eternal are Thy . . 11
Eternal Sun of R- . . 412
Eternal spirit . . . 541
Eternal, Triune . .
Eternal wisdom . .
Eternity thy f- . .
Even now we th- . .
Every day and every
Every eye shall . .
Every mournful s- . .
Every one that s- . .
Every sin shall . .
Expand thy wings . .
Expel the fiend . .
Extend to these . .
Extol his kingly . .
Extol the Lamb . .
Exhort the cry . .

Fain I would . . .
Fain would I sh . .
Fain would I go . .
Fain would I know .
Fairer than all . .
Faith cries out . .
Faith in Thy s- . .
Faith lends its . .
Faith, mighty faith .
Faith to be healed .
Faith to be heal- .
Faithful, O Lord . .
Far and wide . . .
Far from the p- . .
Far off I stand . .
Far off yet at . .
Father, accept . .
Father, if I may . .
Father is me . . .
Father in these . .
Father, perfect . .
Father, regard t- .
Father, time s- . .
Father, Thy m- . .
Father, to these re- .
Father, we ask in .
Fear not, I am . .
Fearless of hell . .
Fill me with all . .
Filled with . . .
Find in Christ . .
Finding, following .
Finish, then . . .
Firm as His th- . .
Firm in the sa- . .
Five bleeding . . .
Fixed on this . . .
Fix my new h- . .
Fix, O fix . . .
Forbid it, Lord . .
Forever firm . . .
Forever with the . .
Forgive and g- . .
Forgive me, Lord . .
For God has made .
For friends and . .
For her my tears . .
For Him shall . .
For my selfishness .
For more we ask . .
For soon the shadow .
For should we . .
For the joy He . .
For the love of . .
For Thee delight- .
For Thee, my God .
For Thee, our hearts
For Thine own sum- .
For this in sted- . .
For this let men . .
For this only thing .
For Thy own mer- .
For who by faith . .
For why? the Lord .
For you the people .

From every sinful .
From heaven sing .
From Jesus m- . .
From sin the g- . .
From sorrow to . .
From strength to . .
From the height . .
From Thee no m- . .
From Thee the . .
From Thee thro- . .
Fruit of the sp- . .
Fruitless till Thou .
Full of grace . . .
Fully in my life . .

Gather the outcasts .
Gazing thus our . .
Gently the weak . .
Gethsemane, can I .
Gird on thy . . .
Give me a new . .
Give me a sober . .
Give me, O give . .
Give me on Thee . .
Give me the g- . .
Give me thy s- . .
Give me thyself . .
Give me to hear . .
Give the pure . . .
Give then the s- . .
Give to mine e- . .
Give tongues of fire
Give tongues of fire
Give up ourselves .
Give us ourselves .
Give us this day . .
Go, labor on . . .
Go, meet Him . .
Go up with Ch- . .
Go where the . . .
God forbids His . .
God is our Sun . .
God is thine . . .
God my Redeemer .
God of my strength
God only knows . .
God reigns on . .
God through Him .
Goodness and m- .
God's image which
Grace all the w- .
Grace first con- . .
Grace is flowing . .
Grace taught my . .
Grant one poor s- .
Grant that with . .
Grant this and . .
Grant us the pr-ces
Grant this, O G- . .
Great God, grants .
Great God, is this .
Great God, Thy . .
Great God, we . .
Great God, what . .
Great object of . .
Greatness unspeak- .
Guilty I stand . .

Hail by all . . .
Hail, Holy Ghost .
Hail holy, holy . .
Hail the heaven . .
Hallelujah! earth .
Happy beyond de- .
Happy he whom . .
Happy if with . .
Happy the home . .
Happy the man . .
Happy the man who
Hark how he p- . .

Hast thou not . .
Hast thou wanted .
Haste, O haste . .
Haste thee on f- . .
Hasten, Lord, the .
Hasten, mortals . .
Hasten the joy . .
Hath He diadems .
Hath He mansions .
Have we not b- . .
He bids us b- . .
He breaks the p- . .
He brings my . .
He by himself . .
He can heal thy . .
He cleanses now . .
He comes! from . .
He comes! . . .
He comes! the bre- .
He comes the p- . .
He comes! with p- .
He ever lives . .
He formed the . .
He formed the s- .
He gives the tongue
He has come w- . .
He hath our sal- . .
He justly claims . .
He keeps His . . .
He lives all glo- . .
He lives to bless . .
He lives and grants
He makes the g- . .
He now stands K- .
He only can the . .
He rises who m- . .
He rules the w- . .
He speaks and ste- .
He that believes . .
He then is blest . .
He thinks or feels .
He to the lowly . .
He visits now . . .
He who for man . .
He wills that I . .
Hear for Thou . .
Hear His love . .
Hear! O hear our .
Heavenward our . .
Helpless how'er . .
Help me to watch .
Help us, Thy mer- .
Help us to build . .
Help us to help . .
Help us to make . .
Hence may all . .
Hence spring . . .
Henceforth be our s-
Henceforth may . .
Her hands are f- . .
Here at the cross . .
Here in tender . .
Here in thine ever .
Here it is I find . .
Here may the w- . .
Here Saviour deign .
Here the fair T- . .
Here the Redeem- . .
Here, then, I do . .
Here, then, my God .
Here to Thee . . .
Here we learn . .
Here would we end .
Hereby your f- . .
Here's love and . .
High heaven . . .
High on human- . .
High o'er the . . .
Him eye to eye . .
His blood demands .
His every word . .
His hand is my . .
His love is me- . .
His love surpass- . .

His only righteous- .
His Providence hath
His purposes will .
His sacred anoth- .
His Sovereign p- .
His work my h- . .
Ho! all ye hungry .
Ho! ye that pant .
Holy Ghost! no . .
Holy Spirit, Thou .
Holy Ghost! with .
Holy Spirit, all . .
Honor and might . .
Honor forever . .
Hosanna! on . . .
Hosanna! sound . .
Hosanna! then . .
How blessed are . .
How blest are . .
How can it be . .
How careful then .
How cheering is . .
How cold and f- . .
How dread are . .
How far may we go
How kind are Thy .
How little did I . .
How small I? . .
How shall I? . .
How shall my faint
How shall weak . .
How then ought I .
How well Thy bless-
How would my . .
Humble and t- . .

I am sinful and . .
I ask in con- . .
I ask no h- . . .
I ask the blood . .
I ask them wh- . .
I believe Thy p- .
I bid you all . . .
I call that l- . .
I came to Jesus . .
I cannot live . .
I cannot rest . .
I cannot wash . .
I come, I come . .
I come Thy . . .
I could not ask . .
I deprecate that . .
I do the thing . .
I'd sing the D- . .
I'd sing the . . .
I feel ashamed . .
I feel what them . .
I find Him lift . .
I forced thee first .
I drawn by Christ .
If everyone that . .
If I ask Him . . .
If I find Him . . .
If I have only . .
If I have tast- . .
If I rightly read . .
If I still hold . .
If in this dark . .
If in the feeble . .
If in the night . .
If life's wide . .
If now the crit- . .
If now thou st- . .
If now Thy m- . .
If on the morn . .
If our love were . .
If still Thou go . .
If some poor . . .
If some poor . . .
If Thou impart . .
If Thou slight . .
If to the right . .
If what I wish . .
I have long with . .

I have spilt . . . 177
I heard the voice . 414
I hold thee with . 326
I hope at last . . 310
I know not that . 340
I know Thee fi- . 307
I know Thee w- . 325
I know thou e- . 166
I know the w- . 30
I leave the world . 426
I, like Gideon's . 165
I'll lift my h- . . 13
I'll mortify my p- 325
I'll praise Him . 29
I loathe myself . 394
I looked to Jesus . 414
I love Thy c- . . 324
Immortal praise . 17
Impotent, deaf . 107
Impoverish, Lord . 96
I must for f . . 96
I must this in- . 98
n age and f- . . 494
In all my ways . 461
In answer to ten . 160
In condescending . 478
In darkest shades . 410
I need not tell . . 180
In every new . . 328
In every pang . . 64
In God we put . . 262
In heaven the . . 80
In holy duties . 318
In hope against . 324
In hope of last . 495
In me is all the . 149
I now believe . . 149
In prayer my s- . 391
In proof that . . 548
In rapturous awe . 494
In reason's ear . 428
In safety lead . . 391
In suffering he . 579
In that beautiful . 579
In the wilderness . 196
In this re-saina- . 468
In this world . . 426
In vain our t- . 519
In vain thou a- . 180
In want my plen- . 98
In Zion God . . 328
Incarnate Deity . 84
Increase our f- . 328
Infinite joy or . . 478
Into temptation . 328
I once enjoyed my . 328
I rest upon Thy . 328
I rested in the . . 110
Is a mighty f- . . 168
I saw one hang . . 49
Is crucified for . . 48
I see a world . . 426
I see the exceed- . 328
I see the perfect . 170
I shall a weak . . 328
Is here a soul . . 98
I sigh to think . 327
I sing the wis- . 456
I sink if Thou . . 328
I smite upon . . 160
Is not thy g- . . 342
I spent long y- . 452
Is there a thing . 174
Is there a thing . 344
It cost Thy b- . . 214
I thank Thee . . 425
I then could p- . 328
I thought I m- . 273
too with thee . . 194
I tremble lest . . 165
It stands se- . . 429
It sweetly ch- . . 598
Its body totally . 327
Its energy ex- . . 448
Its evile in a . . 466

Its evile in a . . 466
Its streams the . . 4
I wait till He . . 327
I want a godly . . 327
I want a s- . . 327
I want a true . . 328
I want an even . 328
I want the first . 346
I want Thy life . 328
I want the wit- . 351
I will accept . . 94
I will improve . . 94
I will not fear . . 428
I will not let . . 191
I will not let . . 326
I will through g- . 320
I wish that h- . . 579
I work and own . 171
I would be Thine . 328
I would not s- . . 454
I would the p- . . 328

Jehovah in Three . 37
Jerusalem my hap- 429
Jesus all the day . 497
Jesus an[illegible] f- . 177
Jesus, at [illegible] Thy . 328
Jesus can [illegible] . 470
Jesus conquers . 480
Jesus full of . . 184
Jesus full of t- . 189
Jesus, hail! en- . 67
Jesus hath died . 578
Jesus, I fain . . 328
Jesus, I bless . . 428
Jesus, I hang . . 301
Jesus is worthy . 5
Jesus, let all . . 328
Jesus, let our . . 352
Jesus, my all in . 65
Jesus, my God . . 324
Jesus, my great . 61
Jesus, my heart's 578
Jesus, my shep- . 70
Jesus, my shep- . 212
Jesus, my single eye 429
Jesus, my strength 320
Jesus, now teach . 328
Jesus, now our . 352
Jesus, on me . . 120
Jesus, on Thine . 327
Jesus, our great . 135
Jesus, our only . 71
Jesus, regard the 571
Jesus, seek Thy . 164
Jesus, the ancient . 328
Jesus, the hin- . 140
Jesus, the Lamb . 135
Jesus, the name . 1
Jesus, the name to . 63
Jesus, the pris'ner's 68
Jesus, Thine all . .
Jesus, Thine own . 321
Jesus, Thou art . 68
Jesus, Thou for . 135
Jesus, Thou source 120
Jesus, Thy blood . 364
Jesus, Thy love . .
Jesus, to Thee we . 320
Jesus, transporting . 68
Jesus, tremendous . 328
Jesus triumphs . 68
Jesus, when Thy . 340
Jesus, with us . . 541
Joined in one . . 445
Join every soul . . 421
Joyful all ye . . 44
Joy to the world . 72
Judge not thee L- . 454
Just as I am . . 135

Keep the souls . . 440
Kindle the flame . 327
King of glory . . 68
Knowledge alone . 415

Know that the L- . 14

Lamb of God . . 374
Lame as I am . . 327
Leave no unguarded 579
Lest that my fear . 328
Let all the angel . 84
Let all who fer . 446
Let cares like a . 521
Let every act . . 23
Let every crea- . 570
Let every kin- . 68
Let every moment . 98
Let faith exalt . 131
Let faith trans- . 328
Let it still my . . 328
Let me according . 328
Let me alone . . 574
Let me alone that . 570
Let me do Thy . . 573
Let me never f- . 328
Let me sink into . 178
Let me Thy wit- .
Let mountains f- . 327
Let my sins . . . 575
Let not conscience . 128
Let none hear you . 480
Let others hug . . 328
Let peace within . 517
Let sickness blast . 427
Let the living . . 328
Let the world . . 428
Let this m- every . 416
Let Thy [illegible]ood, by . 547
Let us in patience. 328
Let us patiently . 576
Let us then re- . 341
Let us to per- . . 328
Life and peace to . 328
Life like a foun- . 428
Life from the dead . 560
Life is the hour . 327
Lift up thy c- . . 412
Light in thy L- . 412
Like a mighty . . 328
Like mighty w- . 328
Like mighty r- . 328
Listen to the . . 48
Live till the Lord . 449
Lives again our . . 68
Lo! His triumphal . 68
Lo! I cumber . . 177
Lo! such the . . 571
Lo! the incarnate . 128
Loathsome and v- . 328
Long as I live . . 328
Long as my God . 28
Long as our fiery . 328
Long thy exiles . 177
Look as when . . 319
Look through me . 327
Look unto Him . .
Loose all your . . 68
Lord, arm me . . 573
Lord, at Thy feet . 180
Lord, from Thine . 327
Lord, give us such . 320
Lord, I am blind . 148
Lord, I am sick . 148
Lord, I am vile . 197
Lord, I believe . 128
Lord, I believe, Thy 305
Lord, I believe Thy . 68
Lord, I believe, were 68
Lord, I come to th- 573
Lord, if Thou wilt . .
Lord, if Thou wilt . 199
Lord, in [illegible] . 321
Lord, I will not . 315
Lord, let us in . 505
Lord, may that . 321
Lord, my times a- . 348
Lord over all . . 211
Lord, we believe . 320
Lord, we Thy pre- . 328

Lost are they now . 328
Loud and long . . 420
Loud may the tr- . 327
Love and grief, my . 98
Love of God so . . 120
Lover of souls . . 21
Love's redeeming . 18
Loving Jesus . . 570

Make haste, O m- . 112
Make this the ac- . 321
Make us into one . 321
Man may trouble . 428
May erring minds . 327
May faith grow . . 327
May this sol- . . 573
Meek, simple fol- . 421
Meet it is [illegible] . 271
Men die in dark- . 428
Mercy and grace . 435
Mercy he doth . . 328
Mercy I ask to . . 180
Messiah, Prince of . 328
Me, the vilest . . 181
Me to retrieve . . 328
Might I enjoy . . 19
Might I in Thy . . 194
Mig'tiest Kings . 327
Milk He lays . . 44
Mine own and not . 428
More favored than . 328
More hard than . . 345
More of Thy life . 328
More than conq- . 320
Most merciful . . 180
Mourn for the . . 320
Must I be car- . . 570
My all be swal- .
My confidence is g- 328
My conscience felt . 68
My days are sh- . 423
My dying Saviour . 304
My Father, God . 217
My Father's home . 428
My feeble mind . 428
My God, how ex- . 428
My God is re- . . 68
My gracious Ma- . 1
My gracious S- . 328
My heart shall . 212
My heart thou . 327
My heart which . 328
My humbled soul . 328
My inbred bid- . 320
My life my h- . . 328
My lips shall . . 428
My lips with s- . 147
My message as . . 128
My nature every . 328
My peace, my life . 318
My prayer hath . 327
My Saviour bids . 149
My sinful heart . 180
My solemn en- . 328
My soul and all . 328
My soul breaks . 328
My soul He doth . 417
My soul lies hum- . 128
My soul obeys . . 128
My soul, this will . 328
My soul would l- . 410
My table Thou h- . 417
My talents, gifts . 328
My times are in . 273
My thoughts lie . 181
My trespass was . 320
My vehement s- . 328
My will be s- . . 212
My willing soul . 514
My wisdom and . 328
Myself I cannot . 328

Nature is subject . 320
Nay but I yield . . 180
Nearer my Father's 328

INDEX TO EACH VERSE.

Nearer the bound- .
Never let the w- . . 574
Never will I re- . .
Next door to death
Nipt by the wind . 467
No anxious doubt .
No chilling winds . 491
No earthly father . 9
No good word . . 204
No light had we . .
No light! so late .
No matter which .
No more a wand .
No more fatigue .
No more I stag- .
No more let sin .
No room for me . .
No rude alarms . 516
Nor alms, nor . .
Nor let the good .
Nor pain nor gr- . 472
Nor prayer is . .
Nor shall thy . .
Nor voice can . . 71
Not a cloud . . . 451
Not in mine . . .
Not in the name .
Not one, but all . 515
Not your own . .
Nothing have I . .
Nothing I ask . .
Nothing less . .
Nothing more can .
Nothing on earth .
Nothing on earth . 504
Nothing ye in ex- .
Now, if Thy gra- .
Now, incline me . 177
Now, Jesus, now . 172
Now let me gain .
Now let my soul . 61
Now let our dark . 511
Now, Lord, if Thou 197
Now, Lord, my . . 149
Now, Lord, to w- .
Now, O God, thine . 440
Now, only now . .
Now our sacrifice . 277
Now rest my . . .
Now, saviour, now 544
Now, the gracious .
Now, the long . . 441
Now the spirit . . 441
Now the training . 441
Now, then, my God
Now, then, the . .
Numbered among .

O arm me with . .
O be a nobler . .
Obedient faith . .
Obedient to Thy . 544
O believe the re- . 143
O be merciful . . 178
O come to a . . .
O confirm the . . 176
O conquer this . . 314
O could I al- . .
O could we m- . .
O do not let me .
O do not suffer .
O do thou all w- .
O dying Lamb . .
O enter then . . 14
O'er all these . . 491
O escape to you .
O fill me with . .
O eternal Spirit .
O all thy li- . . 478
O all thou hast .
O Father, glorify .
O for my life . .
O for a lamp . .
O for the death .
O for this love .

O for those hum- .
Oft as I lay . . .
Oft did I with . .
Oft from the . .
Oft hath the . .
O, God, how faith .
O God our King . . 19
O grant that no .
O happy bond . .
O happy, happy .
O hope of every . 71
O how I fear . .
O how pleasant .
O how shall I . .
Oh come with . .
Oh lead us to . .
Oh let thy life .
Oh melt my h- . .
Oh, save our f- .
Oh, stamp Thine .
Oh, that I m- . .
Oh, the pow'r . .
Oh, the trans- . .
Oh, that this dry .
Oh! what a joy . .
Oh! where is this .
O, Jesus, could I .
O, Jesus, ever . . 84
O, Jesus, full of .
O, Jesus, full of .
O, Jesus, in pity .
O, Jesus, now we .
O, Jesus, ride on .
O, just Judge . .
O let it now . . .
O let me com- . .
O let me kiss . . 47
O let me lose . .
O let my soul . .
O let them all . .
O let them sp- . .
O let thy death . .
O let thy love . . 47
O let thy sacred .
O let us all j- . .
O let us put . . .
O let us stir . .
O let us take . .
O long expected .
O lover of S- . .
O love thou . . .
O may I love . .
O may I tr- . . .
O may I never . .
O may the gra- . .
O may the l- . .
O may thy spirit .
O may we all . .
O may we ever . .
O may we thus . .
O may we tread .
O, mighty God . .
O multiply the . .
On all mankind .
Once they were .
One day amidst .
One family we . .
One undivided . .
One will be with .
On Him the Spirit .
Only Thee con- . .
On me that faith .
On Thee I ever . .
On Thee my p- . .
On Thee, O God .
On Thee we h- . .
On this glad day .
O on that day . .
Open my faith's .
Open now the . .
Open the inter- . .
Open their eyes .
Open their mouth .
O receive us to . .
O remember me . .

Or worn by slowly .
O sacred Spirit . .
O Saviour of all . .
O Saviour! whose .
O Sovereign love .
O spread Thy . . .
O take this heart .
O that every w- . .
O that I as a . . .
O that I could . .
O that I could . .
O that I might . .
O that I never . .
O that in me . . .
O that I now . . .
O that I now f- . .
O that it now . . .
O that my tender .
O that the Com- . .
O that the fire . .
O that the per- . .
O that the souls .
O that the world .
O that Thou w- . .
O that to Thee . .
O that we all . . .
O that we now . .
O that with all . .
O that without . .
O that with you . .
O the precious . .
Other refuge have . 77
O Thou Almighty . 61
O Thou by whom .
O Thou that wouldst 115
O Thou who seest .
O Thou whose . .
O Trinity of love .
O 'twas a most . .
Our assurance . .
Our Captain . . .
Our fainting . . .
Our fellow suf- . . 64
Our glorious . . .
Our God in Ch- . . 101
Our hearts are . .
Our life is hid . .
Our lips and . . .
Our old com- . . .
Our Prophet, Priest 76
Our residue of . .
Our restless spirits . 84
Our ruined souls .
Our souls and . . .
Our spirits too . .
Our vows, our . .
Our wasting lives . 475
Out of great d- . .
Out of the deep . .
O what a bles- . .
O what an age . .
O when, thou city .
O who could bear .
O wondrous death .
O wondrous know- .
O wondrous love .
O would he m- . .
O would my L- . .
O wretched state .
O ye of fearful . .

Pale face'd death . 107
Pardoned for all .
Partakes of the . .
Paschal Lamb . . 67
Pass me not, O . .
Peace on earth . .
Peaceful be Thy . .
Permit them to . .
Peoples and realms
Pity and heal my .
Pity from thine . . 177
Pity the day of . .
Pleasure and wealth
Plenteous grace . . 77

Plenteous he is . .
Poor debtors by . .
Pour out your s- . .
Power and dom- . . 17
Praise God from . . 71
Praise Him ex- . .
Praise the Lord . .
Prayer is the bur- .
Prayer is the Ch- .
Prayer is the con- .
Prayer is the sim- .
Pray for Jerusalem
Pray we on when .
Pray without cess- .
Prepare and then .
Present we know .
Pressing onward .
Princes this clay .
Prisoner of hope .
Prisoner of hope I .
Proclaim salvation .
Prophet and Priest
Prophet to me . .
Purge me from . .

Quick as the ap- . .

Ready for all . . .
Ready for you . .
Ready the Father .
Ready the Sp- . .
Ready Thou art . .
Redeemed from . .
Refining fire . . .
Regard me with . .
Regard our prayers
Regard Thine own
Reign in me, Lord
Rejoicing now . .
Remember, Lord, my
Remember, Lord, the
Remember Thee .
Remove this hard .
Renew Thine image
Rest for my soul .
Restore my sight .
Restored by re- . .
Return, O holy . .
Return, O wanderer
Riches as seem . .
Rise, Lord, and . .
Rising to sing . .
Rites cannot . . .
Rivers of love . .

Safe in the arms . .
Sages leave your .
Saints before the .
Saints begin the .
Salvation in His .
Salvation in that .
Salvation let the .
Salvation, O thou .
Satan his thou- . .
Save till all . . .
Saviour, accept . .
Saviour and Prince
Saviour, from Thy .
Saviour, from sin .
Saviour, I long . .
Saviour, I thank .
Saviour, lo the . .
Saviour, Prince . .
Saviour, to me in .
Saviour, to Thee .
Saviour, where'er .
Saw ye not . . .
Say have you an .
Say live forever . .
Say not ye can . .
Say not ye will . .
Scatter the last .
Searcher of hearts .
See all your . . . 1
See from His head .

See from the r- . . 139
See heathen na- . . 554
See Him Set f- . . 193
See in the mount . 305
See, Lord, the tra- . 305
See the healing . . 157
See the Judge our . 139
See the stars from . 117
See where before . 155
See where o'er . . 351
See where the God . 145
See those of evil . . 491
Seek those of e- . . 491
Send down Thy . . 172
Send forth one . . 233
Send me, Lord . . 572
Sent by my Lord . 193
Sent down from . . 142
Shall creatures of . 238
Shall I amidst . . . 94
Shall I to s- . . . 351
Shall join the . . . 465
Shall we whose . . 555
Shepherds in the . . 41
Short of Thy l- . . 312
Should all the . . . 63
Should all the . . 512
Should earth ass- . 391
Should I from . . . 18
Shout all the . . . 109
Show me the b- . . 197
Show me the n- . . 152
Show my forget- . 226
Show them the . . 559
Shut up in un- . . 206
Sin only let me . . 225
Since thou would . 257
Sing every soul . . 57
Sing of the won- . 559
Sing to the Lord . . 460
Sinner, come to . . 187
Sinners whose l- . . 69
Sinners, expect . . 95
Sinners, obey the . 109
Sinners of old . . . 200
Sinners, turn while 141
Sinners, turn, why . 146
Sin's deceitfulness 220
Sins unnumbered . 178
Slay me and I . . 395
Slay the dire . . . 249
Smell the sweet . . 559
Soar we now . . . 58
So blooms the . . 497
So cleanse our . . 543
So I may thy . . . 248
So Jesus slept . . 473
So let Thy grace . 190
So shall I bless . . 339
So shall I do . . . 339
So when my . . . 499
So shall my . . . 325
So shall our h- . . 16
So shall the w- . . 364
So shall the b- . . 529
Some cursed thi- . 149
Sons of God . . . 560
Soon as from . . . 114
Soon as our . . . 27
Soon as the M- . . 351
Soon as the E- . . 462
Soon as we d- . . 334
Soon shall my . . . 91
Soon shall thy . . . 99
Soon the delight . . 79
Sovereign Father . 33
Speak, gracious L- . 156
Speak Thy pardon . 322
Speak the second . 263
Speak with that . . 98
Spirit divine as . . 319
Spirit of faith . . 495
Spirit of grace . . 517
Spirit of holin- . . 34
Stamped with . . . 495

Stay like boy as . . 304
Stand then against 379
Stand then in His . 379
Stay, sinner, on the 555
Still hide me in . . 347
Still let him with . 543
Still let me live . . 295
Still let the . . . 351
Still let them . . . 489
Still let Thy . . . 245
Still let Thy P- . . 63
Still let us own . . 351
Still nigh me . . . 402
Still, O Lord . . . 377
Still our advocate . 179
Still restless . . . 15
Still through the . . 40
Stretch forth . . . 391
Stronger his love . 246
Struggle through . 490
Stretch forth . . . 391
Stronger his love . 246
Struggle through . 490
Stung by the . . . 98
Submissive to . . 111
Subsists as in . . 445
Such blessings . . 455
Sun and moon are 117
Sun, moon and . . 508
Sure as Thy T- . . 494
Sure I must f- . . 339
Sure never till . . 49
Surely thou canst . 193
Sweet fields be . . 489
Sweet is the d- . . 519
Sweet is the me- . 545
Swift as the E- . . 459
Swift through . . . 39
Swift to my res . . 559
Sworn to destroy . 174

Take me now . . . 572
Take my hands . . 274
Take my love . . . 274
Take my poor h- . . 82
Take my silver . . 274
Take my soul . . . 440
Take my voice . . 274
Take the dear p- . 209
Take my will . . . 274
Take the name . . 458
Take the task . . . 439
Take this heart . . 208
Tasting that the . . 179
Teach me the hap- 322
Teach me to live . 467
Teach us, Master . 276
Teach us to know . 341
Tell me or thou . . 324
Tell of His won- . . 7
Ten thousand to . . 499
Thanks for m- . . 552
That all compre- . 412
That bears unmoved 220
That blessed law . 391
That blessed sense . 98
That blood which . 324
That bloody banner 322
That heavenly Teac- 321
That I from Thee . 348
That I Thy mercy . 318
That mighty faith . 235
That path with . . 360
That peace of God . 321
That promise made 321
That sacred stream 397
That spirit which . 249
That sweet com- . 427
That token of . . . 300
That will not mur- 390
That wisdom, Lord 330
The apostles of my . 324
The apostolic . . 327
The atonement of . 304
The blessing of . . 279

The blind are re- . 149
The bliss of those . 351
The busy tribes . . 478
The captive exile . 302
The chaff of sin . . 257
The Christ by . . . 32
The Church triumph 413
The conscience may 109
The counsel of Thy 257
The covenant we . 525
The dead in Christ . 118
The deaf hear His . 146
The dear tokens . . 116
The dearest idol . . 321
The depth of all . . 360
The dying thief . . 192
The earth and all . 110
Thee, Holy Father . 3
Thee in Thy glo- . . 413
Thee may I set . . 422
Thee, only Thee . . 169
Thee, Son of man . 394
Thee we expect . . 4
Thee will I love . . 425
The Father hears . 60
The Father, Son . . 130
The few that . . . 254
The fire our gra- . . 394
The foolish build . 529
The friends who in 303
The fulness of my . 318
The gates of Hell . 421
The gift un- . . . 302
The gift which . . 442
The gladness of . . 97
The glorious crown 209
The glorious time is 504
The God of Ab- . . 34
The God that ru- . 408
The godly grief . . 121
The goodly land . . 95
The graces of my . 318
The grace to . . . 24
The graves of all . 478
The greedy sea . . 110
The guilties shame 181
The hand of fel- . . 357
The happy gates . . 147
The hardness from 78
The heavenly f- . . 448
The heavenly manna 573
The heavens how . 340
The highest place . 65
The holy fire is . . 336
The holy men in . . 539
The holy, meek . . 83
The holy to the . . 415
The hour of my . . 440
Their bodies in the 479
Their ransomed sp- 479
Their tongues great 474
The joy of all . . . 65
The King Himself . 314
The Kingdom, Lord 6
The Kingdom of . . 6
The length and . . 321
The lepers from . . 146
The light of smiles . 559
The lion roaring . . 491
The lion seeks . . 395
The living bread . 544
The Lord makes . . 468
The Lord sup- . . . 458
The Lord of hosts . 25
The Lord thy God . 25
The Lord pours . . 39
The Lord who . . . 322
The love of Ch- . . 530
The love of Ch- . . 558
The mansion for . . 155
The meek the . . . 80
The melting touch . 535
The men of grace . 409
The mercy I feel . 147
The most impor- . 298

The next and o- . . 267
Then all shall think 364
Then by faith . . . 396
Thence He arose . . 479
Thence when the g- 457
Then in a nobler . 155
Then let me on . . 395
Then let the last . . 479
Then let us still . . 541
Then let us all Thy . 327
Then let us glad . . 395
Then let us hav- . . 479
Then let us in . . . 512
Then let us low . . 499
Then let us wait . . 139
Then let us sup- . . 144
Then let us sit . . . 46
Then let us still . . 548
Then let us make . 447
Then, O my Lord . 499
Then, O my soul . 559
Then seal me . . . 279
Then shall I see . . 513
Then shall our . . 329
Then what my th- . 557
Then shall wave . . 557
Then sorrow touch- 395
Then, then, my ut- 267
Then, when the m- 558
Then, when the . . 558
Then will He own . 395
Then with my w- . 325
The opening heavens 416
The o'erwhelming . 181
The original offence 281
The pain of life . . 395
The pains, the . . 470
The peace which m- 195
The pit its mo- . . 561
The promised g- . . 357
The promise is . . 351
The promise m- . . 290
The promised land 290
The reconciling w- 290
The reign of sin . . 83
The righteousness . 6
The rising God . . 95
The rolling sun . . 553
The root and seed 370
There are no acts . 597
There dwells the . 85
There everlasting . 499
There for me the S- 177
There happier bow- 490
There His triumph . 63
There I shall bathe 491
There is a day . . 399
There is a death . . 102
There is a place . . 360
There is a stream . 397
There is welcome . 136
There is my h- . . 501
There is no death . 497
There is no sin . . 497
There let it for . . 489
There let the way . 325
There's not a p- . . 436
There, there, on e- 329
There we in Je- . . 491
There we shall reign 597
There we shall see 499
There your ex- . . 294
The sacred fire . . 329
The saints in p- . . 353
The sanctifying . . 210
The seed of . . . 361
The sharpness of . 283
The shepherd who . 146
The sinner's sud- . 30
The shepherd sought 214
The Sun of right- . 207
The Spirit breathes 530
The Spirit of con- . 530
The Spirit of pre- . 557
The Spirit of faith . 559

The Spirit of in- . . 356
The Spirit takes . 184
The stone to flesh . 321
The Sun of R- . . 307
The sure provision 418
These are the men . 422
These lively hopes . 477
These temples of . 522
The task Thy wis- . 423
The things un- . . 31
The thing sur- . . 384
The thunder of . . 86
The thunder of that 323
The token's of . . 544
The types and . . 53
The unspeakable . . 423
The unwearied sun 423
The veil is rent . . 53
The watchman . . 384
The waves of G- . . 349
The whole creation . 8
The word is quick . 396
The word of G- . . 383
The words of His . 383
The world can never 102
The world cannot . 383
The world He suf- . 12
The worst of all . 399
The year rolls round 475
They die in Jesus . 474
They drink the . . 492
They flourish in . . 492
They marked the . 487
They see the s- . . 308
They suffer with . 95
They that be whole 161
Thine arm, Lord . . 396
Thine earthly ir- . . 518
Thine I am . . . 522
Thine, only Thine . 6
Thine would I . . 378
This blessed word . 394
This day let our . . 518
This glorious h- . . 449
This happiness . . 504
This heart shall . . 299
This holy calm . . 518
This is God's chosen 170
This is the Con- . . 382
This is the day . . 530
This is the day . . 515
This 's the dear . . 287
This is the grace . 415
This is the time . . 123
This is the time . . 209
This is Thy will . . 175
This instant now . 62
This lamp thro' . . 508
This moment I . . 267
This moment, Lord 209
This sweet c- . . . 427
This the universal 148
This, this is our . . 248
This world I did . 233
Thither our f- . . . 589
Thither the tribes . 525
Those bodies that . 121
Thou all our works 435
Thou art coming to 373
Thou art the ear . 216
Thou art the life . 78
Thou art the truth . 78
Thou art the way . 78
Thou awful judge . 123
Thou callest me . . 416
Thou canst o'ercome 196
Thou canst not . . 437
Thou canst thou . . 236
Thou dost con- . . 406
Thou God of truth . 102
Thou God that . . 598
Thou great and . . 18
Thou great tre- . . 152
Thou hast my . . 278
Thou hast on us . . 8
Thou has pro- . . 188
Thou hearest me . 324
Thou knowest the . 458
Thou knowest for . 324
Thou knowest not . 437
Thou knowest the 321
Thou loving all . . 47
Thou man of grief . 322
Thou my one ob- . 375
Thou, O Christ . . 77
Thou my impet- . . 174
Thou, O love . . . 375
Thou only knowest 301
Thou, O my God . 359
Thou, only Thou . 322
Thou seest me D- . 422
Thou seest me h- . 170
Thou seest their . . 301
Thou standest . . 349
Thou waitest to be . 4
Thou wilt in me . . 497
Though cast down . 491
Though earth and . 306
Though I have . . 139
Though I have gr- . 159
Though late, I . . 160
Though like the . . 375
Though my sins . . 180
Though now as . . 64
Though our hearts . 491
Though unseen I . 51
Though your heart . 307
Three Persons eq- . 3
Thrice comfortable 396
Through all, E- . . 417
Through all his . . 86
Through each per- . 425
Through every . . 497
Through fire and w- 324
Through grace we 419
Through hidden d- . 457
Through Jesus Ch- . 488
Through many da- . 429
Through much dis- 383
Through Thee we . 445
Through this d- . . 575
Through tribula- . 508
Throughout the . . 4
Throughout the d- . 57
Thus, Lord, while we 520
Thus, low the L- . . 65
Thus may I pass . . 548
Thus might I hide . 51
Thus present still . 444
Thy all surrounding 181
Thy body broken . 548
Thy call if I . . . 190
Thy chosen tem- . 517
Thy condescending 150
Thy death hath . . 201
Thy death supports 424
Thy favor and Thy 412
Thy gifts alone . . 393
Thy glorious name . 8
Thy glorious name . 118
Thy Godhead b- . . 318
Thy golden sceptre 166
Thy goodness and . 4
Thy grace I lan- . . 357
Thy hand in si- . . 418
Thy killing and . . 267
Thy kingdom come . 6
Thy light and . . 545
Thy love is all . . 189
Thy mercy never . 458
Thy mighty name . 85
Thy mouth, O Lord 293
Thy name to me . 292
Thy nature be my . 291
Thy nature, gra- . . 297
Thy only glory . . 532
Thy own peculiar . 250
Thy people, Lord . 557
Thy power and T- . 167
Thy power is su- . 324
Thy powerful . . . 196
Thy promise is . . 324
Thy Providence is . 463
Thy ransomed . . 450
Thy righteousness, t- 6
Thy saints in all . 329
Thy sanctifying . 308
Thy secret voice. . 344
Thy side an open . 78
Thy sinless mind . 336
Thy Spirit hath . . 20
Thy temple is . . . 321
Thy sovereign g- . 360
Thy tender h- . . . 397
Thy truth unch- . . 84
Thy undistinguish- . 13
Thy voice produce . 15
Thy will by me . . 212
Thy witness with . 310
Till amid the . . . 20
Till at Thy com- . . 193
Till my all in . . . 170
Till that illus- . . . 474
Till then I 70
Till Thou grow my 349
Till Thou Thy p- . 358
Time like an . . . 473
'Tis done the . . . 80
'Tis done the g- . . 394
'Tis done thou d- . 398
'Tis fit we sh- . . . 111
'Tis His the . . . 107
'Tis love! 'tis love . 30
'Tis love that m- . . 416
'Tis mercy all . . 244
'Tis only in Thee . 91
'Tis strung and . . 292
'Tis the last call . . 104
'Tis thine a h- . . 156
To accomplish . . 398
To Christ my S- . . 484
To-day attend . . 23
To damp our s- . . 112
To each the c- . . 585
To God the Son . . 31
To God the Sp- . . 31
To God your Sp- . . 281
To help our souls . 371
To help their grov- 100
To Him contin- . . 294
To Him mine eye . 402
To him that in . . 21
To Jesus' name . . 446
To Jesus' name . . 167
To make them t- . 100
To keep your arm . 378
To know Thy nat- . 6
Too much to Thee . 90
To pass that lim- . 105
To please Thee Th- 170
To pray and w- . . 112
To purest joys . . 420
To real holiness . 307
To save what . . 147
To serve the pr- . . 344
To that Jerus- . . 493
To the blest fount 193
To Thee benign . . 279
To Thee for refuge . 347
To thee I lift . . . 214
To Thee our hum- . 31
To Thee insepar- . 351
To Thee my last . . 165
To them the cr- . . 16
To this sure c- . . 545
To Thy pardon . . 179
To us at Thy f- . . 148
Together let us . . 355
Toil on, faint n- . . 432
Touch me and . . 211
Touched by the . . 351
Trembling to C- . . 233
True 'tis a str- . . 428
Truly blessed is . . 52
Truly our fel- . . . 488
Trusting that the . 176
Turn, and your . . 95
Turn, He cries, ye . 141
Turn, then, thou . 123
Twas a heaven . . 437
'Twas the last . . 386

Under His banner . 546
Under the shadow . 572
Unfathomable dep- 18
Unite the pair . . 588
Unnumbered com- 457
Unwearied may I . 319
Uphold me in . . 423
Uphold me S- . . 349
Up into Thee our . 328
Up them with speed 118
Us in the stead . . 101
Us into Thy pre- . 358

Vain his ambition . 423
Vain the stone . . 54
Vilest of the . . . 449

Waft, waft, ye . . 388
Waiting to receive . 450
Wait we all in . . 119
Waken, O Lord . . 475
Walk with me . . 409
Wash me and m- . 304
Wash out its stains 398
Was it for crimes . 51
Watch by the S- . . 503
We all are one . . 523
We all in per- . . . 18
We all partake . . 449
We are looking . . 354
We are now His . . 341
We are the pur- . . 195
We are thirsting . 218
We bow before . . 93
We bring them . . 557
We by His Sp- . . 409
We cannot speak . 435
We cannot think a 571
We can, O Jesus . 531
We feel that heaven 507
We feel the flami- . 387
We feel the re- . . 494
We for His sake . . 446
We go, and weep . 388
We groan to be . . 371
We have been . . 390
We have the p- . . 340
We hear the rus- . 539
We laugh to scorn 395
We need celestial . 335
We need n- . . . 549
We never will . . 555
We now Thy prom- 541
We part in body . 445
We plead for p- . . 332
We plead the p- . . 332
We plead with . . 395
We rejoice in . . 334
We remember the . 429
We see the masses 332
We shall gain, O . 341
We share our m- . 449
We taste Thee . . 84
We too before Thy 540
We too with Him . 548
We wait before Thee 332
We weep for those 372
We while the S- . . 110
We will not c- . . 551
We who in Ch- . . 409
We wrestle for the 372
Weak is the ef- . . 70
Wealth, honor . . 290
Weary and sick of 223
Welcome from e- . 588
We'll crowd Thy . 10
Well might the . . 51
Were the whole . . 64

What are our . . . 28
What did thy daily . 182
Whate'er in me . . 180
Whate'er I say . . 229
Whate'er my sin . . 231
Whate'er offends . 237
Whate'er the Faith . 448
What hast Thou d- . 191
What is it keeps . . 139
What is my being . 494
What language . . 42
What peaceful h- . 448
What rest hath . . 231
What shall I do . . 310
What shall I say . . 139
What then is he . . 231
What though s- . . 401
What though I can . 171
What though my f- . 220
What though the . . 228
What though the . . 229
What Thou, my L- . 42
What to be ban- . . 193
What troubles have 447
Whence to me this . 171
When darkness in . 402
When from the . . 53
When God is mine . 301
When heaven and . 24
When He first the . 540
When in the ship . 457
When I tread the . 494
When I walk the . 418
When Jesus m- . . 237
When passing th- . 418
When rising floods 448
When shall I b- . . 312
When shall I r- . . 401
When shall I see . 228
When shall mine . 177
When shall these . 420
When sorrow bows 228
When shrivelling . 139
When temptats r- . 228
When the soft . . 228
When the sun of . 42
When the woes . . 42
When the word of . 448
When Thou the w- . 228
When through fiery 228
When through the . 228
When to the Cross 448
When to the right . 448
When to the right . 448
When we sounder . 448
When wilt Thou . 310
When am I now . . 170
Wherefore to Thee 311
When He dis- . . 220
Where is that p- . 448
Where is the bles- . 228
Where is the bles- . 448
Where one contrite 228
Where pure essen- 228
Where the indub- . 317
Where the mourner 228
While all my old . 94
While full of sin . 147
While I am a pil- . 373
While I draw . . 69
While in affic- . . 448
While in this re- . 420
While the angel . . 81
While Thy word . 311
Whilst all the . . 448
Whisper Thy love . 111
Whither, oh whither 448
Who in heaven . . 220
Who is the King of 42
Whom have I on . 218
Whom man for . . 148
Whom now we s- . 448
Who Thee beneath . 42
Who then shall live 42
Who thus our f- . 148
Who trusting in . 148
Who, who shall in . 174
Why restless, why . 227
Wide as the world . 10
Will gifts delight . 228
Wilt from the dread 173
Wilt Thou cast a . 224
Wilt Thou despise 228
Wilt Thou not, the . 228
Wilt Thou not yet 228
Wisdom divine . . 420
With fainting he . 19
With faith I p- . 448
With grace abun- . 448
With grateful joy . 177
With joy like . . 69
With joy the p- . 124
With longing e- . 420
With most earnest 448
With my burden . 373
With pitying eye . 74
With saints en- . 478
With simple faith . 128
With softening . . 151
With steady course 228
Within these w- . 228
With the precious 174
With Thee con- . . 448
With us Thou s- . 448
With what diff- . 117
Work for the g- . 448
Worldly cares st- . 173
Worldly good I de- 114
Worship, honor . 42
Worthy is He . . 17
Worthy the Lamb . 3

Yea, amen! let . . 148
Yea, let men rage 228
Yea, let thy spirit 228
Ye all shall find . 228
Ye, though I walk 417
Ye fearful saints . 448
Ye seed of Is- . . 42
Ye slaves of sin . 182
Yes, every secret . 228
Yes, Lord, we must 228
Yes when this . . 228
Yet again we . . 228
Yet glorified by . 448
Yet I may love . . 9
Yet, O the chief . 128
Yet, O the riches . 420
Yet save a trem- . 317
Yet still to His . 370
Yet these new . . 317
Yet when the fail 448
Yet will I in my . 228
Yet with the w- . 42
Yet would I not . 228
Ye who have said 420
Ye whose loins . 116
Your faith by h- . 304
Your lofty themes 11
Your real life w- . 304

Zion enjoys her . . 237